# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible]728 by B[illegible]i. Franklin

JAN. 27, '17 5cts THE COPY

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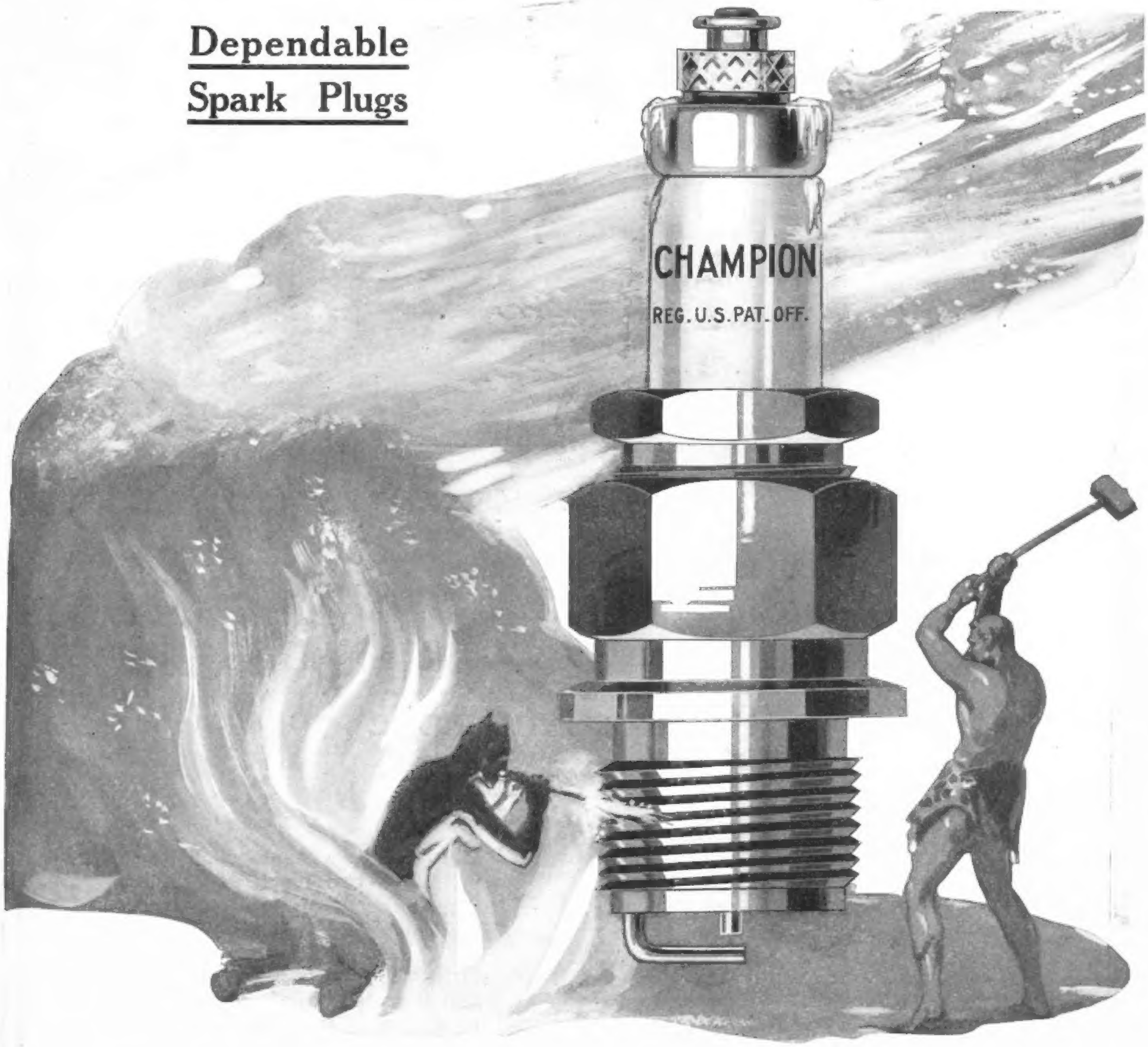


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# THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*Coronation of King Frederick I of Prussia in 1701*

## By WILL IRWIN

MOST Americans without immediate ties of blood in the belligerent countries have made up their minds—in a general way, at least—that Armageddon is a struggle between oligarchical governments and general democratic governments; which is one secret of the general sympathy, ranging from boiling hot to lukewarm, for the Entente Allies. On one side stands France, probably the purest large democracy in the world; England, an imperfect democracy steadily working toward perfection; Italy, a monarchy always on the verge of republicanism; and Belgium, somewhat in the same stage of development. Russia, it is true, has lined up with these democracies; but Russia is far away from us, and we feel that she does not give the tone or set the pace for the alliance. The tone has been given by Great Britain, most democratic among monarchies; and the pace has been set by France, a nation so advanced in democracy that she has been able to make a most effective army, under thorough discipline, through a system of social equality which resembles that of an old-time cow-camp.

On the other side, Germany, both giving the tone and setting the pace for the Central Powers, has repudiated democracy, as we know the term. Her monarch, long before the war, reaffirmed the doctrine of the divine right of kings. In half of his proclamations he calls on the God who guards his dynasty—"he has mobilized the Almighty," say the French. An open oligarchy—this is the phrase which most nearly describes the political and social creed prevailing in Germany, in spite of the Social Democrats. At the head are "the best people," the "well born." When ability arises, when it makes itself insistent enough, the oligarchy must open up and let it in. This new ability has now received the *cachet;* its sons and daughters will be "well born." So is the force and strength of the oligarchy renewed a little in each generation, and so the oligarchy rules, "as God intended it should."

This oligarchy must be responsible; it must take care of the people. But if it fails to do so, that is a matter which lies for settlement not between the oligarch and the people, but between the oligarch and his God—whether that God be the Trinity or Odin. It is a matter of private conscience. This, though not the idea of every German, is that of the group which controls the war. Under Germany is Austria. The class in power there is German, holding to the same idea. The late Francis Joseph was forced in 1859, by the efforts of Garibaldi and Napoleon III, to surrender his Italian provinces to the new United Italy. "These provinces to be ceded to the people therein residing to choose whatever form of government they may wish," read the document presented for his signature—I quote not literally but in substance.

Francis Joseph gave it back. "The people have no right to choose their form of government," he said; "the principle is immoral. I will lose my kingdom sooner than sign this document." He compromised finally by handing over Northern Italy to Napoleon III, who handed it over to the people. Now such ideas still largely prevail in the group that governs Austria. Turkey is an absolute monarchy, zealous for a religion that makes democracy almost impossible. Bulgaria is still under dominance of the king idea.

The Germans of the governing class and, for the most part, of the higher commercial class, are perfectly frank about their system. "Democracy is a failure," they say. We have grown used to democracy in our century and a quarter of national life; it has become an axiom. We no more doubt that it is essentially right and must prevail than the religious among us doubt that Christianity is right and must prevail. If people oppose it, we think in our hearts, it is because of self-interest. Surely they can no more believe that they are right than the ordinary sinner against the moral law believes that he is right.

We do not know, until we encounter the aristocratic school of thought in Europe, that these people have made a social religion, for which they will perform even the supreme sacrifice of death, out of the self-interest of a class. We do not realize that they consider democracy, as we know it, an experiment, bizarre, unsound, perhaps wicked, which ran its course like a disease in the nineteenth century, and which must fall before a more practical, sound and moral form of society.

Now when the superficial observer begins to discuss the war in the neutral countries of Europe he finds opinion divided along pretty definite social lines. I was in Spain a year ago. Spain has a religious issue with France. The most devout country in Catholic Europe, she resents the suppression of the church establishments. Whenever that question did not affect judgment I found the line-up almost strictly social. The aristocracy

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*Dining Room in the Palace of the Bavarian King in Munich*

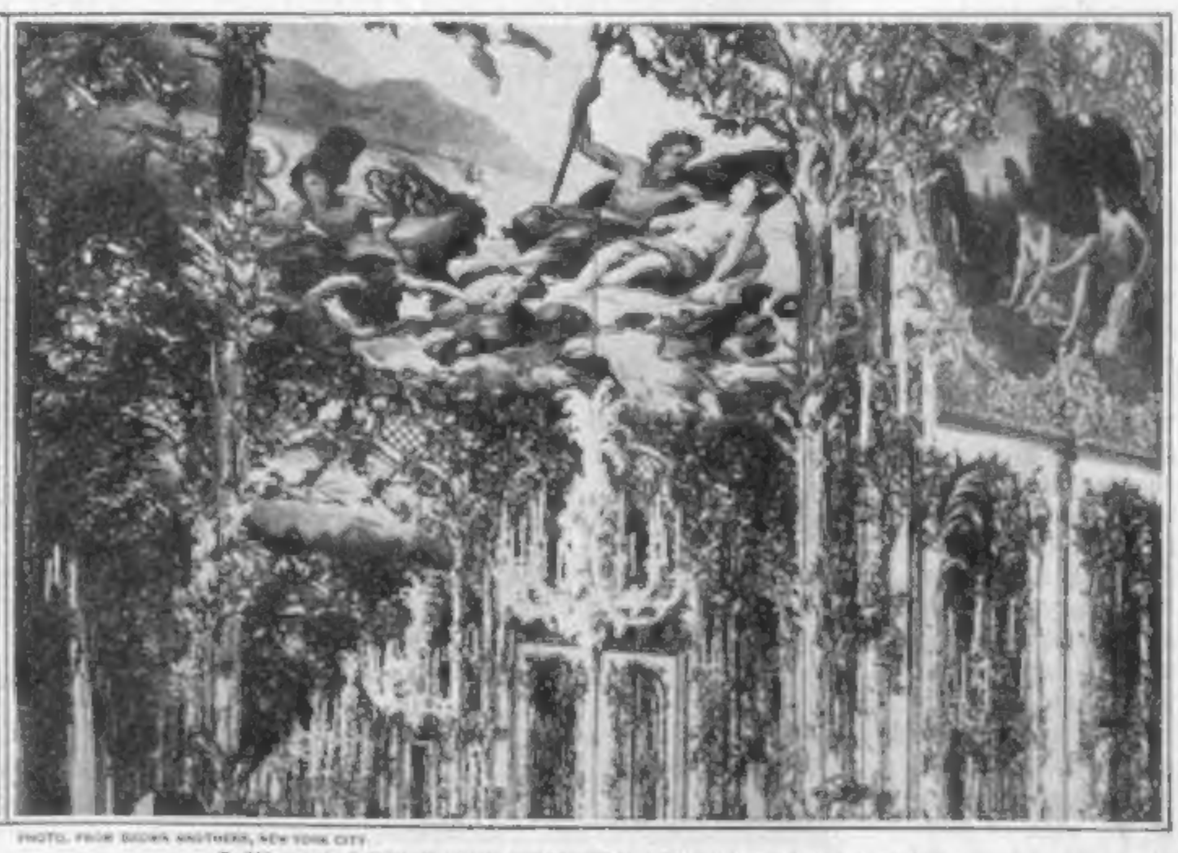


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*Ceiling and Mural Decorations in a Royal Bavarian Palace*

was pro-German. The revolutionary element, the industrial element, the progressives in general, were pro-Ally. That open-minded and liberal young ruler, the king, was pro-Ally, partly doubtless owing to the influence of his English queen. Yet the old grandees were so wholly pro-German that war talk, in spite of royal preferences, had been forbidden at court.

"The situation at the palace is funny," said the court reporter of a Madrid newspaper. "Court reporter" means something other than "police-court reporter" in Madrid. "You can't talk of the fashions, because that would involve the shortage in Parisian styles—and the war. You can't talk of finance, because that would involve the present state of the stock market—and the war. You can't talk politics, because that would involve the war all along the line. The weather was a safe topic until last week, when the little Duchess of X, who's noted for her blunders, said that the rain must be caused by the firing up North—and the Queen Dowager nearly burned a hole in her through her lorgnette! Now they're down to personal compliment and scandal!"

The situation, I found later, was almost exactly the same in Holland. The sturdy little country of the dikes was mostly pro-Dutch, ready to smite whomsoever made the first move into their territory; yet in private opinion the court was all pro-German, the truly liberal element all pro-Ally. The queen was maintaining neutrality with difficulty in view of the pressure from her Germanophile intimates. An allied government sent a man to find the real opinion of Sweden. "Omitting those who have been hit in the pocket by our blockade, and ignoring such issues as the fear of Russia," he said, "I find the aristocratic element solid for Germany, and the democratic element all for the Entente." So, I am told, it went in Italy before that country entered the war. Switzerland has no special aristocracy, being more democratic than even France. She has divided on lines of blood; she merely furnishes the exception.

### A Spanish Nobleman's Views

IT WAS a young noble of Spain who gave me the cue, if cue were needed. Most of the upper-class Europeans will not discuss such subjects with an American, holding us to be hopeless heretics. But he was more frank or more aggressive than the rest, and in an evening of conversation he laid out the aristocratic view on this war. Germany was winning, he said; and, though he did not like many things about the Germans, especially their prevailing religion and their manners, he believed that the hand of God was in it.

"We had grown dead in the head," he went on. "Science and modern invention came in the nineteenth century. We did nothing to control or use them; so this damned noisy democracy got its start. Now Germany has shown how autocracy can be made effective. She has brought it up to date. She will win. Her idea will prevail in the world. Before we die we'll see a king in France, and you Americans will have to fall into line or perish. Of course it will be hard for you. You haven't any real aristocracy, but your aristocracy of wealth will serve until you get something better."

Now this man was young; and he was stating the extreme unmodified view, without light or shadow, inevitable to his years. Yet in his violent way he was expressing the true opinion of European aristocracy, the true reason why they incline toward Germany in this war. Autocracy and oligarchy brought up to date—aristocratic government made possible and successful in a twentieth-century state—that is the idea of Germany, they feel; and the great success of the German idea in the early stages of the war has filled them with hope.

This, however, does not state the whole situation as it exists at present in Europe. The battle for and against democracy is not only external but internal. Not only are France and England, with their democratic majorities, fighting against a set of nations held and governed by aristocratic minorities, but the aristocratic minorities in France and England have taken heart of grace from the success of German method, and are preparing to renew the struggle, which they had almost lost, against the growing democratic ideal.

### Old Ideas Cast in New Forms

THESE people, of course, do not favor Germany as a nation. They hold to a set of old-fashioned ideals, and to none more strongly than that exaggerated nationalism which is the parent of wars. But they have seen the German system successful; they have seen the Western nations, under the pressure of war, adopt many of its features. They propose to beat Germany—no part of the Entente nations is sterner in this resolve than they; but when they have her beaten they would like to take her system, modified to suit their national characteristics, and impose it upon their own peoples.

These oligarchs are a minority in England and still more so in France. However, in England they are very able, and they are not without brains in France. Out of these terrible times has come unexpectedly a new struggle—the principle of hereditary and sanctioned power against the principle of popular rule. This struggle, begun with the war, will not end with the peace—rather, the sharpest conflict may begin when the armies return to the plow and the lathe. The battle for democracy, which in 1914 we complacently thought won, has only entered a new phase.

It may seem quaint for a writer to sit down in the year 1917 and define democracy. Most of the defining, one would think, was done more than a century ago in such documents as Tom Paine's Rights of Man—perhaps, also, in Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman—and the Declaration of Independence. But the new times have cast old ideas in new forms; and here is the philosophy of the two schools of European political thought, as they appear through the confused battle hazes of Europe. Like most Americans of this generation, I have no patience with the aristocratic view; but I shall try to be fair.

The aristocrat, or the person of common birth who accepts the system, believes in his bones that there is a kind of divine sanction for the classes, for the special privileges and emoluments granted the upper class. Equality shocks him, appeals to him as something grotesque. An Englishman of aristocratic ideas was speaking to me last summer of the prison camps for German civilians. "The camp at X goes very well," he said. "All sorts in there—gentlemen, middle class, servants, tradespeople. The camp at Y is simply ridiculous. All well-to-do men there—just alike in social circumstances. It's a dreary place—no point to it!"

Indeed, to the aristocratic temperament, whether it inhabits the person of a duke or a butler, social equality appears like a view across a perfectly level and barren plain—one longs for hills and valleys—there is "no point to it!" What sense of art they have rebels against such a system; for all the beauties and romance of those old lands are intertwined with the aristocratic system—their ruins were the homes of nobles, their cathedrals the offerings of prelates, their paintings the luxuries of kings.

The most blind and zealous converts to the aristocratic system in Europe I have found among expatriate American artists. They will tell you that art cannot flourish save in an autocracy; that beauty is impossible save under an "orderly arrangement of society." It was one of these who, knowing me as a journalist, reproached me for "putting into the minds of the lower classes ideas beyond their grasp." This is the spirit infusing much great European literature of the nineteenth century—for example, Matthew Arnold's Culture and Anarchy, and the art criticism of Ruskin.

Virtually it is feudalism, kept alive by the spirit of conservatism. In the upper layers of the system, its brains and force, it is based, quite unconsciously, upon self-interest. The maintenance of the system enables the hereditary aristocracy to have without struggle, to hold without work. But almost any man can in a few years make a creed, a thing to live and die by, out of self-interest.

### Military Aristocracy and Pacifist Democracy

I HAVE never been able fully to understand why a belief in the sanctity of war goes always hand in hand with the aristocratic idea; but so it does in my observation. Perhaps this is because war was the highest expression, the supreme sacrifice to humanity, in those feudal times from which aristocracies draw their sanctions. Perhaps, also, having enjoyed most of the immunities, privileges, pleasures and dissipations of the normal world, they are driven on by a half-unconscious desire for the supreme, unnatural excitement, which is war.

However, nothing about the present mind of Europe impresses me so strongly as the fact that aristocracy is by nature militant; democracy, naturally pacifist. Whenever I find a man in Europe who glories in the war, who longs to get back to it; whenever I find one who calls it the "purifier of nations"; whenever I find one who believes that it has "rescued us from decadence"—I find, on further investigation, that he is an aristocrat to the marrow of his bones.

Whenever I find a man who loathes it, but is "doing his bit," standing a life he abominates for the security of his nation, fighting for a permanent peace and for the dim hope that this will be the last war, I find, upon better acquaintance, that he is a democrat. Here, also, the issue is joined between oligarchy and popular rule. We have grown accustomed to think that the defense of war is a monopoly of the Germans. This is only because the aristocratic element controls Germany, and has free, frank expression. The German Bernhardi called war a "biological necessity," a "cleaner of nations." Yet Lord Roberts, in an essay published since his death, expresses the same idea: "The war has saved us from decadence."

Making allowance for the difference between the smooth, chary, English method of expression and the blunt, violent Prussian method, Roberts is exactly as militaristic as Bernhardi. Indeed, he betrays himself for

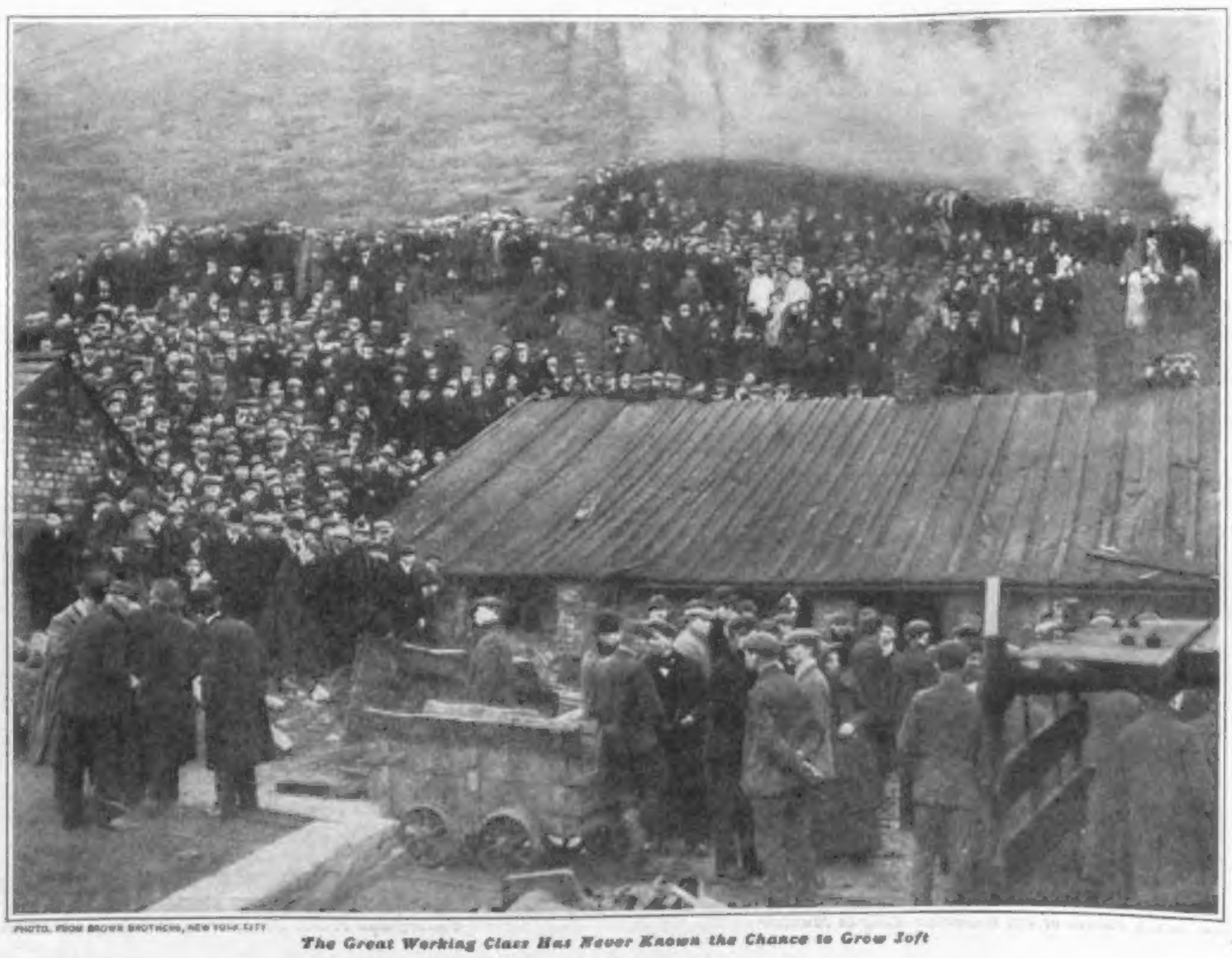
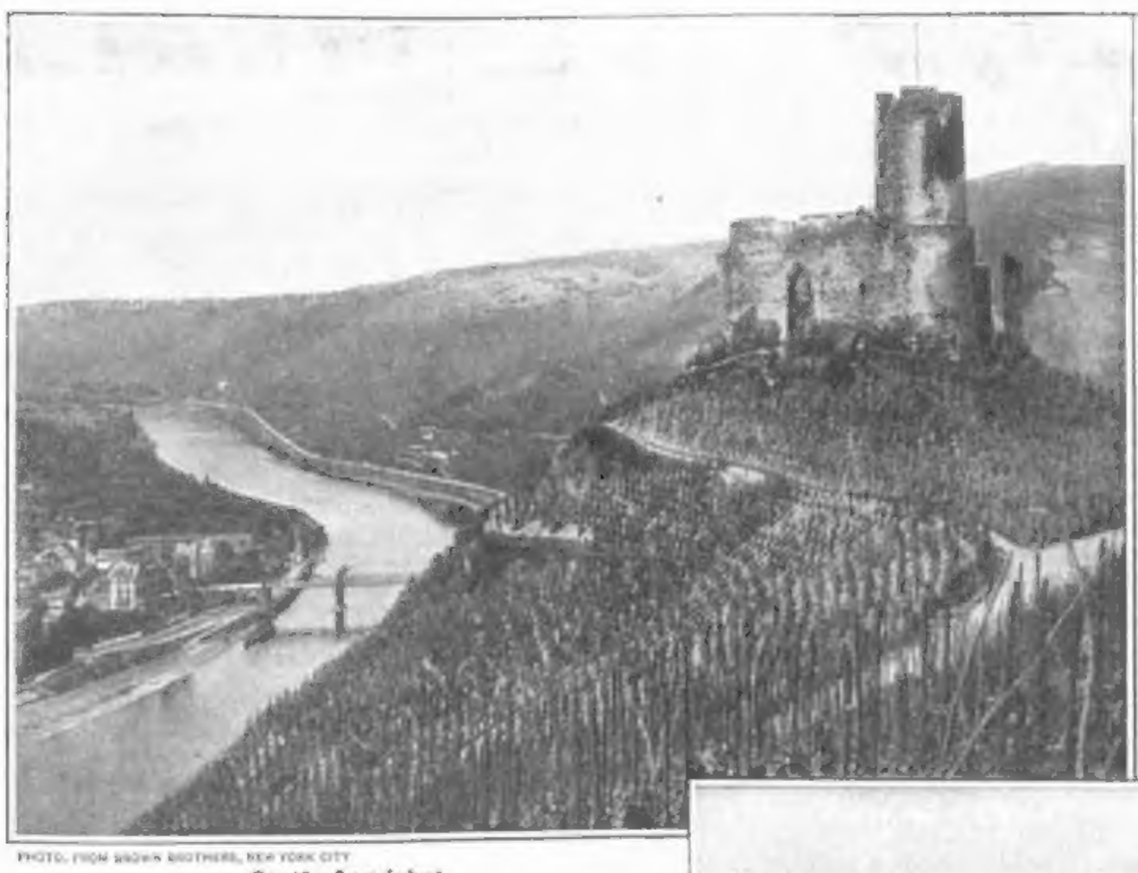


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*The Great Working Class Has Never Known the Chance to Grow Soft*



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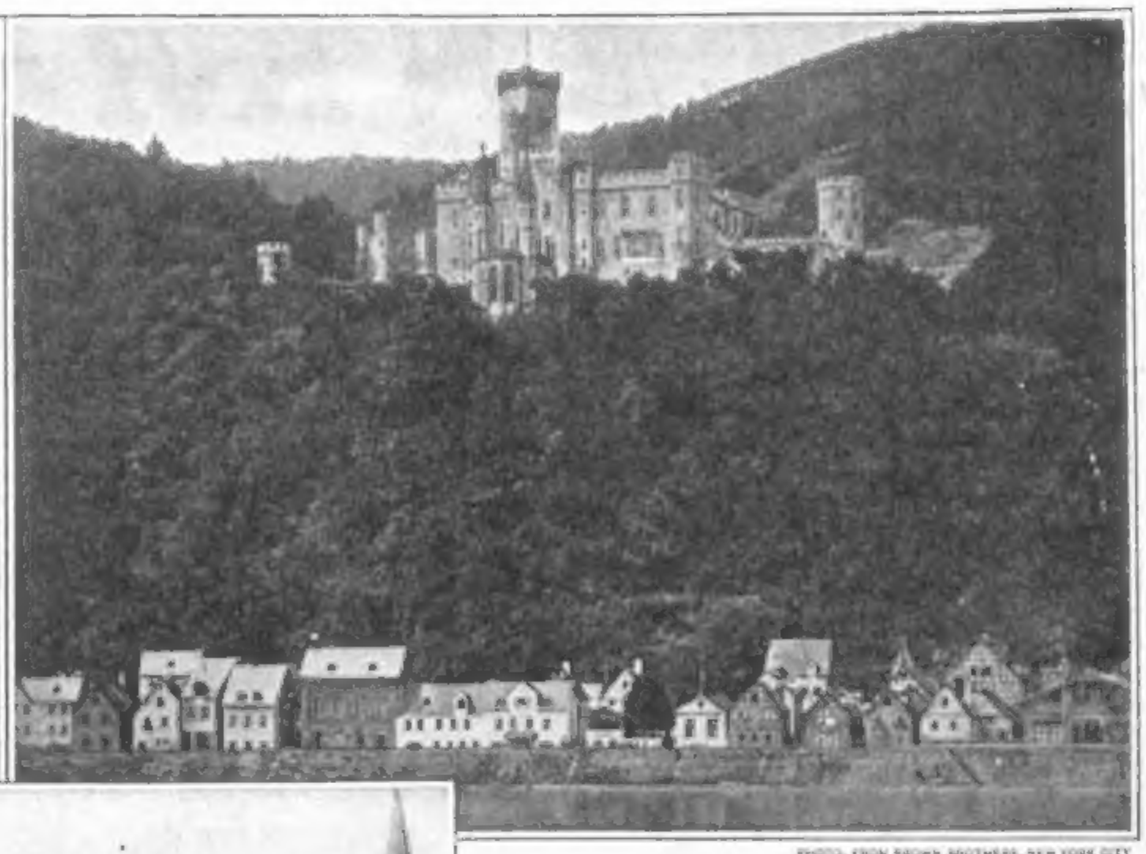
*Castle Landshut*



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
*Stolzenfels Castle*

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
*Limburg, Germany*

what he is when, in his catalogue of British degeneracies, he mentions, along with loose morals and luxuriousness, the "demands of labor unions." To him, they who have dared organize to enforce their rights against the upper class and the accepted social order are sinners, are decadent, along with the frankly immoral.

The aristocrat, of course, is not without reason for the faith that is in him. His highest activity, war, he defends with vigor and subtlety. The philosophical basis for the defense of war, imperfectly expressed throughout the ages, was finally crystallized by Kant in his harmful political philosophy. That gentle and ascetic old person, who pondered and wrote in an age when any philosophy, not scientific inquiry, was the basis of thought, worked it out that a state has a soul apart from the individual souls that compose it. The duty of citizenship is to advance the state without regard to the interests of the individuals in that state. If, by a given political movement, like a war, the interests of the state are advanced, it matters not whether every person in the state is rendered poorer and unhappier. The glory of the state has been achieved and the highest duty is fulfilled.

The modern philosophers of war have simplified and modified Kant in this manner: Life, they say, is struggle. We must struggle to fulfill our destiny. The highest expression of that principle is the struggle in groups—those groups bound together by proximity, blood and character, which we call nations. The struggle between nations, in its "highest" form, is war. Between wars, nations are only gathering strength for new battles; peace is but the rest at the end of each round. If nations rest too long they take to certain soul-destroying activities, like the mad pursuit of pleasure, just because there is no nobler outlet to their surplus human energy, their lust for activity.

I may say here, before going further, that this point of view presupposes a mind which does not look far beyond its own class. The appropriate reply to these people came to me in an indignant remark of a certain English workingman. An Oxford don had just said to me: "The war has been a blessing; we were growing soft." I quoted this to the workingman. "He means," said the latter, "that his class was growing soft!" The German coal miner, the British weaver, the French peasant, the great working middle class, have never known the chance to grow soft. Work, struggle against adversity, the discipline of industrialism, have kept them hard and virile. The proof lies in the history of this war. After the longest peace that Europe ever knew, the European peoples have shown such valor and hardihood as makes all the old heroic ballads seem tame.

### *The Instinct of Aristocracy*

ON THE question of the right to rule, the European aristocrat has borrowed from modern science a reason for the faith that is in him. Whatever one thinks of evolution as a theory, all hands agree that the process of breeding works along the same lines both in men and in animals. Strong horses breed strong colts; able men breed able descendants. Not that the immediate children are always able; the strength skips here and there in a manner which used to puzzle Science until it found the Mendelian Law.

Almost every noble race is founded upon ability. The first ancestor to bear the title won it by a big brain and a strong hand. Behind the Dukes of Marlborough lie a John Churchill and a Sarah Jennings; the Duc d'Orléans, who claims the French throne, sprang from the loins of Henry of Navarre. The descendants of these able ancestors breed with those of similar supermen. So we have families "well born" in the scientific as well as the social sense. They have a right to rule; it is best that they should rule, the logical aristocrat insists, because they are a picked breed. They know better the interests of the "lower classes" than those people can know them themselves.

The true basis of the aristocratic feeling, as I have stated, is a kind of instinct. These people believe in the aristocratic theory, first of all, because they like that sort of thing; they thrill to old, sanctioned forms; to the inheritance of beauty from a feudal age; to those subtleties of human contact which rise when one is master and one is man.

The basis of the democratic feeling is probably no less an instinct. The democrat thrills to the future as the aristocrat to the past. Artificial distinction between man and man jars on him. He glories in the thought that a Lincoln, spelling out his letters by the light of a pine knot, may become the guiding star of a whole great people—as the aristocrat smiles sentimentally at the thought that the young heir to the earldom will some day rule in his father's ermine over a peasantry happy because of his goodness.

Carrying it farther, the democrat, however his ideals may be blurred by self-interest, clings at least to a dim faith that his system will work more and more to eliminate the wide inequalities among men; to end poverty and unnecessary suffering.

As the aristocrat has his supernatural sanction—the divine right—and his philosophy to bolster up his theory of government and his attitude toward war, so has the democrat. His divine sanction is the social philosophy of simple Christianity, nowhere openly expressed in the Scriptures, but everywhere implied—"Men are not equal—some are weak and some strong; some are clever and some stupid. Nevertheless, I will order my conduct on the theory that they are equal. Because I am strong, I will not oppress my brother who is weak; because I am clever, I will not scorn my brother who is stupid; nor will I deny him opportunity."

### *Democracy Opposed to War*

HE HAS his answer—if not philosophical at least scientific—for the aristocratic theory of breeding. H. G. Wells, in his article on the Passing of the Effigy, has expressed it better than I can. To breed a picked stock within a race is against the law of Nature. She does not proceed in that way. The improvement of a species does not mean the creation of supermen. A species does not advance by volcanic upheavals which throw up mountain peaks; it is rather like the slow, even rising of a tide. To lift the whole mass together—that is the democratic ideal, and also the natural ideal. The vindication of natural law in politics is the fact that though aristocracies, based as they are on a principle of artificial selection, may produce able people for a time, they all fade away in the end to a pale or vicious decadence.

Essentially democracies are opposed to war—this despite the fact that, in the vital but confused century during which the idea spread, the most advanced nations have started many wars—even wars of conquest.

As I have said before, wherever in the present European crisis you find a true democrat, you find also a pacifist at bottom, for democracy has the instinct of the mass, which does not need war—as an aristocracy may—to "revivify" it; to make it virile again. They are fighting as well as the best—these democrats of France and England—but always with the main hope that the defeat of German military power may give to their sons and grandsons permanent peace.

Democracy believes, like aristocracy, in a higher struggle. But, with a world full of unnecessary suffering and inequalities, a world of natural forces only half subdued, it believes that the surplus soul force of humanity has a better outlet; that it has something wiser and more lovely to do than mere killing. That theory of a state with a separate soul it will not accept. "The greatest good for the greatest number" is the democratic meaning of the state.

Such are the philosophies, such are the aims, of the opposing forces that have renewed in Europe a battle we thought already won.

Now comes in a new political current which vastly complicates affairs—socialism, using that rather hazy word in its broadest sense. In nineteenth-century Europe, and mostly in Germany, rose a school of political philosophers who hoped to eliminate the inequalities and the unnecessary wastes brought about by competition. The movement, as first conceived, was tremendously democratic; many of its founders were also communists—we are getting well enough educated to know that communism and socialism are different things. They had their eyes first on wiping out inequalities of financial circumstance, and only second on the elimination of waste.

*(Continued on Page 77)*

# HELENKA

## By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY IVAN DE IVANOWSKI

"Ce n'est pas pour rien qu'on connait les Russes"

HELENKA LAVORSKA, holding a fresh copy of Chopin's Chant Polonais in G-Flat in her thinly gloved left hand, came slowly out of the Conservatory of Warsaw and paused at the top of the flight of steps leading down into Sigismund Square. Already it was nearly five o'clock, and the November twilight was waning. Here and there in the Krakowskie Przedmiescie blinked scattered lamps. If she was to reach home before dark she must not delay, for it was a long walk across the Alexandrovsk Bridge to New Praga, the suburb on the other side of the Vistula, in which the Lavorskis lived, and there were many drunken soldiers now in Warsaw. Usually her father, who taught in the conservatory where his daughter was a pupil, saw her safely home, but to-day there was a rehearsal of the orchestra at the Filharmonij, in which he was a second violin. Helenka was used to going about alone, in spite of the fact that wherever she went four men out of five turned and looked after her. She had always gone about alone for the simple reason that there had been no one to go with her.

The sunset gun boomed from the citadel, and the flag on the Radziwill Palace fluttered down. From the neighboring barracks came a faint bugle call, and suddenly the electric lights along the Nowy Swiat broke out all at once. Helenka took a fresh grip on her violin case with her right hand and descended to the street. In one way the fact that it was getting dark was a protection. Not so many men would turn and look at her. She was used to it anyway, for they had always done so, ever since she was a little thing with a big mop of flying yellow hair. She took it for granted that they did so to everybody and thought no more about it. But since August, when war had been declared, the streets had been full of soldiers, many of whom were rough and boisterous.

Helenka's father was a nervous, anæmic man, whose long, cigarette-stained fingers were always—even when he was not playing—moving over an imaginary violin. A dreamer from childhood, he still dreamed of the day when the Filharmonij should give a symphony of his own composition and he should conduct it. In his waking moments he lusted fiercely for a free Poland, for the Lavorskis were descended—a long way, perhaps, but still descended—from the old Polish nobility, and several of them in the past had been deported to Siberia for more or less cogent reasons. Jan Miczieslas Lavorski hated a Russian as he loved his violin. As for Helenka, he hardly was aware of her existence except when occasionally he was moved by her playing. Some day, he thought, she might make a musician. In reality she played far better than did he.

Helenka's mother was a tubercular Lithuanian—a Zamoyenski—given to a voracious reading of romances, woolen shawls, and a conviction amounting almost to a religion that fresh air was the root of all evil. She was a talented pianist; dabbled in poetry; and, like her husband, luxuriated in an emotional patriotism fostered and at times rendered actually dangerous by the activity of the Russian authorities.

Thus the Lavorski apartment on the third floor, in the side street in New Praga, was a happy-go-lucky place, where the irregularity in the meals served to accentuate the slight irritability which so often characterizes a household devoted to high art.

Helenka had inherited her love of music directly from both her parents, and indirectly from a widely heterogeneous southeastern ancestry a passionately idealistic temperament. Like them she dwelt in a world of the imagination, peopled only by great and noble souls who, to an orchestral accompaniment of Beethoven or Tschaikovsky, fought and died for Poland or for romantic love. Love! Helenka was eighteen. Her only idea of love was that of an all-sacrificing, soul-devouring passion that transmuted all it touched into a golden purity and transfigured those who experienced it into perfect beings, incapable of wrongdoing. Some day, she dreamed, the shadow of a young, heroic figure would fall across her path—a brilliant musician, poet or patriot—and from the moment of the first look that passed between them there would be complete understanding—Pelléas and Mélisande, Paolo and Francesca!

Meanwhile there was Ignacio. At times she felt that she almost loved Ignacio, but he was so far removed from her ideal that she had never allowed herself to consider the matter seriously. Ignacio was not a brilliant musician, poet or patriot, yet he was nevertheless something of all these, and had Helenka only known it he was much nearer to the man of her imagination than appearances indicated. He was in fact a promising young member of the Filharmonij, much more likely eventually to lead it than her father; but she was so used to Ignacio that it was hard to get up any excitement about him. He was always ready when wanted. Always hanging about—"on tap," as it were. This fact, at Helenka's period of life, robbed the situation of all romance for her. On the other hand he loved Helenka with a doglike devotion, and his uncle Mertwinski, who was a wealthy grain merchant without children, had signified his intention of leaving him everything. Helenka's father and mother were unqualifiedly in favor of the match. But Ignacio was not her ideal. She was quite sure of it, although she could not explain exactly why when her mother asked her. Certainly he was not the golden prince of her reveries.

At the curb Helenka found herself delayed by the passing of a regiment of the Preobrajensky Guards, a stalwart body of men, swinging by confidently in heavy field equipment, bound for the Mokotowski barracks on their way to the western front. But Helenka hardly noticed them. Warsaw had always been full of soldiers ever since she could remember. It was the headquarters of several army corps, and there were barracks and parade grounds everywhere, in which troops were forever drilling, marching and countermarching. Since August the streets had been crowded with them, and the sound of drums and military bands was incessantly in one's ears. At first, even habituated as she was to the varied uniforms of the Czar's army, she was quite thrilled at the sight of so many strange types of soldiers in so many picturesque costumes. Ignacio had pointed them all out to her—the Siberian Fusiliers, the Cossacks of the Don, the Petrograd Guards—who were passing now—the Lithuanian Legion, the dark Bessarabians in their black lambs-wool caps, the Galicians, the heavily booted Finns, the Podolians, and the wild-looking Turkestan and Kirghiz troops. And all day long the artillery was lumbering through the streets, and wonderfully attired officers, on horseback and in great gray automobiles, dashed up and down the boulevards.

The last company, followed by the stretcher bearers, plodded by, the crowd dispersed, and Helenka looked for a good place to cross the street, for the thousands of booted feet had churned everything into a sea of yellow mud. She was about to step off the curb under the light of a friendly lamp when an automobile coughed at her elbow and she shrank back just in time to avoid being run down by a huge military motor, the chauffeur of which was struggling with the brakes. The next instant the machine had skidded, bumped heavily against the curb, and projected a stream of liquid mud over the front of Helenka's dress and the roll of music in her hand. She expected to hear only a torrent of half-subdued abuse from both driver and occupant.

Instead, however, the door of the tonneau was thrown quickly open and a tall young man in officer's cloak and kepi leaped to the sidewalk and saluted her with an expression of rueful solicitude.

"A thousand pardons, *panie* [mademoiselle]!" he exclaimed in Polish. "I'm afraid my awkward chauffeur has quite ruined your dress—and your—music!" he added sympathetically.

There was nothing in his apology at which Helenka could possibly have taken offense, had she wished.

"It is nothing, sir!" she stammered, looking at the ground. "It was not his fault."

"But it was! Or rather mine! I pray your forgiveness, mademoiselle."

He had come quite close, and the first slight look of amusement had disappeared from his face. There was something also in his voice that made Helenka raise her eyes.

"Oh ——" she began and found herself unable to proceed. A wave of joyous trepidation swept suddenly over her, for his expression was so kindly and regretful, and above all he was so handsome.

"The poor music!" he continued, taking it from her resisting hand. "Let me see what it is."

He unrolled it and held it to the uncertain yellow light of the street lamp.

"Ah! The divine Moja Pieczotka of Chopin! I can never forgive myself! And perfectly fresh, too! Come, you must let me buy you another," he pleaded.

"No—no!" she murmured irresolutely.

"But I, too, am a musician. I have often played it on my own violin—G-flat, is it not? You must let a brother fiddler make good the damage. Surely there is a music store near by—in the Ujazdowska perhaps?"

He took her elbow gently.

"It will take but a moment in the machine," he urged.

Already he was wiping off the music with his handkerchief and had relieved her of her violin case. Her heart fluttered uncontrollably. She knew it was quite wrong, and yet—he was the most wonderful person she had ever seen. And it was perfectly true that he had ruined her music. If she did not go with him—just to the music store—she would never lay eyes on him again. She could not let him disappear that way, forever!

Already he was drawing her toward the open door of the motor. And then, before she knew how it had happened, she was inside the car and he was tucking a heavy fur robe trimmed with foxtails all about her. Helenka had never been in an automobile before.

"A Thousand Pardons, Mademoiselle! I'm Afraid My Awkward Chauffeur Has Quite Ruined Your Dress"

II

AN HOUR later Helenka was safely deposited within two blocks of her mother's apartment in New Praga, a new roll of Chopin's music in her hand and a new song in her heart. She had met her ideal at last and, as she had always foreseen, they had understood each other perfectly from the very first moment. There was only one slight hitch in the romantic program, and that was the fact that, while he was both a poet and a musician, he was not a Polish patriot but a Russian officer—a major of Hussars stationed at the front near Lowicz. So far, of course, their

acquaintance had been almost conventionally formal. They had gone directly to the music store and bought the music, and then at his suggestion they had motored down to the Zelazna Brama, or Iron Gate, and had tea, to make amends for his rudeness and to show that there was no hard feeling. Of course she had told him who she was and he had told her his name—Major Zamarkroff—Paul Zamarkroff—and how when he was not with his regiment he lived with his aged parents on a farm not far from Moscow.

At first, because he was Russian, she had been rather afraid to talk freely with him; but he soon put her at her ease by assuring her how deeply he had always pitied Poland, and what a great debt the world of art owed to her unhappy country. Then, before she was quite aware of it, she found herself telling him all about her father and mother and her studies at the conservatory; and how when she was a little girl, in order to deceive the Russian authorities who had forbidden any patriotic Polish instruction, her parents had organized a so-called dancing class, and while the orchestra had played in the hallway the children had been taken into a back room and instructed in the history of their country.

Before tea was over they had told each other all their hopes and ambitions, but nothing important had passed between them except that she had promised to meet him in the Lazienki Gardens on the same day of the next week, when he hoped to motor in again from the firing line. If he could not come he said he would drop her a post-card. So after Major Zamarkroff had given her an ecstatic whirl down the Marzalkowska as far as the Russian barracks, he had conveyed her carefully across the bridge and, having kissed her trembling little hand, had put her down to run along home with her violin. Then, having watched her disappear with a last wave of her hand round the corner, he had had his chauffeur take him to Le Cércle de la Noblesse, the smart club of Warsaw.

*There Was a Thundering in Her Ears—and Footsteps Running—a Figure Loomed Behind*

Prince Paul Zamarkroff was a young Russian nobleman about thirty years of age, with a doting father and mother who believed that nothing was too good for their son, and allowed him all the money he cared to spend. As might have been expected, after experimenting thoroughly in what life had to offer in the way of enjoyment, he had come to the conclusion that, so far as consistent with preserving his neck, there were only two pastimes worth his trouble—love and war—and that anything was fair in either. He was a reckless sportsman, brave, lavishly generous, cynically good-natured and, like most of his associates, highly superstitious. In his dealings with women he was a past master in gentleness.

Le Cércle de la Noblesse was crowded when he entered it and reeked with cigarette smoke. He had intended only to stop for a moment before returning immediately to Lowicz, for he had gone away without leave and his absence might possibly be noted and commented upon. Ordinarily he would have called for a bowl of caviar and a pint of champagne and, after a cigarette, have left the club; but his meeting with Helenka involved a necessary and hence invariable consequence—namely, a game of cards. He firmly believed that to be lucky at cards was to be unlucky in love. Conversely, therefore, if he could lose enough playing *windt*, he could feel certain that the gods looked favorably upon his new acquaintance with Helenka. What if he lost a thousand rubles or so—his muzhiks would earn enough to pay for it! And he would thereby gain in the affair what he called *la confidence*. Accordingly he strolled to the card room and stood in the doorway until those about one of the tables observed him and invited him to cut in. A rather fat officer, in cavalry uniform, was dealing, wheezing audibly as he dealt.

"One—two—and three—and four," he counted, slapping the cards down on the table heavily with a pudgy thumb. "One—two—— By the way, Zamarkroff, have you heard the news?"

Prince Zamarkroff took a six-inch cigarette from an inlaid case.

"That we shall be in Berlin by the first of May?" he inquired. "I've known that a long, long time. I've selected my lodgings there already—furnished."

"All the same," retorted a wiry little officer of artillery, "it's only three hundred and fifty miles. What is that? Nothing at all—once they break!"

"Oh, tush!" exclaimed the first officer. "I mean real news. Listen! The Grand Duke struck his chief-of-staff in the face yesterday!" The artilleryman whistled.

"Dirty business!" he muttered.

"An old trick of his!" nodded Zamarkroff, lighting his cigarette. "What a bear! His ideas of discipline are simply ridiculous! As if you could treat men like children or muzhiks! And make a man a better officer by punching him in the nose!"

"Quite right," interposed the fourth member of the party—a civilian. "You can't do that, of course. His violence is what puts the old boy in the wrong. But his ideas of discipline, as you call them—of obedience, for example—are perfectly sound in my opinion. I'd shoot any man who deliberately disobeyed orders, and I'd hang any man who stole a ruble!"

"Who would there be left?" asked Zamarkroff innocently. "We four, of course! But the rest of the club would be empty!"

"Sh-h!" warned the cavalry officer. "Don't speak so loud! I know a general who has made two hundred thousand rubles since the war began—just in horseflesh!"

"Where can I meet him?" drawled the artilleryman. "I lose so much at this accursed game, I shall have to do something of the sort myself before long!" He picked up his hand. "One on spades."

"Two on hearts," bid Zamarkroff. It was part of his code inevitably to bid on hearts under these circumstances.

"Pass," said the civilian.

"Pass," echoed the dealer.

"Two on spades!" snapped the artilleryman, thus keeping the trump.

"Three on hearts," retaliated Zamarkroff.

"Devil! Three on spades!"

"Four on hearts."

"I retire!" growled his opponent, and Zamarkroff took his partner's hand and spread it upon the table. It contained eleven hearts! Zamarkroff had been bidding on nothing at all, yet could not fail to take every trick!

As the game proceeded the same sort of thing occurred over and over again. With nothing in his hand—and doubling on nothing—he continued to win everything. In half an hour he had won two thousand rubles! The artilleryman rose disgustedly.

"We might just as well have handed you blank checks at the beginning, Zamarkroff!" he groaned.

But to his surprise—and to that of the others—the prince seemed dejected.

"Colonel," he cried disconsolately, "I would give ten thousand rubles not to have won your money. What can I do with it? Please give it to the Red Cross in my name!" He shoved over the pile of notes. "Waiter, a couple of bottles of champagne!"

III

HELENKA found her mother, her worsted shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, reading Turgenieff's Clara Militch in front of the fire. It was after six o'clock and the table had not been laid for supper.

"It is fortunate you do not inherit my tendencies," remarked her mother at the sight of Helenka's glowing cheeks and the unwonted brightness in her China-blue eyes. "Your walk did you good. Set the table for four. Ignacio is coming. Do be kind to him! He is simply crazy about you!"

But Helenka needed no instructions to be nice to everybody. The walls of her threadbare life had suddenly fallen down. Through the grimy window of the little dining room, where before she could see only oil tanks, there now stretched away the myriad blazing lights of the boulevards, to Lowicz—to Berlin—she could hear the triumphal blare of the Russian national anthem—to Moscow—to the whole world—to the stars even! And she saw a vision of Paul Zamarkroff in full uniform, covered with decorations for bravery, and herself in a wonderful silk dress, playing a duet together upon their violins, in a big room with a raftered ceiling, while two old people, who were not her father and mother, sat before a huge log fire and gazed lovingly at them. And her cheeks grew pinker and her eyes brighter, until when her father and Ignacio came in at seven o'clock they were startled at the sight of her. She was unusually demonstrative with her father, but when Ignacio tried to kiss her she would not let him, although her heart was full of affection for both of them—for everybody. Neither then nor later did she notice that her lover looked worried and that his eyes followed her about the room apprehensively. But he did not, as was his custom, say anything that evening about his hopes for the future; and when she went to say good night and close the front door after him she found him examining the two copies of the Moja Pieczotka, which, when she came in, she had tossed upon the table in the hall.

"Spoiled your music—got mud all over it!" he said in a strange voice. "Don't let the same thing happen to—your life!" and he went quickly out without looking at her.

Helenka's breath stopped and her cheeks went first pale with apprehension and then scarlet with anger. She stood there trembling, listening to Ignacio's steps upon the stairs as they grew fainter and fainter. What did he mean? How dared he say anything like that? Had he seen anything? Well, what if he had? She had done nothing wrong—nothing whatever—nothing that she was not quite ready to tell her father and mother all about—if necessary. It was probably just a chance remark. Ignacio was a melancholy, depressing sort of person anyway. She hated him. Beside Major Zamarkroff he was a yokel—a clodhopper!

She went back to the sitting room and began to talk and laugh excitedly.

"Really," said her mother after a while, "I don't know what is the matter with you to-night, Helenka! Did Ignacio say anything?"

Then Helenka was guilty of her first evasion—the first of many which in swift gradation became misrepresentations, prevarications, falsehoods, lies.

"Yes!" she answered with a shy little blush, letting fall her eyes. "He did!"

"I hope you accepted him at last!" exclaimed her mother.

"I—didn't refuse him!" replied Helenka, still telling the literal truth.

IV

TRUE to form Major Zamarkroff met Helenka in the Lazienki Gardens the following week. At first he had been discouraged by the fact of his winning so much at the card tables the very night that he had met her, but she was so ravishingly pretty and innocently charming when he next saw her—so exceeded his recollection of her in fact—that he cast all prudence—all superstition even—to the winds. And because he said that the fact that he was a Russian ought not to prejudice him in her eyes—or in the sight of her father and mother—he succeeded in making an asset out of a liability, for it enabled him to offer a valid reason why they must for a while at least keep their acquaintance secret.

It was at their third meeting, as they were walking at twilight under the chestnut trees of the Saski Ogrod, that he told Helenka of his undying love. He had thought himself in love, he said, many times before, but never had he felt as he now felt toward her. He thought of her every moment of the day and night. He was sick with love for her. Would she marry him—after the war was over? She, poor child, showing in every glance and movement that she believed him utterly, clung to the arm that he pressed round her in the darkness and murmured—as was proper and maidenly—that she must think it over—it was so unexpected—and—yes, of course, she liked him very much indeed. And so, the next time, bundled in furs beside him as they raced along in his gray car, when he asked her she gave a breathless assent, and he crushed her in his arms until she was frightened. Paul only laughed at her; but after that he used to meet her in the automobile often twice a week; and because sometimes they liked to prolong their walks or rides into the evening, Helenka used to take her things over to her friend Sophie Yaska's at Tiraspol, a near-by suburb, and with her mother's consent spend the night there. She made Sophie her only confidante, and Sophie, who knew vastly more of the world than Helenka, acted as a sort of unseen but highly effective duenna.

At last Major Zamarkroff, becoming a trifle *ennuyé* at these somewhat banal, if thrillingly romantic, meetings, proposed one day to Helenka that some evening the following week he should take her to dine at the Hotel Potocki. The suggestion was a dazzling one, especially as it connoted the fact that Paul no longer felt it necessary for them to conceal their engagement. The next instant, however, Helenka was plunged in despair—she had no clothes which could possibly be worn to so smart a place. But Paul made nothing of this objection. He would send her a dress—as many dresses as she wanted—with shoes and—and stockings to match! He would send them to Sophie's, and he would come there to fetch her the night of the dinner. Delighted, Helenka told Sophie about the plan. But this wiser virgin asked why, if Major Zamarkroff was going to abandon secrecy, he did not first make the acquaintance of Helenka's parents. What difference did it make to him whether he went to visit them the day before or the day after the dinner? The first would be more *de rigueur*.

Helenka apologetically repeated her friend's criticism of their little scheme to her Paul, who accepted it generously. Of course he would go to see Helenka's parents then and there if she wished. It merely occurred to him, however, that they might have some hesitancy about allowing her to accept the dress—as a present from a Russian. They might even violently object to him as a future son-in-law! They would not feel that way, of course, after they had known him a while and adjusted themselves to the situation, but just at first —— So if she cared to go to the Potocki at all, it would perhaps be better to take no chances—and go. He could wait on the Lavorskis the next day.

This reasoning was convincing to Helenka, and sufficiently so to Sophie to lead her to say:

"Well—if you want to go so much!"

"Wouldn't you?" challenged Helenka.

Sophie looked at her friend, who could hardly stand still from excitement.

"I suppose I should!" she conceded.

That settled the matter, and the very next afternoon Helenka and Sophie went with Paul to the smartest dressmaker on the Krakowskie Przedmiescie, and there selected a wonderful model of pink silk trimmed with ermine—such as queens wore, he said—with golden epaulets and golden shoes—real golden shoes to match! He would not tell her what it cost, but she was sure it would take all his pay for months. He laughingly admitted as much to Sophie. Had she known that its price was eight hundred rubles she would not have accepted it. A few trifling alterations were necessary to make it a perfect fit, so reluctantly Helenka consented to leave it for that sole purpose—they guaranteed its delivery in time—taking the golden shoes carefully with her.

V

THE Hotel Potocki is situated upon the Ujazdowska Aleja Avenue not far from the Lazienki Gardens. It is a rococo affair of some pretensions.

Its large restaurant will accommodate several hundred persons, its *cuisine* is excellent, its orchestra superb. Here gathered, before the German occupation, the fashionable society of the gay capital for afternoon tea, for dinner and for dancing; and here during the earlier months of the world war the officers at the Russian front congregated whenever they had a few hours of leisure in which to motor in from the trenches and to enjoy themselves. In fact it soon came to be said that while the headquarters of one army corps were at Cracow, of another at Vilna, of a third at Moscow, the headquarters of the Fifth, Sixth and Fifteenth Corps of the Russian Army were at the Hotel Potocki in Warsaw. But when did a bit of scandal ever trouble the tranquil mind of a member of the Russian general staff? Yet that same saying, springing from laughing lip to laughing lip, had before long leaped across the Vistula and the Dvina, reached the Winter Palace, and penetrated even the hardened hearing of Nicholas himself.

With the Russian Army there also poured into Warsaw an influx of fashionable women, the wives, sweethearts and mistresses of officers, from Petrograd, Moscow, Lemberg and elsewhere, women of the world and of the half-world, who likewise made the Hotel Potocki their headquarters. An era of prosperity set in for the management, the like of which it had never known before. The returns from the café and restaurant quadrupled in amount; the wine receipts increased fifteen times. The *concierge* retired on a competence at the end of three months, and a second orchestra was engaged that there might be no dearth of music. With the big guns booming less than fifty miles away, there had never before been such a demand for cut flowers in Warsaw.

The idea of dining at such a palace as the Potocki, of dining in public among a crowd of smart people, above all of dining with such a marvelous person as Paul, filled Helenka with a delicious terror. Yet, because of the fact that his friends would be there and that it would be a public acknowledgment of his regard for her, the occasion took on almost the significance of a betrothal. Helenka had never been to the Potocki and had never known anyone who had been there. When Paul had taken her to tea it had always been in some out-of-the-way place near the Gostinyi Dvor, or Bazaar. But now he was ready to present her to his friends, and although her continued deception of her father and mother gave her some uneasiness she felt a strange relief from a certain undefined apprehension which at times had haunted her. There was no longer to be anything secretive about their meetings! From now on all was to be aboveboard, and she would next day present him to her father and mother, who, in spite of the fact that he was a Russian, could not but acknowledge his worth of character and fall instant victims, just as she had done, to the distinction of his appearance and the captivating charm of his manner.

So upon the day fixed for the dinner at the Hotel Potocki, Helenka, following what had now become almost a weekly habit, told her mother in the morning that she was going to spend the night with Sophie at Tiraspol. She made a miserable hash of it at the conservatory, and on the stroke of four hastened to her friend's house. The dress had already been delivered! The two girls in a frenzy of excitement tore open the box and undid the filmy wrappings. Had there ever been such a dress! It was like that of the fairy princess in the ballet her father had taken her to see the summer before. But for the first time she fully realized that it hardly reached her shoulders!

Her heart sank at the thought of showing herself in public in such a garment. And even if she dared she had no wrap to wear over it. No, the whole mad, delightful plan would have to be given up. Yearningly she pressed the little weightless thing with its ermine trimming to her breast and tried to force back the tears of disappointment. But at that moment Sophie discovered that under another layer of tissue the box contained a wrap to match the dress—also trimmed with ermine! Helenka no longer had any hesitation about wearing it, but gave herself over to the ministrations of her friend. An hour later she stood before the tall glass in Sophie's bedroom, a glorified, unrecognizable Helenka.

"Oh, you are marvelous!" cried Sophie, kissing her. "No wonder he wants to marry you! You look like a grand lady—fresh from Paris or Petrograd. I wish some rich captain would fall in love with me!"

"Oh, he will—never fear!" laughed Helenka. "When you visit us at Moscow I shall invite all the officers I know—and I shall know hundreds then!"

Helenka's toilet having been completed there was nothing for the girls to do but wait until eight o'clock, for Paul had explained that it would be necessary for him first to go to the hotel to bathe and change after his long motor ride from the front. So they sat on the bed in Sophie's room and discussed every phase of Helenka's probable future career. By seven, however, she was already too impatient for dreaming and they moved into the sitting room and began to look out of the window. But a deathlike silence reigned in Tiraspol, and the yellow street lamp opposite showed no pedestrian during the hour except once when a man in a heavy overcoat, not unlike Ignacio in size and build, passed and, glancing quickly up at the girls' faces in the window, hurried on. At ten minutes to eight Helenka put on the wrap and, going downstairs, stationed herself just inside the door so as to lose no time when Paul should arrive.

That he would arrive she never doubted for an instant. Yet she well knew that there was fighting going on near where his battalion was stationed.

(Continued on Page 61)

*How Long She Stood There She Did Not Know—When She Came to Herself the Room Was Empty*

# THE ECHO

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

HARLAN Weymouth reached into the open drawer before him and brought out another white lawn tie. This he drew round his collar as ruefully as though it had been the rope that was to hang him. He glared into the mirror at the worldly face which he wore so modishly in public, and wondered if he were a fickle character. Probably. He would try laying the blame on himself, at any rate.

"No," he repeated during the finishing touches in his evening toilet, "Sophie Emmett hasn't changed a bit. I know a clever woman when I meet one, and a diamond can't turn to a pebble in two months.

"Something's happened to make my eyes dull, that's all. I'll take a drink and face the music."

He stepped to the telephone, called the floor clerk and ordered a dry Martini.

Certainly Sophie was still a pleasure to look upon, he reflected during the wait. And her reputation for wit had passed beyond the circle of women's clubs and into the Sunday papers. Hadn't Mrs. Clemworthy—irrevocable old authority on everything discussible among the sort of club women who believe in Mrs. Clemworthys—repeatedly assured him that Sophie was the cleverest woman in New York? As the editor of the city's most intellectual review Weymouth naturally hated superlatives. Yet he had to confess that he had agreed with Mrs. Clemworthy; agreed with her with an obsessing conviction that had driven more ambitious intellectual movements entirely out of his head and set him to penning delicious little essays founded on the pungency of Sophie Emmett's charming and original philosophy.

A knock at the door called him back to the unpleasant duties of the night. He opened to the boy, who held toward him an amber drink on a silver tray.

"Here goes nothing!" Weymouth uttered to himself the inelegant toast and took his cocktail at a gulp. Their two months were up to-night, and he must decide the matter with Sophie Emmett and take his decision, at the appointed hour, to her husband, the silent, sardonic Elijah.

*"Is It Possible You Haven't Heard of Sophie Emmett? Sophie of the Disappearing Husband?"*

Sophie Emmett was waiting for him in the foyer at Sherry's. He caught the gleam of her pale-coral evening gown and the flash of her dark eyes from a far corner where she sat. The sight of her, merely an impression from a distance, imparted to him something of that original thrill of anticipation which he had felt in their earlier meetings, sometimes casual or stolen. There was nothing furtive in their trysts now, kept openly in the most public restaurants in New York. Old Emmett had seen to all that. Their appearances together might breed scandal, but it was scandal well stage-managed by Sophie's husband, as though it had been billed in enormous letters "Sophie Emmett and Harlan Weymouth, To-night at Sherry's, under the Direction of Elijah Emmett."

Harlan stepped briskly up to the lady in the coral gown and bowed his most urbane bow.

"Late, Harlan!" she smiled at his approach.

Dashed! He had hoped against hope, during that short tour across the foyer carpet, that the original Sophie, the Sophie of the bland, insinuating wit, would be there to greet him with an epigram. But here sat his beautiful changeling, calm in her decorative dullness.

"I like being waited for," he suggested, desperately casting his bait. "It gives me a feeling of power." It fell dead.

"Oh, does it?" she asked, moving her small mouth helplessly.

They walked in together to take their seats at a table for two by the wall. Weymouth now began to understand why civilized men become wife beaters.

He found a chance to study her a moment as she puzzled over the bill of fare. Undoubtedly she had her good points. The upward sweep of her delicately brushed eyebrows, the slant of her coal-black eyes, the spirited poise of her small head, the defiant tip of her nose gave to her person an elfin charm. She might have carried little, tantalizing wings on the points of her smooth white shoulders. She was, in a word, the lively physical embodiment of the Sophie Emmett Idea; the body and the idea which had turned Harlan Weymouth in an hour from a scoffer to a mangled devotee. What an admirable picture she was of brilliancy and quickness, designed to fascinate and destroy an errant knight who, even as a neophyte, had written on his shield in reddest letters "I Hate Dull Women." And surely nothing trite or threadbare could come from those delicate, upturned lips!

"I'll have oysters," she was saying just then. "They're safe in the R months."

"I don't believe you're even pretty!" snarled Harlan Weymouth to himself.

"Are you tired, my dear?" he asked her somewhat hopefully, after their order was given. That must be it.

"Oh, no," she replied with the same terrible brightness she shed upon the dullness of her words. "I had ever so good a nap this afternoon."

Then her comatose state was deeper than the physical. It was a spiritual deadening. His heart sank.

"Why did you ask?" She eyed him directly.

"You seem to be spreading all over the cosmos, like melted butter. I mean to say, you're distraught. You're not entirely with us. Must I get out a search warrant and look for Sophie?"

"Oh," she pouted. Faint hope revived within him—she often pouted on the verge of her famous utterances, glowing in his memory of the Golden Era, two months past.

"Don't you think good friends—as we are—can enjoy beautiful silences together?" she asked solemnly, mincing her words as he had heard so many members of the Medallion Club do. She gave him an appealing look, just as a child would after delivering a set speech. Then she plaintively asked, "Harlan, what's the matter?"

"You must know, Sophie," he answered shortly.

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"That's it—you haven't the remotest idea. Oh, I'm sorry, Sophie. I didn't mean to be rude. But I can't help thinking you're acting some sort of part."

"I don't understand."

From her expression it was obvious to see that she didn't, yet he went on stubbornly:

"Sophie, you're the cleverest woman in New York. People say so. I say so. Mrs. Clemworthy says it unto the Scribes and Pharisees every Wednesday morning. And I've heard you talk like—like the angel Israfel replying to George Bernard Shaw. You had a slant on life. You were seldom at a loss. I went wild over you, Sophie, because I found you the inspired prophetess of lively thinking. You had a glorious viewpoint on yourself and me and everybody else. I don't like ugly women, as a rule; but if you had been as ugly as Medusa I think I should have packed my grip and followed you to the ends of the world."

She was looking blankly at him, offering not a word in her defense, and Weymouth found his temper rising as he went rapidly on:

"I hate dull women. I've deserted the whole adoring tribe of my female relatives and gone to live in a hotel as a protest against verbal stupidity. I'd rather live alone on a mountain top or in the back of a saloon than to listen to warmed-over cant. And that's why I flew to you, Sophie, and kicked over every convention in the world—made this ridiculous bargain with your husband—in order to listen to you forever. And this is how you've been serving me."

He fell suddenly silent, ashamed of his outburst; for Sophie Emmett's little mouth was trembling childishly.

"You're disappointed in me!" she said quaveringly.

"Oh, please don't cry. I know it's only temporary—everybody has lapses. But it seems so unfortunate. Just in the two months when we were to be together, to get used to each other . . . and it's only an hour before we must go to your husband with some sort of decision ——"

"What do you want me to say?" she demanded, her black eyes taking fire. Hope and love raged suddenly in his breast. He had lashed her with words. She couldn't look like that without saying something out of the ordinary.

"Something besides bromidioms, Sophie, that's what I want you to say." He was out with it now, and the task grew easier. "For the past two weeks, I swear, you've been going on like this—telling me that oysters should be eaten only in the R months; that you like many Germans individually, although you're strongly pro-Ally; that the Republicans might have won if it hadn't been for the Hughes Special —— Have a heart, Sophie! I didn't fall in love with you for the purpose of finding out that the sky is blue when the sun shines or that the Rocky Mountains are grand. My Aunt Cordelia, from whom I am now a refugee, has informed me along that line until I'm entirely fed up on the obvious. What I want is Sophie—and I'd like to know where you've been hiding her. Where is the girl I saw that day, sizzling like a comet into the midst of a foggy ladies' discussion with the remark that a club woman in Bohemia is like a High Church clergyman mounted on a motor cycle?"

"Harlan, you're impossible!" she flashed out suddenly. "I'm ashamed—I'm disappointed in you—oh, how can you!"

*"My Name's Emmett—if You Don't Remember Me, I'm Sophie's Husband"*

She reached for the large silk hand bag which occupied a third chair, and fished out a tiny square of lace. This she applied pathetically to her eyes.

His heart sank to even a lower level. He had expended his ingenuity on empty space. The ideal Sophie, the iridescent Sophie, had evaporated by some black magic and left this dull woman in her stead. He had stung her with sarcasms, she had responded with tears. How he hated a dull woman!

"I'm sorry," he found himself apologizing in leaden tones. "I—I merely thought this was the last chance we should have to discuss the matter candidly. I——"

An intrusive waiter was serving soup. She sat staring at the swimming okra. Presently her fine eyes lit with a sudden inspiration and she delved again into the silken bag. This time she brought out a small gold box which she opened and began staring into the recess. Instinctively he knew she was looking at her nose in a concealed mirror. At last, when she had quite finished patting away the tear stains under her eyes, he went on desperately:

"Of course, if you wish it, I'm going to ask your husband's consent to our marrying."

"You're going to do no such thing!" she snapped, dropping the little box into the silk bag and drawing the string. The tears had left her dark eyes, which were flashing dangerously. "You've gone far enough—you're horrid—I don't like you a bit and ——"

She arose, picked up her bag, dropped a glove, picked it up, gathered a gold-mesh purse from beside her plate, put it in her bag, picked up another glove and then stood facing him defiantly.

"Where are you going?" was his weak appeal.

"Home," said she. "Back to my husband as fast as I can."

"But we—we're not to see him until nine o'clock. We were to go together. It's now only quarter past ——"

"Don't follow me, please!" He stood there with the silly feeling that all Sherry's was witness to another social comedy. Then he settled weakly into his chair, leaving her to sweep down the aisle toward the door.

It was a matter of minutes before he had summoned the waiter and sheepishly paid his bill. Then he was after her flaming course. But in those minutes she had cloaked herself in a furry garment of peacock blue; and before he could snatch his hat and coat from the man at the door her vivid little figure had locked itself in a taxicab which now honked away toward Fifth Avenue.

Weymouth took the downward steps four at a time. It was foolishly unnecessary that she should be running back home like this at the eleventh hour. There was a lack of teamwork in it that offended his sense of order.

"Taxi!" he shouted savagely and plunged into the first open tonneau.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the broad-faced one on the box.

"Follow that yellow car ahead!" demanded Weymouth breathlessly. The driver threw in the clutch so rudely that the structure trembled in its greasy joints, and the pursuit started with a kangaroo plunge that landed them well toward the corner, round which the yellow car was just disappearing. So closely for a while did the pursuer cling to the pursued that Weymouth, under brilliant street lamps, could distinctly see the back of her proud little head silhouetted in the rear window of the yellow car. It was a garlanded head, well poised on a straight white neck, and there were rhinestones twinkling among the coils of her hair.

What plot had that little head been hatching against him? he asked uneasily. Was it Sophie's fault, or her husband's? Could it be possible that she was just the pathetic little fool she had appeared of late? A curious predicament for any sane man to find himself in—curiouser and curiouser, as Alice had said to a Wonderland acquaintance.

It was now six months since Harlan Weymouth had first found Sophie Emmett. To his memory that initial glimpse was like the first sighting of a meteor in a drizzly sky. In capacity of editor and critic of the Spark, that journal of cleverness which the few admired, he had been persuaded against his better judgment to attend a meeting of the Medallion Club. Mrs. Clemworthy, indefatigable member, had extended the welcome in good faith; but it had been Weymouth's intention to write a satirical essay entitled Dull Gilt, showing how wit, like Midas, can be strangled by too much gold.

So Weymouth had gone to a morning session of the Medallion Club and sat in an ornate roomful of fashionable ladies of the sort who "think they think," according to the Weymouthian code. Poor, patient martyr to investigation, he had sat for a long time and sighed himself into a torpor. The topic of the morning was Does Bohemia Exert a Genuine Influence on Civilization?

He had come there thinking this was going to be funny; but already his thoughts were centered on a graceful means of getting out. His slumbrous eyes had wandered over every detail of the room. Mrs. Douglas Clemworthy, shapeless, sitting upright like some florid piece of upholstery, had occupied a chair next him, as though to shut off his escape. Mrs. Hawtry Blucher, displaying her fashionable figure below a faded, simpering face, had been reading for several minutes in her pallid voice. Weymouth had thought with an inner groan of Mrs. Blucher's industrious social secretary—what she must have endured in *tables d'hôte* in order to gather data for that paper on How Bohemia Eats. Weymouth had all but succumbed to sleep upon this thought; but he had still held a corner of his eye on the door. He had hated dull women from infancy. He yawned behind his program. At that instant a broken, sympathetic sigh had emanated from the lady on his left.

It was then that Weymouth had his first glimpse of Sophie Emmett. She, too, was yawning; and as he caught her eye just the ghost of an understanding spark was telegraphed to him to keep him awake until Mrs. Blucher had brought her hopeless eternity to a period. And it was at that moment that his comet, his lawless, splendid meteor in a Paris gown had flared up for him in all her glory.

"Are there any re——" Mrs. Spratt-Cowle, the chairlady, had been about to say "any remarks," but the small, pantherlike young woman on Weymouth's left had decisively gotten to her feet and requested the floor.

"Madam Chairman," she had prefaced her memorable comment, "I hope you'll pardon my asking something. But isn't a club woman in Bohemia something incongruous—like a Church of England clergyman mounted on a motor cycle?"

The Medallion Club laughed. It was easy to see that the Medallion Club appreciated Sophie Emmett, and Weymouth was grateful.

"Why, Mrs. Emmett, I ——" stammered the large lady on the platform.

"I just wanted to know," went on the pretty little irritant. "I realize that women's clubs, taken altogether, do a great deal of good. But the Medallion Club doesn't—it wouldn't know good when it saw it. It only talks about it, the way Peer Gynt talked about the Bogue—and then went roundabout. Now here we are discussing Bohemia. It might as well be Mars—or better perhaps, because some of us have seen Mars through a telescope. But how many of us have gotten nearer Bohemia than Puccini's opera? You can't see Bohemia, you know, the way you see Chinatown—by paying a dollar a head and being taken round by a man with a megaphone. You've got to live Bohemia, and dance Bohemia, and eat Bohemia. That's probably the hardest of the lot—eating Bohemia. Then, of course, you've got to meet Bohemia in its own jungle—jolly, reckless, rakish young art students; actors temporarily unemployed; free, inspired, dusty poets, and what not. It's the what not that makes Bohemia hardest to bear. Ladies, have we investigated? Have we danced and mingled with their perfectly dreadful wine, women and song? Have we greeted the dawn with a lyric and forgotten to shampoo our heads for generations? I should like to know if Mrs. Hawtry Blucher has done any of these things? And if so, when?"

The tall lady reared her fashionable form, and her pallid face took on a coat of scarlet.

"I sometimes think we members of this exclusive circle," Sophie Emmett had gone on suavely, "have reached a plane of development—like yogis and Grand Lamas where we know all about everything, without bothering our heads to find out about anything. Facts are dull; feminine intuition is bright. Feminine intuition is magical. It leaps to conclusions and pulls the facts up after it. Or, if there aren't any facts, it sits proudly on top of the conclusions and stays there until someone comes to the rescue with a stepladder. By this method we have gone rapidly through Bohemia this morning. Bohemia is finished. Our next topic will be The Human Soul."

"You are mistaken, I think." Mrs. Spratt-Cowle stepped to the edge of the platform to correct her. "Our next topic will be The Panama Canal: Its Use in Case of War."

"I stand corrected," Sophie had said and sat down.

"Does Mrs. Emmett wish to put her remarks in the form of a motion?" Madam Chairman had asked.

"Not necessarily," had been the smiling reply that had adjourned the meeting. The room had broken up into chattering groups.

"For heaven's sake, who is she?" Weymouth had asked eagerly of Mrs. Clemworthy.

"Is it possible you haven't heard of Sophie Emmett? Sophie with the serpent's tongue? Sophie, the spice of the Medallion Club? Sophie of the disappearing husband? You must come right over and meet the most brilliant woman in New York."

Sophie Emmett had given him an inspiring fifteen minutes of her point of view, of ideas that soared high like a fish hawk and plunged deep and true upon their prey. Weymouth, the fastidious dilettante of women and of minds, absorbed her, spongelike, and went away saturated and happy to put her thoughts on paper, to fill the columns of the Spark with the eternal glory of an idealized Sophie.

He had called, of course, at the big, handsome Emmett home in East Sixty-seventh Street; and almost immediately he had told her that she was his literary breath of life. He had been sure of her pleasure in seeing him, for she had

*He Stood There With the Silly Feeling That All Sherry's Was Witness to Another Social Comedy*

come swiftly across the formal rose-and-white drawing-room, her ivory cheeks flushing happily as she held out her hand. She had expressed the Medallion Club so livingly, he told her; and got the response that she, Sophie Emmett, cared too much for women and their work to see it mocked by that pretentious circle of parlor thinkers.

This private interview had brought them together with tremendous rapidity, and he had found himself naïvely trading scraps of autobiography with a freshman's enthusiasm. The rosy spectacles had straddled his nose, she had appeared to him, from that hour on, as some fascinating unique orchid, bewitchingly involved.

"Oh, you wouldn't like my husband," she had assured him on that occasion. "Nobody does. Besides, he would loathe the sight of you. He would have some sort of theory in his pocket by which to condemn you forever. Elijah, you know, lives in a cave and gnaws theories. He's an anchorite. He crawls into his cell upstairs during daylight hours and prowls by night. In his lighter moments he reads Nietzsche and condemns the human race. Of course he isn't decent to go about in society. The old darling, I love him! We've arranged everything splendidly. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays I lock away the world and play cave woman to his cave man. On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays I belong to the world. Isn't it an excellent plan? Few women can enjoy freedom respectably four days in the week."

"If you told him what a perfect savage you'd found, don't you think he might be favorably impressed?" he laughed.

"Probably not," quoth she. "You know how it is with married couples. When a stranger comes into their midst the chances are about eight to one against everybody liking everybody else. It can be worked out mathematically—but I hate figures, they're so truthful."

"Well, let's say we like each other and let it go at that," he had suggested brashly.

His last request, put with boyish plainness, had grown to be an obvious enough fact. He saw her well and long during the four charmed days in the week. The dour Elijah grumbled somewhere in the background, Weymouth supposed, always grimly obliging to their thickening romance. Weymouth caught Sophie's husband one day when he came for tea. A graying man, fat, uncouth, slightly bald, with sags under his eyes and a mouth that turned down at the corners, he had regarded Weymouth curiously, as a mastiff might sniff at a beetle. Weymouth felt that he had intruded into a family colloquy and reflected, with a novel pang of jealousy, that he had no rights here. Elijah Emmett's replies had been mostly grunts, as he gobbled his tea with scalding haste, spilling a few drops on the waistcoat of his untidy suit.

Somehow that one sight of the mysterious Elijah Emmett had given Weymouth a feeling that his pursuit of Sophie was within the realm of fair game. This thing of joy and fancy chained unhappily to a sullen stone; how could he blame her if she gamboled wildly during her little hours of freedom? And yet Emmett could not be so tyrannous a monster, else he would have forbidden her journeying into the realm of even her discreet adventurings.

"Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays." She had said it jestingly, but time proved to her adorer that the speech was literally true. Several times he had telephoned on those sacred days, only to be put off with "Oh, I can't. I'm husbanding to-day." Elijah, Weymouth discovered after much painstaking research among club gossips, had gone out into the world almost not at all since their marriage several years ago. He had retired from the stock exchange with a carefully invested fortune, and had given up most of his clubs at the same time. Emmett was a queer fish, they told him—rather clever, but eccentric. What did he do with his time? Oh, he was some sort of fatuous student—scribbled a great deal for his own amusement and collected things—books probably. He made semiannual descents upon his clubs, where he nodded stiltedly at a few graying heads and ate alone behind a newspaper. Emmett had deliberately lost himself in the thickets of New York.

Weymouth's intimacy with Sophie Emmett had progressed with insidious smoothness. Of course they were talked about, because he was a figure of a sort in the world of art, and the fashionable society with which he endured an occasional dinner or opera usually referred to him breathlessly as "a fascinating Bohemian." Sophie, too, had cast aside a troop of gentlemanly flower bearers in order to give free way to his devotions.

Step by step to-night, pursuing her yellow taxicab through the mazes of Manhattan's traffic system, Weymouth could trace the course which had brought them so suddenly into each other's arms.

He had tried his best to keep their intimacy on a Platonic basis. Plato was a poor chaperon, as always. Nimble as they were at thrust and parry, cool as they intended to be in logic and epigram, they could not avoid the keen edge of danger. Weymouth had been the first to feel the wound; and he told her so blunderingly, fully expecting her to laugh him down from her worldly barricade. Instead he was alarmed and a little delighted to find her silent. Obviously Sophie Emmett had no adequate repartee to an emotion to which her quick little nature responded all too well. They were blundering into love.

And on the memorable night, just two months and a day ago, they had gone to the opera together. Of course it was Tristan and Isolde, which no two people who admire the color of one another's eyes should ever see without a padded neutral to sit between them. Love, death and a passionate orchestration, added to the fact that the great vault of the Metropolitan was darkened for the scene, combined to banish scruples as lightly as the swaying of a wand in the hand of an eminent director. Weymouth pressed Sophie's fingers, as naïvely as the art is practiced among callow lovers when the light is low in the moving-picture theaters. She had permitted the caress until the last tragic curtain. And on the way home, after he had taken her in his arms and said several things unworthy of a penetrating thinker—as he deemed himself to be—she had looked up suddenly and declared:

"Harlan, I am going to tell my husband everything."

"Don't do anything crazy, Sophie!" he had pleaded in a panic, for their cab had almost reached the Emmetts' door. "Let me go away for good—I've been insane. I'm sorry."

"No, you're not. And neither am I," she had replied as she had stepped out to run up the white steps of her house. She had given him only the tip of her glove as he unlocked the door for her.

*Almost Immediately He Had Told Her That She Was His Literary Breath of Life*

Next morning, sleeping late after a surprisingly good night's rest, the telephone beside his bed had disturbed him before nine o'clock, and a sharp New England voice had barked through the receiver:

"Weymouth? Want to see Weymouth!"

"This is he," Weymouth had replied with all the coolness he could command.

"My name's Emmett—if you don't remember me, I'm Sophie's husband." And before Weymouth could formulate a polite syllable the voice at the other end had gone on in harsh, choppy sentences: "Wish you would call on me. To-day—this morning—eleven sharp. Not a quarter past. I'm going out at half past. 'By."

That was all, delivered in the most acutely businesslike tone.

"A new chapter in the code duello," Sophie's lover had reflected, shuffling toward his bath.

He had called promptly at eleven, as Mr. Emmett had so unbendingly suggested. Weymouth found the clumsy, massive, untidy man wiping his eyeglasses behind a fearful chaos of books and papers in a big, bare room full of burdened shelves. The sacks beneath his eyes this morning had suggested the bloodhound. But to his nervous visitor's surprise the bunchy, square face had been twisted to a grin.

"Well, Weymouth," had been his first comment, addressed quite familiarly, as though to a confidential clerk, "so you and Sophie have made up your minds that you're in love with each other."

"Ye-yes. That's about the case." Weymouth had stammered like a schoolboy.

"Humph! She came and told me last night. I wasn't surprised. Thing to be expected." The big man had sat toying with his necktie, an article of antique pattern that he wore askew under his low, unfashionable collar.

"Not surprised a bit. Women have to be suited at any price these days," he went on in his choppy accents. "Suits me all right. Provided, of course, it's genuine. Are you sure about that, Weymouth?"

"Absolutely, as far as I'm concerned," the lover had replied with unnecessary heat.

"Well, Sophie thinks she's just as sure. Said so several times. Now I've made up my mind to take this case in hand. This is my policy: Do nothing to stand in your way. All foolishness to interfere in a genuine love affair. But there's one thing, Weymouth—understand—one thing." He brought a big, stubby finger down on the manuscript before him. "If you're going to marry Sophie and take care of her you've got to be sure first that you'll get

(Continued on Page 57)

# Ready! Action! Camera! Go!

*Squads of Knights and Soldiers Were Here, There and Everywhere, Scattered Over the Scene as Far as the Eye Could Reach*

## By ROB WAGNER

HAD I been seeking fame in this tumultuous old world of ours, I should never have given up my job as a leading man; for if there is any public interest in the affairs of the director it has never come to my attention in the slightest degree.

The paints are far more interesting to the world than the painter. When I compare with my present correspondence the letters I used to receive as the ravishing hero of the hair-pants stories, I am forced to believe that romance and notoriety are not for us. It is sad but true that the only photographs of me which are still cherished repose upon the dressers of maiden ladies who have romantic hopes that are eight to ten years overdue. If the press agent sends out a story that a certain film favorite eschews onions, all the fans in the country are worked up over the momentous news; while if it was learned that one of the directors used perfume on his pancakes, nobody would care a bean one way or another.

This does not mean that we are entirely overlooked. The trade papers keep our names quite prominently before the profession, and our mail is mostly from actors—ham and otherwise—who remind us of their amazing qualities, with the hope that we will send for them at once. The love of the human paints for the painter is often very touching.

It is because the general public takes so little interest in our personalities that I have deliberately refrained from obtruding my own importance and have laid more stress upon our failures, successes, obligations and hopes. So it is a sense of proportion rather than innate modesty that makes me stand behind the camera while I take this picture of Movie Land.

Maybe you have heard that movie folk are modest. If so, that information is incorrect; for so well do we think of ourselves that we have reduced our especial worth to an elaborate system of mathematics. One of the sprightliest indoor sports that engages all studios where films are made is to figure the percentage of our relative values to the success of the pictures. Ask a leading man what he thinks of his work and he will reply: "Well, I should say the actor is seventy-five per cent of the picture, the story about fifteen, and the director ten." Some even go so far as to represent the director by a minus sign.

### *The Female of the Species*

THEN up speaks the author: "You fellows make me tired! I'd like to know what you'd do without a good story! The best director in the world can't direct you beautiful dolls to do nothing! My table makes the author sixty per cent, the director thirty, and the actor ten."

At this point we produce our schedule, which makes the director fifty per cent, the story forty-five and the actor five. Then the fireworks!

I'll have to admit that in the last few years my branch of the profession has lost somewhat in importance, for when I first began in the pictures the director was the whole works—he represented probably ninety per cent, the actor ten, and the story nothing. The story is the factor that has gained in importance. It is true a few actors are so enormously popular that they can get by with a poor story and rather indifferent directing.

There is, however, another angle to this fact that seems to me to be pertinent. Often the management will get a spasm of efficiency and employ a star for only a few scenes; then it is up to the director to pad out the story so that by spreading the star very thin he can get the necessary footage. Or, on the other hand, the big boss, having an expensive star on the pay roll, will want him on the screen all the time. So the director has to prune down every other part in order to accomplish this weird result. In either event the story suffers and the director's artistry is woefully handicapped.

I said in my estimate that the actor was only five per cent of the film. Privately I do not really mean this, but my modest figure always gets a wonderful rise out of the actors—and I love to hear them rave. The fact is, a film success depends upon many factors, the failure of any of which can ruin the picture. Given a good story, capable acting, intelligent direction, artistic sets and fine photography, the result will be splendid. But, oh, the temperamental storms that have raged about those percentages!

So far as the director is concerned, there is really no standard by which the excellence of his work can be ascertained, except the result. One obtains success in one way, and another by quite opposite methods. Some directors are excitable, some phlegmatic, some genial. We have one woman director who has arrived famously and has handled some of the greatest stars in filmdom. There may be no sex in brains, but there is in temperament; and there is no doubt that much of her achievement is due to her feminine point of view—especially her uncanny understanding of the male. This woman stoutly maintains that she has a masculine mind; but listen to this story:

Her lead in one picture was a famous foreign star, and, starlike, she thought rather tenderly of one of the men of the cast; but—alas!—he was only second lead.

Now it happened that a very beautiful white costume was made, and the lead and the second both cherished it. Of course the lead had the first call; but what of the foreign lady? She wanted her boy to have it. After a great to-do and much talkly talk it was finally put up to the director. She, femininely wise, walked over, whispered something to the star, and then answered:

"Of course Mr. Blank shall wear the costume—he is the lead and is entitled to the suit if he wishes it."

The star, having been tipped, acquiesced gracefully; but the second lead was very peevish and stood round biting his finger nails and looking quite distraught. When the lead, radiantly triumphant, appeared in his gorgeous white velvet jacket and panties, the director eyed him critically.

"What's the matter, Mrs. S——? Don't you care for it?" asked he.

"Oh, yes," she answered: "but I think it is a little short in the knees, and the coat doesn't fit very well round the neck—it makes you look bottle-shouldered. However, it will do, I guess. Turn round. Well, the truth is, Mr. Blank, it is even a little worse in the back; but I can cut that scene where you have your back to the camera, though it's a good close-up for you. Then, in that other scene, where you sit downstage, I can mask the legs by a table. . . ."

The lead waited for nothing further. He was gone; and in ten minutes he returned with an armful of white clothes, which he tossed to the second lead, who sheepishly went off to his dressing room and put them on. When he returned, the star lady from Russia fairly ate him with her eyes. Though he was exactly the build of his rival, the trousers, curiously enough, were "long enough," and the coat fit "splendidly"! So, at least, the director said. And she insists that she has a masculine mind!

For several years this woman and her husband directed together with great success. To anyone who knows what a personal thing directing is, this feat is a startling accomplishment. The nearest score to their record is that of a man and wife in a Chicago studio who joined forces for just twenty minutes. They say that when he came to at the receiving hospital, and looked up and beheld the nurse, he ducked his head under the bedclothes, as though the poor girl was going to strike him with a skillet.

### *Art in Handling Crowds*

IN HANDLING the fragile temperaments of actors the female is more wonderful than the male; but when it comes to resourcefulness in a situation the male is often remarkable.

We were making some scenes at Redondo one day and were trying to get a little girl to walk disconsolately along the beach—no one noticing her. After working for nearly an hour in an effort to get the people to walk by without stopping or rubbering into the camera, or at the little girl, Ed Donlon, who was directing, called two of the men of the cast together and arranged that they should start a fight about fifty yards up the beach. The pugilists came from opposite directions, met, and began loud vulgar abuse of each other. Needless to say, everybody parading the Boardwalk looked over in the direction of the brawl—and the camera clicked off eighty feet of a disconsolate little girl ignored by everyone walking along the beach.

Street crowds are notoriously difficult to handle. They will never do what you want; and even when you are sneaking them there is always some smart Aleck in the foreground who insists upon looking into the camera and cracking his foolish face.

On one occasion Donlon wished to get a close-up of a crowd looking skyward—it was to be used as a cut-in for an aëroplane story. To hire a lot of extras might have cost a couple of thousand dollars; so he took a chance of getting what he wanted without paying for it. Knowing the psychology of crowds, Donlon took three cameras downtown—where he set one on the sidewalk for the purpose of taking a close-up profile of the crowd he was to assemble; one in a second-story window, shooting straight into the people's faces; and one on top of the building, also shooting down.

When all was ready Donlon stood in the middle of the street, with a megaphone, and began to call directions to one "Ben," who stood on top of the building. The crowd

assembled immediately and, seeing the cameras, began, as usual, to rubber right into them. Then Donlon called out:

"Is Ben ready to jump?"

And Ben called back: "Just a minute, Ed. I'm a bit nervous. Wait till that yellow car gets by. I think I'll try for the top of that big Pasadena car—it's wider."

Back and forth they called excited warnings and directions, and the crowd was right on tiptoes. They didn't know what was going to happen, but it promised excitement. All this time the camera men clicked that fool crowd into celluloid immortality.

Just at the moment when Ben was going to jump, and the crowd's eyes were riveted on the sky line of the building, a motor sneaked up quietly behind Mr. Ed Donlon and his camera man and they were in and off before the poor sillies could gather their wits together and express their chagrin. Ben and the other camera men made their getaway through the back of the building.

*Geraldine Farrar*

Another responsibility of the director is that for the safety of the actors; for in dangerous situations he assumes supreme command—quite like the captain of a ship. A studio at Long Beach was at work a while ago making some scenes on a point of rocks well out in the ocean and entirely masked from the mainland by a large cliff, though easy of access at low tide.

The picture people had been out there for four hours and had just completed their work when, upon returning round the cliff, they saw that the tide had come in and they were isolated. A wind was coming up and the sea was beginning to run very high. The director knew the rocks would be entirely swept by the waves in another hour; so he ordered the men to take one woman at a time and start for shore. There were forty-two of the latter and only sixteen men; so each man had to make several trips.

Everybody was finally landed safely; but some of the men were all in, the pulmotor being requisitioned for two of them. The director, the last to leave, was so battered on the rocks that he went to the hospital for two weeks.

### *The Kaleidoscope of Fashion*

ON OTHER occasions elaborate precautions are taken, and then, curiously enough, no danger threatens. This same studio wanted to make a picture of two girls being pursued by a mad bull. After arranging for every possible contingency, even to the shooting of the bull, the girls were turned into the field. The bull paid no attention to them. They were then furnished with red parasols; but the bull ate on. Now they were directed to run toward the deadly brute; but the dear old fellow looked up in the friendliest manner and permitted the girls to scratch him between the horns. Finally he ran away where he could be free from annoying humans, and the picture was not secured.

These are a few of the small and immediate problems that fill the life of the director; but we have other and larger questions that constantly keep us bucked up. One is the everchanging taste of the public. A type of picture that is fashionable this season will not be patronized next. So ephemeral is this curious public preference that often it will make most abrupt changes. A few years ago the play most in vogue was that of the dear young girl with the curls who jumped up and down and clapped her hands in sweetest innocence—soft, sugary little plays, in which virtue was stressed with almost gooey intensity. The women especially flocked to these films, and sent notes, flowers and lavender books to the girl who played lead, and finally voted her the greatest favorite of the films.

Then out of a clear sky came the vampire to spread vice and ruin in her dreadful wake. From the sweet incense of the outdoors we suddenly landed in the heavy, sensuous atmosphere of the vampire trap. These wreckers of homes and ruiners of perfectly good husbands came in droves. They were tiger women, wolf women, tarantulas and other dangerous carnivora. For a year or more these Miss Glums debauched the poor he-men of our fair land with their perfumed intrigues and domestic seditions. But—thank heaven!—this miasmic gloom is on the wane; the vamp made thistles while the sun shone, but her day was short.

We have about decided that it is the women who mold public taste, for they love the unregretted vamps the most. But perhaps the excessive female patronage was due to the fact that men didn't like to go to pictures in which their sex always got the hot end of the poker.

It is not only in female rôles that tastes change. A few years back the Western chap in hair pants was the real thing. I directed no end of those Arizona devils who lassoed express trains to save engineers' daughters. As these fellows did not seem to be rough enough we framed up the lads from Alaska—great cave men who grew their own fur—and they went strong for a few years.

These Northern beautiful brutes always had romantic blots on their escutcheons, usually in the form of some squaw lady whom they had sworn to cherish and obey, but whom they left on the slightest provocation. The provocation's slightness added immensely to the effectiveness of the final dissolve, which showed the two in a snuggly clinch silhouetted against the setting sun on top of the Great Divide.

Just when we were at our wit's end as to how to ring in new changes on the age-old motif of Beauty and the Beast, the public taste changed again. And now it wants the Donald Fairfaxes, who can ride polo ponies, shoot big game, and disport themselves just like real gentlemen in swell clubs and limousines; from the saloon to the salon—all at a day's notice. And we are supposed to keep even with the kaleidoscopic changes of our patrons.

One of the great discoveries of the twentieth century is the recognition of the personality of the child. Tomes have been written about it, the work of mothers and teachers, and other knowing Olympians who thought they knew; but if Madame Montessori wants to be authoritative she will have to direct a child in a moving picture, for only in that way will she ever learn the real truth.

A mere man—one Harry Kay—has had this curious responsibility thrust upon his big, broad back for more than a year now; and what he doesn't know about a child could be printed in bold-faced type on a cigarette paper. Baby Berenice is one of the youngest—just past five—and most accomplished juveniles on the screen to-day, and the villagers who nightly applaud her amazing acting no doubt think she goes about it with the utmost ease and unconcern; but they little know of the extraordinary patience and care that the poor, harassed director went through to get those scenes. True, the child loves to act—what child doesn't! but she cannot be left to her own devices or we should have a very strange result.

Like all children on the threshold of life, she wants to know. Every scene, no matter how carefully explained in advance, is interrupted by a perfect bombardment of questions. "But, Mithter Kay, why do I have to frown at her? What ith she going to do to me?" Then the whole action must be stopped for ten minutes while the poor soul explains all over again the reason for the frown.

### *Tact in Handling a Tiny Star*

LIKE her older sisters, Miss Berenice at times grows very temperamental; and right out of a clear sky she will announce that she doesn't wish to play any more. These are the times when the director must show his resourcefulness, for her refusal may tie up the whole plant for hours at a time; and, as the overhead charges against a picture may often be as much as a hundred dollars an hour, a delay of any length is a serious concern.

In order to meet these emergencies Kay has resorted to all the old subterfuges and a few new ones. One that sometimes works is to pretend totally to ignore her; and, like some grown-up ladies—and men—she does not like this treatment. Then, simulating great excitement, he calls out: "Now all ready, folks, in your places! Ready! Action! Camera! Go!" Like as not, Miss Berenice is in the foreground, doing her stunt.

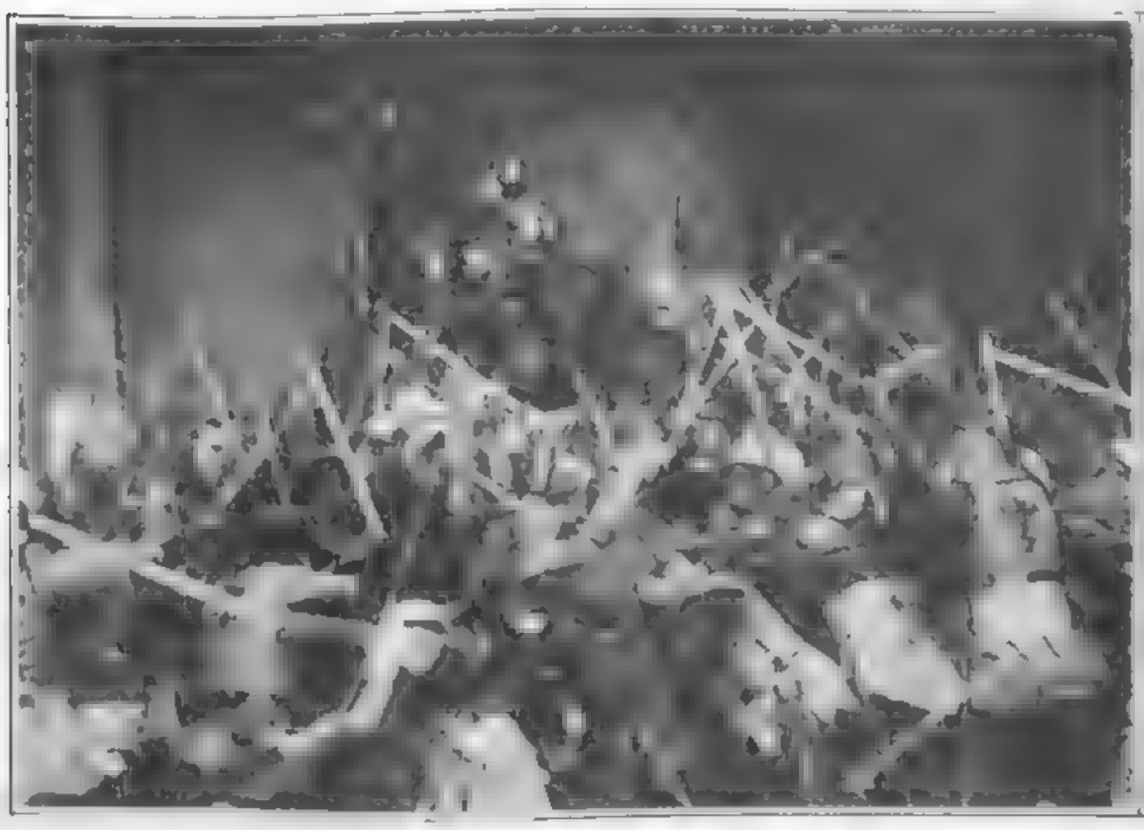
If this trick fails Kay pretends to feel all cut up; and, as the child dearly loves him, she will go up and pat him on the back, and tell him she was only fooling and will make the picture after all.

There are times, though, when she goes right up in the air; and then he has to resort to the meanest device in the whole arsenal of male munitions:

"All right, Berenice; I've been thinking that you are not so well suited to the part as Minnie, and I'm going to send for her to take your place."

In a flash Berenice is downstage, as big and indignant as a grown-up leading lady. At that, many scenes have to be made over and over again; and often the story is cut, amplified, rearranged, to fit the whimsical eccentricities of this high-salaried young star.

One of the sweetest things this dear little tot does is to cry in the scene where tears are necessary. One day they



*How Any of Them Came Out of That Mess of Jabbing Lances is a Marvel*

*Real Armor Like This Weighs Two Hundred Pounds to the Man*

refused to come; so she went and sat in a corner for fully five minutes.

"Mithter Kay," she said wistfully, "I'th been trying to think of something thad; but I can't. If you would thend for Mr. Jackson, and have him come and thpank me, I think I could cry." So much for her sincerity.

In proof that the director is often more important than the actor I want to cite a specific case. A year ago I was handed a very beautiful young thing who had landed in our company through some hook or crook—I suspect it was the latter—and it was up to me to put her over as a lead. Her good looks carried her along pretty well in the small stuff, but when it came to the big scene her lack of training and her ungrowing brains made her hopelessly unequal to the part.

I struggled and labored a whole day and showed her how to act it, down to the last gesture. She failed miserably. Then I called in one of our character leads, a woman of splendid ability, and she took her through the scene time after time. We made twenty-two shots of that one scene, and finally it went off splendidly. The picture was a great success; and as some easy director thought the young lady was a comer he employed her at a fine salary, and went to the bat to make his and her fame and fortune. He made one picture and blew up. The last I heard of the coming star she was working as an extra.

Our profession is full of so many things that I have wandered along, hitting the high spots of interest; but now I must get down to the ground and tell of the crisis, the result of which will determine for many years the place the photo drama will occupy among the fine arts. This crisis we are passing through has been brought about by several factors: Overproduction—one studio alone has more than four hundred thousand feet of film on its shelves; excessive expenditures; the open market at home; and the closing of the European market, due to the war.

A few years ago, when the stupendous profits in motion pictures became known, the financial adventurers, theatrical gamblers and showmen began to jump in; and for the past two or three years the financial side of the industry has occupied the minds of many of the bosses to the exclusion of every other consideration. Companies have been bought and sold like mining stock; mergers and reorganizations have been effected; release companies formed, reformed and dissolved in such kaleidoscopic succession that one scarcely knows from week to week with which company he is working.

This last year the industry has been in such a state of flux that everyone is frightened. Old companies have become suddenly conservative; new companies have splashed in one day and died the next; expenses are being cut and the whole industry reorganized.

### The Hated Efficiency Man

A FURIOUS contest rages about the conflicting aims of directors and owners. The latter are bent upon retrenchment, and the former feel that they must go on and on, or die. It is the same old conflict between art and business. In some places art is winning; in others, business; in a few there is evolving a happy marriage.

When men of business began to crowd into the pictures they could not understand the apparent waste and appalling expenditures. Why should pictures that a few years ago cost only ten thousand dollars now cost sixty thousand dollars?

"Why," they said, "do you insist upon paying one thousand dollars a week to an actor who, on the stage, never made more than three hundred dollars? Why do you employ him for fifty-two weeks and have him work only ten or fifteen?"

So they have hired experts—efficiency men—to reorganize the business. These men have now taken hold and their results are interesting, for no doubt they have found fearful waste and leakage; but their remedies are not always happy.

Hurried and harried on every side, the old-time plungers are rebellious and indignant.

"Imagine," said one director to me a short time ago, "trying to get into the spirit of a story with a clear head, and every time you turn round having somebody question your expense or hand you a note saying you are half a day behind your schedule! Or saying that you must turn out so many feet a day! Or asking, 'Why did you employ So-and-So for five dollars when you could have gotten So-and-So for three?' All our studio wants is footage—cheap footage; it doesn't want good stories. And as for art—gad, what's art to them?"

This is given only to show the unhappy spirit of a director when he goes up against the new methods.

The truth is that only tentative estimates can be made of any picture if the director is not to be hamstrung. Many uncertainties enter into the making of the simplest story—the weather, accidents, an unsatisfactory cast, mistakes in scenery, sickness of a lead, unforeseen developments, and many other things beyond the power or clairvoyant vision of any director.

One day, for instance, a director found a beautiful brick wall covered with adobe and surmounted by red tile. As it was romantically old and crumbling, he wanted it for a location in a three-reel story he was directing. After making seven of thirteen scenes he had to return for a week to the studio, as his sets were ready and the stage was needed as soon as he was through shooting. Imagine his chagrin when, on the following Monday, he went out to make the six other scenes at his garden wall and found that the owner had torn it down! After elaborate figuring he decided it would be cheaper to rebuild the wall than to retake the previous scenes at another location.

Even after the most thoughtful preparation a scene may have lost its "punch"—that ever necessary quality. What to do then? Let it go or do it over and have Mr. Efficiency Man call you down? Listen to my indignant friend:

"Now I'll grant that these efficiency fellows have certain qualities; but imagination is not one of them, else they would see that a moving-picture studio cannot be run on the same plan as a canning factory, with so much footage a day, like so much tuna. Unfortunately you cannot can drama when the machinery breaks down or one of the canners gets a pain in the lap; and unfortunately actors and directors have silly stomachs, souls and temperaments, quite unlike canning machines."

This, of course, is the extreme statement of one who is trying to survive business efficiency.

There are other studios, however, with business men in charge who recognize the limitations of efficiency and of the human factor in making a picture. Fortunately I happen to be in one of the latter; and I am very strong for the business policy it manifests, for the reason that its efficiency is expressed in taking burdens—powers, some of the old-time directors call them—from me, which makes my work infinitely less irksome and much more fluent.

In the old days it was my duty to write my own scenario, employ my cast, edit the wardrobe, superintend the building of sets, find my location, and in fact be personally responsible for all the annoying details of a picture, even before I began to direct it. Under the new business management all I do is to direct. In other words, when I enter the studio I do so as an artist who has had all his materials provided for him, his canvas stretched and models properly costumed, so that he may begin to paint immediately.

*Like Her Older Sisters This Little Star at Times Grows Very Temperamental*

This new arrangement will perhaps be easier to understand if I show how a great picture is made, from the inception of the idea right through to its final cutting.

One day the scenario department reports that it has received a synopsis for a really remarkable historical drama, submitted by a well-known writer. A consultation between the general manager, managing director and the author is called, and the play discussed. It is decided that Charles Mills, let us say, shall be given the direction of the picture.

### Working Out the New Picture

MILLS immediately meets with the author and the play is gone over, from the sets to the psychology of the plot and leading characters. The director differs with the author upon this latter point, and if no agreement is arrived at the general manager settles it. As a rule, in our office, the director is favored, because it is recognized that a successful picture can be made only when the director is in absolute sympathy with his subject and is made wholly responsible for the result.

It is almost impossible for two men to visualize the same pictures from a particular story. The author may have a consciousness of how it would look to him, but he cannot possibly make anyone else see this. If a musician should play a piece called The Babbling Brook, the brooks evolved in the imaginations of the audience would differ with every person. This will perhaps explain the surprise that many scenario writers experience when they go to see a picture they have sold.

When the director is satisfied with his synopsis he turns it over to the continuity department, and after a week or so it turns out a working script. Meantime the director goes about his business, to finish what he has on hand and to dream of his new picture. Of other worries he has few, for a copy of the working script is turned over to the art director and he starts work on sketches for the sets. Another department employs the cast; a prop. plot is made; the costumers, in consultation with the research department, figure their needs, and finally the assistant director arranges the scene plot. When all this is completed the office tentatively figures the cost of production, arranges a time schedule, and the whole organization is set to work.

As time is a vital element in pictures of great cost, it may be necessary to arrange for certain outside locations easy to make—while the big sets are in process of construction. We do not give the great stage stars yearly contracts and then let them idle away half their time. We employ them for a certain picture at so much a week; and as the salary is very high it is up to us to see the picture through as close to schedule as possible.

At some studios where the old order—or lack of it—still prevails, they have sometimes taken from six to eight months, and even a year, to build a great ten or twelve reel feature picture. With the smooth working of our wonderful

(Concluded on Page 54)

*Miss Farrar Lunching With the Director and the Camera Man*

# BEING NICE TO NELLIE

## By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

*I Secured a Table in a Sheltered Corner and We Gave Ourselves Up to the Enjoyment of the Hour*

WALKIN' out in your stockin' feet right in front of a thousand people!" cried M'sieu Joe Hicks in intense exasperation. "I swan it's the last time you go to a show with me, young woman!"

"Shut up, Joe! You talk awful foolish," retorted madame. "The thousand didn't bother me any.

"They were only roughnecks, anyhow; but, Jane, I ran slap into Mrs. Jimmy Arthurs. I know she'll tell it all over town. And just when I was getting in right too!"

M'sieu Joe took one or two angry strides up and down the room.

"Well, what do you expect? You ain't back in the front row of the chorus now, Patsy; and when you go and ——"

"That'll do!" snapped his wife, and he desisted.

"But what's it all about?" inquired Madame Giraud, laughing. "What's the trouble? You two haven't explained a thing; but you certainly do make this house seem homelike."

"Why, it was like this, Jane: Me and Patsy went to see that new fillum they're all talking about, and we'd no sooner found seats than she took her shoes off."

"My feet were killin' me," madame interposed.

"Well, we watched the picture a while and then Patsy pipes up: 'Joe!' . . . And I says to her: 'What's the matter now?' . . . 'I can't find my shoes,' she says. 'Get down and take a look.' . . . What do you know about that!"

His wife bridled.

"It was no excuse for you acting like you done. Why, Henree, you ought to of seen the way he glared at me; and when he knelt down to hunt under the seats he swore. Yes, you did, Joe Hicks; because I heard you, and a lot of others heard you too. You haven't the slightest regard for decency."

M'sieu Joe waved his arms above his head in maddened resignation.

"All right! All right! Have it your own way, then. I swore. But anyhow, I couldn't find the shoes. They'd slipped off somewheres, or Patsy'd kicked them away while she was watching that woman fall through the glass roof into the soup tureen."

"Yes; but tell them the rest of it. Tell them the rest of it!" insisted madame triumphantly.

"Well, the fact is," continued M'sieu Joe, who could not wholly suppress a grin—"the fact is, Patsy wasn't the only one there who done it. She made me peep along about five rows just as the lights come up, and I'll be dogged, Frenchy, if two women out of every three weren't settin' in their socks. I never *did* see so many queer feet in my whole life!"

"And I had to walk out like I was, Jane. Imagine! But, at that, I don't believe anybody would have noticed if Joe hadn't roared so about it and glared at me every step."

"I suppose," sneered her husband, "that it was my fault."

"Well, you might have told me not to. Or you could have found them if you'd half tried."

"I give up! Sufferin' cats, I give up! Henree," said M'sieu Joe in trembling accents, turning to me, "I ask you, man to man, what do you think of that?"

It is always my ambition, my friend, to pour oil on troubled waters, and here was an opportunity to hand.

"*Eh bien!*" I returned with a smile. "It is indeed your own fault, Joe."

"There now! I told you so!" exclaimed Madame Patsy.

"Because you should have remembered the celebrated maxim of the great Napoleon: 'A man ought never to quarrel with a woman; he should hear her unreason in silence.'"

The effect was all that I could have wished. There was an immediate and prolonged silence. It was broken by my wife.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Patsy," she said apologetically. "He's just trying to be smart. Whenever we get into an argument he springs Napoleon on me."

"I should think you'd get sick of having him flung at you that way every hour of the day," remarked Madame Hicks.

"I do. I never could stand the man, anyway. What was there great about him, I'd like to know? Look at the way he treated Josephine; and she such an angel!"

Josephine? It was now my turn to take a part and set them right on this important point. But before I could get in a word Madame Giraud sat up suddenly in her chair.

"There! I hear him again. Henree, run up and see what's the matter. One of the twins is crying."

"I heard nothing," I objected.

"What does that prove? Hurry up! I can hear him distinctly, and that's enough. You always try to leave everything to me."

"Har-har!" exploded M'sieu Joe in high glee. "Serves you right, Henree, for going back on me."

How do you account, my friend, for the undeniable fact that mothers are able to hear the wailing of their offspring when not the faintest sound reaches those in close proximity to her? It has often filled me with wonder, likewise furnishing material for most interesting speculations.

I ascended to the bedroom where my noble boys slept in care of a nurse, and found my namesake in the Ethiopian's arms, crying very sleepily. She was crooning to him a lullaby whose absurdity has only to be quoted to be seen:

*"Bye-bye, Baby Buntin'; daddy's gone a-huntin'*
*To ketch a littul rabbit skin to wrap our Baby Buntin' in."*

"S-sh!" she warned at sight of me. "Go 'way, or you'll start him off agin."

"What's the matter, Mammy?"

"It's that ol' tooth. You keep off naow, or he never *will* go to sleep."

Was it not prodigious? The ridiculous creature imagined that my sons would not be soothed by my coming! It was characteristic of her. She had a certain deft way with children, it is true, acquired by some fifty years of nursing them; but what is that when weighed against the natural aptitude of a father?

And she was insanely jealous of me. There was no possible doubt of it, m'sieu. She was always fearful lest they display a preference for my companionship, as indeed they would have done had she not taken every precaution to disturb our relations and limit them to the merest fraction of time. In this course, I regret to say, she was abetted by Madame Giraud; but I ascribed the latter's attitude to the blind tenacity with which women will hold together where *bébés* are concerned, regardless of color or differences in station.

"There! He's done gone. Go on, naow!" she whispered hoarsely. "You go downstairs whar you belong befo' he wakes up agin. I'm a-tellin' you. If Miz Giraud ——"

What the woman was about to threaten I do not know, for I retraced my steps. Yes, my friend; rather than spoil the rest of my noble boys by a humiliating wrangle with her, I went back downstairs, where M'sieu Hicks was setting out a card table for dominoes, the only game he could be induced to play, because he always won.

"Here he comes now. Henree, I was just puttin' it up to Jane about you going to the golf tournament with me next week."

"But Henree doesn't play golf."

"Never too late to begin. And he'd have a great time. Besides, he needs a change—and Patsy won't let me go alone."

"I suppose I don't need a change. Oh, not in the least!" said my wife. "Henree could go off for a week and leave me alone with two helpless babies, but—isn't that just like a man, Patsy? They just can't see."

"It's them all over," assented Madame Hicks.

"But listen, girls," my partner persisted: "If Henree comes with me, Patsy can stay here and you two can have a fine gossip together."

"Wait till I'm asked," put in Madame Patsy; and my wife inquired:

"Where is this tournament going to be?"

"Memphis."

Had a reptile appeared in our midst it could hardly have caused greater horror. My wife instantly stiffened, and I knew what was coming. Yes, m'sieu; with lively misgivings I foresaw the avalanche my worthy but bone-headed friend had precipitated.

"Memphis, indeed!" she repeated with queenly wrath. "I guess not. I should rather guess not!"

"Why, the town ain't so bad as all that, Jane."

"What it is and what it isn't has nothing to do with it," replied my wife freezingly; and her foot began to tap the floor.

In vain did I signal to M'sieu Hicks for silence. He was insistent.

"Then what's the objection?"

"You know what the objection is as well as I do."

"I do not. Cross my heart I don't! Hope to die if I do."

"That creature!" burst out Madame Giraud.

My partner stared at her a while and then, memory finding the explanation, he burst into peal on peal of laughter. But to me, m'sieu, it was no laughing matter. I knew that the wretched skeleton would again be dragged from its closet and made to gibber. Strong as is my affection for my partner I could cheerfully have throttled him.

And he deliberately incited madame to anger. Yes; he egged her on. Instead of smoothing the impending storm by dropping the topic, as a man of discernment and discretion ought to have done, he gave a demoniacal chuckle and asked:

"You don't mean to say it's on account of Nellie? I thought you'd got over that long ago, Jane."

That is ever his way. The fellow seems to derive a malicious pleasure from stirring up friction between us. Not only my partner, but M'sieu Sam Field is afflicted with this mania. Indeed it appears to be common to many Americans.

*En passant*, I cannot refrain from deploring the unfortunate habit they have of twisting trifles that were best forgotten into jests. And why, forsooth? Solely to worry and irritate the wives, thereby rendering serious what was in reality a harmless nothing. What a perverted sense of humor it is that seeks to raise a laugh at the expense of domestic tranquillity!

Take the willful fabrications of M'sieu Joe concerning this affair; or those of M'sieu Sam Field. They were identical—equally sinister. The latter has openly asserted that I tickled the beautiful Nellie's toes, and both would have it that my behavior—— But enough, my friend. It is my intention to relate to you every occurrence from the outset in order to forestall the distorted versions that may reach your ears. *J'appelle un chat un chat, et rôlet un fripon.* And when you have heard all I shall leave it to you to say whether Henri Giraud either failed in duty or exceeded the instructions given him.

It all began with the receipt of a letter by my wife. We were seated one morning in the nursery, rubbing the twins with a preparation of camphor, made necessary by the fact that the Ethiopian had thoughtlessly allowed them to crawl on the greensward at the very height of the chigoe season. Their soft pink flesh was dotted with lumps where

the savage creatures had burrowed, and my noble boys were moved to frequent displays of annoyance.

*Eh bien*, we were rubbing them with camphor when the second mail delivery was brought upstairs and madame began to sort it.

"Why, here's one from Nellie Stratton," she announced. "Who is yours from, Henree?"

"Only an advertising circular."

"Let me see," she insisted, and I did so.

One of the forms madame's affection takes is a lively interest in my mail. Now, there are husbands who would churlishly resent this; but look you—I have given it much thought, m'sieu; and my conclusion is that such zealous surveillance is infinitely to be preferred to indifference. Far better an anxious wife than one who does not give a damn what you are up to. Am I right, or am I wrong?

"Who," I ventured, "is Nellie Stratton?"

"A girl I went to school with. She was a Beta and I was a Delta."

"Indeed!"

"Why, she's coming here to visit," she went on excitedly, scanning the pages. "Her aunt lives here, and I never knew it. My, I'll be glad to see her. Dear old Nell! You must be awfully nice to her, Henree. She's a darling! When I was in Memphis three years ago she gave a big dinner dance for me and a luncheon; but I never thought she'd marry Billy Stratton."

"And why not?"

"He was such a stick. I've heard Nell say a dozen times he didn't have enough gumption to swat a fly."

"Is Madame Stratton, then, a bit lively?"

"Gracious, no! Not a bit. You get the most ridiculous notions, Henree. She's as nice as can be. But no girl wants a dead one."

"It is the way of the world," I pointed out. "Have you never observed how men and women invariably marry the ones they start out by disparaging?"

"Huh?" answered my wife, busy reading.

"I merely remarked, my dear, that ——"

"She's coming Friday," she interrupted. "That means we'll have to entertain her. I'll ask her, with Patsy and Minnie and a few others, to lunch; and later we'll give a little dinner—just our friends. That's the very least we can do—isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But when M'sieu Bud Reid was in town and I suggested that we entertain ——"

"There you go again!" she said petulantly. "As if that was the same thing at all! How could we have invited him with the cook we had? Besides, he's a man."

That settled it. I did not argue the point, my friend, but put their socks on Thomas and Henri Giraud and then went for the car. As I assisted the maid in depositing the twins on the seat beside madame, the latter said to me:

"Be sure to get home in time for lunch, Henree. And don't forget that I expect you to be nice to her. She's a darling. I've seen Nell eat a whole plate of fudge and half a watermelon before going to bed, and never even dream!"

"She must, indeed, be an admirable woman!" I exclaimed.

*Eh bien*, my friend, Madame Stratton arrived to visit her aunt on the designated day, and I caught my first glimpse of her the following afternoon. One glimpse was sufficient to account for my wife's enthusiasm; she was truly a darling, an adorable creature. Hair of glistening silky black; hands and feet like those of a child; and never have I gazed into eyes so limpid and heavily fringed. Of the thousands of eyes that have met mine with a more than passing interest—— But enough. Suffice it to say, m'sieu, they were magnificent.

Her figure was trim and of youthful flexibility; and added to this charm was one more precious still—a fine complexion. It was a sort of mother-of-pearl pink, which deepened to a glorious rose tint on occasion. I noticed it at our introduction. Ah, my friend—— But you would not understand. You Anglo-Saxons are so cold; you lack soul.

"Zowie!" exclaimed M'sieu Hicks, who was present. "She's some home wrecker, Henree! If I was you I'd put hobbles on that boy, Jane. I'm scared to stay round."

"Yes; you're so dangerous," commented his wife.

Meantime Madame Stratton was enchanting everybody with her vivacity and friendliness. My wife fairly beamed upon her. So did M'sieu Field, who had somehow contrived to be there. As though moved by an irresistible impulse, Jane twice seized Madame Stratton in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I just can't help it," she confessed. "It's so good to see you."

"Just the way I feel about it," spoke up M'sieu Field.

I confidently looked to see Madame Stratton crush him; but she dimpled instead.

"Why couldn't you think of that, Henree?" asked my wife reproachfully.

"But never mind, Nell," she continued; "he thinks it, even if he doesn't say it. And he's promised —— I mean you're to treat him just like your own brother while you're here. You mustn't dream of calling him 'Mr. Giraud.' Call him 'Henree.'"

"Henree!" she murmured with an intonation that ravished me, accompanied by a flashing glance from her matchless eyes.

*Eh bien*, Madame Stratton came to our house for luncheon; and, although I was not present at the meal, because my wife had planned it for ladies only, I nevertheless found occasion to drop in before the guests departed. And I faithfully followed the orders that had been given to me. I was nice to Madame Nellie. I bestowed upon her every attention to which an honor guest is entitled, all with a grace, a finish, that must have surprised and delighted her; for it would be hypocrisy to deny that in the little courtesies which go to sweeten social intercourse I am peculiarly adept. It has always been my aim, m'sieu, to impart to them a subtlety sadly wanting in the manners of my acquaintances; and in this respect I have been eminently successful. What greater compliment, indeed, can a gallant man pay a lovely woman than to make her feel, without embarrassing her, that she is the object of his deepest interest?

So far, all promised well. Madame Giraud smiled gayly on our tête-à-tête, and, when the time came for departure, showed her affection by insisting on escorting the charming Nellie down to the car herself, assigning entertainment of the other guests to me.

My wife was abstracted that night and seemed tired. From time to time I felt her gaze upon me as I read the paper. "I don't know whether to give that dinner for her or not," she said, coming suddenly out of a reverie.

"Oh, we must, my angel."

"How did you know who I meant? And why 'must'?"

"Well," I rejoined, "she is a very amiable woman and she was kind to you when you visited there."

"I don't know as she was so awfully kind—a skimpy little dinner and a luncheon that was deadly. There wasn't a thing to eat that wasn't stone cold."

What was there for me to say? I held my peace, which is ever the wisest course. When I was a bachelor, my friend, I knew women. Yes; there was not a trick or wile of the sex I did not know; not one of their moods I could not instantly fathom. Every bachelor thinks the same. And then I married one. And now—pardon my emotion, m'sieu—now I know that I know nothing.

Next day madame was to do some shopping with her sister, and, rather than eat alone, I planned to meet them downtown at a department-store restaurant.

"We'll be at the fountain at one o'clock," said my wife, following her usual habit of explicit instructions. "But if we're not there by one-fifteen don't wait, because probably something will have detained us."

Promptitude, m'sieu, is one of the habits that marriage has cultivated in me. I was at the fountain a minute before the hour, but they had not yet arrived; so I selected a chair and sat down to wait. A steady stream of ladies passed in and out, and the opportunity to rest amid such surroundings was not wholly unpleasant.

Fifteen minutes slipped by, and still they did not come. I allowed another five for good measure and then rose to depart. As I did so, who should get out of an elevator but the dashing Madame Stratton.

She had on a purple-and-white-striped shantung sport suit, high white shoes whose tops almost reached the knee, and a white hat with purple underbrim. The effect was at once bizarre and captivating.

"This is luck indeed!" I said warmly, hurrying to greet her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cooed, wagging a tiny forefinger at me. "What are you doing up here, naughty Mr. Giraud? The men eat on the other side."

"True; but I was to meet Madame Giraud and Minnie. They have not arrived. Perforce I must eat alone."

"And I," she replied, "was to meet Martha here, sharp at twelve-thirty. I wonder where she can be!"

"It is now one-thirty, madame."

She pouted deliciously.

"Is it? I had no idea. Then I suppose I'll have to eat alone too."

"Not necessarily," I hastened to say. "Why should we not join forces and have a cozy little luncheon?"

She considered the proposal gravely.

"You can't have a cozy luncheon here," she pointed out.

"True; but I know a much better place than this."

"I don't doubt it—but is it the sort of place I could go to?"

"Of course, madame. Do you think I would take you anywhere you might regret? No—a thousand times no! We will go to the ladies' room at the club. It will be practically empty at this hour."

"Oh, a few wouldn't hurt," she assured me quickly; and we caught the next elevator down.

*Eh bien*, I secured a table in a sheltered corner and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. She was an admirable companion, full of wit and sparkling repartee, with never a trace of malice or spite in her glinting shafts, which is a rare and priceless quality in wit, my friend. And the luncheon was perfect. She ate chicken salad; I cite the fact because it proves how innocent she was.

Several other tables were occupied, but I was unable to recognize any of the diners owing to the palms that intervened. Nor indeed, to be frank, did I make any special effort to do so, for Madame Stratton engrossed my attention completely.

It was over all too soon, and the divine Nellie departed in a taxicab for her aunt's house. As for me, I jumped into a prowling jitney and hastened out to the Country Club to receive my first golf lesson.

Wullie Macpheerson, the professional, had just signified its termination when a car drew up under the porte-cochère near which I had been practicing drives, and out stepped Madame Stratton. We recognized each other at the same instant and she waited for me at the door.

"This is luck indeed!" I cried.

"I seem to pursue you, Mr. Giraud."

"If you will keep me posted I will meet you halfway, madame," I said gallantly.

She showed her pearly teeth in a laugh.

"I was just going in for a swim. Do you know whether the water is cold?"

"It is like velvet to-day," I responded. "There are no swimmers in at the present moment, but I talked to several who had been in earlier and they were enthusiastic, madame."

"Isn't there a life guard or somebody round?" she queried. "I hate to go in alone."

"There is no necessity. What an absurd idea! Am I not here? And than Henri Giraud, madame, you will find no more expert swimmer in the club."

"That's the way to talk," she said, dimpling. "I like to see a man who doesn't hate himself."

"I never did," I assured her earnestly.

"That takes a load off my mind. . . . How long will it take you to get ready?"

"My bathing suit is in my locker. I'll be at the diving board in ten minutes."

"Make it twenty," she suggested. "Mine's harder to get on."

*Ma foi*, m'sieu; I could well believe it when she finally emerged. Not that she wore more suit than I, but she looked for all the world as though she had been poured into it in a molten state, so perfectly did it fit her slim and willowy figure. There are bathing suits and bathing suits, my friend, I assure you. Hers was a revelation; wholly free, moreover, from the taint of suburbanism: A vivid green, and all of a piece, the back so designed as not to interfere with the shoulder muscles. And Madame Stratton had dispensed with stockings.

She came toward me with a timid, bewildering smile and, gazing up into my eyes, asked:

"Well, how do I look?"

"Madame, I beg of you not to ask me. I am the father of a family, and ——"

"Oh, Henree!" she chided. "Do you mind if I call you that? I can't call you Mr. Giraud any more. Besides, Jane told me I wasn't to."

Mention of my wife's name threw a momentary damper on my spirits, but they speedily revived and I proposed that we should go in.

"But I can't swim," she protested. "Let's stay here. You can take a dive and then we'll sit on this board."

No sooner said than done. I walked back about ten yards, and, taking an easy run, described a graceful parabola, cleaving the water with a supple twist in imitation of a porpoise. As I came up for breath far out from shore Madame Stratton clapped her hands joyously.

"Splendid!" she called. "Now come out and amuse me."

*Eh bien*, I did so with all alacrity, and we sat on the diving board, dabbling our toes in the water, and talked.

*Of the Thousands of Eyes That Have Met Mine With a More Than Passing Interest—— But Enough*

What we talked about is of no consequence, nor do I remember; but rest assured that any conversation between Henri Giraud and a pretty and sparkling woman could not fail to be entertaining.

Soon, however, I observed that we were not alone. Indeed, a mob appeared to be gathering. The pool is between Number Three and Number Eighteen holes; so that outgoing golfers and those finishing could see us.

The first intimation I had of this was when M'sieu Bill Willis, approaching the home green, glanced our way, wavered in his stance, topped his ball into the lake, and sat down abruptly.

"Hey!" yelled his opponent from the other side. "Take another. That'll make four for you."

"It's your hole," he conceded. "I reckon I'll rest up a while. I'm sort of dizzy."

Next, along came a massive individual from Number Three tee. He was one of a foursome. Having driven off, he was crossing the bridge to play his second, when he espied us on the diving board, and halted. He leaned his arms on the railing, crossed his feet, and just stood there, apparently oblivious to his duty. It was patent that his intention was to remain indefinitely.

"Come on, J. J.! What's the matter? In a trance?" his companions shouted to him.

"I don't want to play any more," he replied; and in proof thereof he presently sauntered down to us and poked amid the grass on the bank with his club.

"Hello, Henree!" he said jovially. "Didn't notice you. Say, did you see a ball come down here?"

"I did not, m'sieu," I answered firmly. "Your ball is well on the other side."

Wholly unabashed by this reception, M'sieu J. J. Taylor eased himself down on the far end of the board and proceeded to join cheerily in the conversation.

"How's the water to-day? I was thinking of going in."

There was nothing to do but introduce him, which I did with a very bad grace. And in another minute here came M'sieu Willis; then another, and another.

"Hello, Giraud!"

"Hello, Henree!"

"Well, well, if there isn't Frenchy! How goes it, old top? I haven't seen you in a coon's age."

Never had I been so popular. They flocked round me. It would appear that each one was anxious for a plunge, and the afternoon was too sultry for golf, anyway.

To Madame Stratton I presented them as they arrived and it was not long before the bank was uncomfortably crowded.

"I'm going to put on my bathing suit," announced M'sieu Taylor.

"Me too!"

"Let's all go in."

I did not view the suggestion with favor, but Madame Stratton hailed it with such enthusiasm that it would have been ogreish to object. Besides, the pool was built for use of the members and was free to any who might care to swim.

*Eh bien*, they came swarming down to the water, laughing, shoving, running foot races. Never had there been such splashing and horseplay out there. And there sat the charming Nellie on the board, the center of all the hilarity, but as dry as a bone.

"Come on in! The water's fine!" cried M'sieu Taylor with odious joviality.

"I'm afraid!"

"Shucks! I'll take care of you. It isn't up to your neck on this side."

His intent was all too plain. Such treachery was not to be borne. I waded close to him. "Pardon me, m'sieu," I said icily; "but madame is with me."

"Oh, well, if you saw her first," he answered, and swam away; but I could hear him relating the incident, with grotesque embellishments, to the others.

Meantime I had approached Madame Stratton, extending my hand.

"All right! I'll trust myself to you; but I wouldn't to anyone else," she said, so that all might hear.

I was entranced. Why conceal it? A delightful woman had singled me out for special honor; small wonder that I held myself proudly as we stepped cautiously into deeper water.

"Maybe, if you put your hands on my shoulders ——" began M'sieu Taylor.

"Not at all," I cut in. "I will teach madame."

Accordingly I proceeded to show her the rudiments of the art, while the others paddled about, or stood and watched, offering advice whenever the smallest loophole offered. Madame was not a very apt pupil. She was fearful, for one thing, and extremely anxious not to wet her hair. Also, she would suddenly abandon an attempt at

*It Would Appear That Each One Was Anxious for a Plunge, and the Afternoon Was Too Sultry for Golf, Anyway*

mastering a stroke to cling to me. I could not object to this; but I am free to admit that it seriously hampered progress.

"Take it easy," I advised as she threshed about. "Take your time. I've got you."

"But you're tickling me," she said with a sputtering giggle. "Don't hold me so tight." There was a roar of laughter from the barbarians.

*Eh bien*, the sun sank in the heavens and we all came out.

"It was delightful!" exclaimed Madame Stratton.

"The end of a perfect day," I said; and she flushed.

It was late when I arrived home, and my wife was waiting dinner for me.

"Well, what is it this time?"

"I was taking a golf lesson and we got a puncture on the way back."

"It was a blow-out last time," she rejoined.

This was a matter I did not care to argue.

"Where were you at noon?"

"I was at the fountain, my dear; but you did not turn up, so I left."

"We got there on the stroke of two. Ask Minnie."

"The hour fixed was one o'clock."

"You might have waited a little while, I think! Where did you eat, then?"

"At the club."

"Well, what do you know? Hear anything new? Or did anything special happen?" inquired madame.

Now it would have been easy then to have replied in the affirmative and told her all. Perhaps I ought to have done so; but a premonition made me hesitate. My wife was tired from a grueling day in the shops and I wished to spare her any unpleasantness; for it suddenly came over me that she might not take kindly to the events of the day. The thought had not occurred to me until that moment—upon my honor, m'sieu. Moreover, we were engaged for dancing class that night; and why start a misunderstanding that would mar the evening's enjoyment? No, I would postpone telling her until our return.

"Well? Why don't you answer? Anything happen to-day?"

"Nothing much. Just the usual things. What did you do?"

And then my devoted wife launched out into an exhaustive account of her difficulties in securing draperies and a rug for the dining room, which we had recently done over. She was still at it when we sat down to table and had not finished when the car stopped at the hall where the class met.

The first person to greet her as we entered the lobby was Madame Jimmy Arthurs. She came rushing from the opposite side and kissed my wife with an effusion that startled us both, to say the least, for ordinarily they are not what you could call intimate, m'sieu. To me she gave only a curt nod—rudely, like that. Her conduct was sufficiently puzzling, but I was too tired by the afternoon's exertions to concern myself about it. And Madame Arthurs accompanied my wife into the dressing room.

The moment I glimpsed her face when they came out, I guessed something had happened. But it was not the place to betray apprehension, and accordingly I approached with my customary aplomb to ask for the first dance.

"Did you take Nell Stratton to lunch to-day?" she demanded, ignoring my request.

"Yes, my angel."

"Don't you 'angel' me! How did it happen and why didn't you tell me?"

"I was going to when we got home. Of course, my dear, I did not plan to keep it from you, insignificant though it was. Moreover, that would be impossible."

"Insignificant!" she repeated in a rising voice. "Do you call it insignificant when I have to hear from the lips of another woman that my husband—*my* husband—has been lunching with a creature all alone?"

"Jane, they will hear you!" The reminder served to restrain her for the nonce. "It was perfectly harmless," I urged. "We happened to meet in the restaurant, and each was alone. What more natural?"

"Don't speak to me!" she said between her teeth. "Let's dance."

We did so, m'sieu; but I assure you that my zest for it had fled. For the matter of that, we do not get along in the new dances, anyway. I can dance with anybody but my wife. Do not misunderstand me; Madame Giraud is lightness and grace itself, and she can do them charmingly with any other man. As for me, I have the reputation of being a daring performer, and, given a youthful partner, defy anybody to excel me in the Hungarian Goulash; yet somehow madame and I cannot get along together at all. She asserts that I trample on her instep.

That night was no exception. We floundered about, now halting to start anew, now colliding with couples whom we ought easily to have avoided.

"We never seem to get on together," declared Jane, gulping. "I expect it was never intended that we should. You don't seem to want to try with me. Let's go home."

"I was doing my best," I said with some heat. "Just because I inadvertently touched your toe —— I have seen M'sieu Field walk all over your feet, and all you did was to smile at him and say: 'Nonsense! It didn't hurt a bit.'"

Jane made no reply, but went for her cloak. When we issued on the sidewalk M'sieu Taylor was just alighting from his car.

"So here we are again!" he cried. "Where's your little friend to-night, Henree? I dropped round in the hope of seeing her. I swear you're the stingiest person I ever did meet! We practically had to choke him into introducing us, Mrs. Giraud; and then he herded her from the gang all afternoon."

The dolt! The driveling idiot! My wife began to breathe hard through her nose.

"Introduce whom?" she queried sweetly. "Where did all this happen?"

"What! You didn't know? Say, maybe I'm in bad here." He laughed foolishly. "Don't mind what I said, Mrs. Giraud; it was only a little joke—sort of."

"Indeed? Who was the person? And where did it happen?" she persisted frigidly.

M'sieu Taylor was woefully embarrassed. He glanced appealingly at me and wiped the perspiration from his face; then mumbled a few unintelligible words, pretended to hear a summons from above, and responding with "All right, Joe, I'm coming. Well, good night, Mrs. Giraud; sorry I can't wait to explain. So long, Henree!"—he went plunging up the flight of stairs to the hall. Yes; he fled incontinently—beat it!

"Well! That was extraordinary, to say the least!" exclaimed madame.

She did not ask for any explanation until we were in the car, headed for home. Then:

"Now tell me about this little friend of yours—the one you were herding from those men. Is this another?"

The words were studiously mild; but the tone—ah, the tone, m'sieu, sent a shudder up my spine.

"Why, it is nothing," I replied with an indifference I was far from feeling. "After I finished my golf lesson I went in for a swim. Your friend, Madame Stratton ——"

"My friend!" she cried in horror.

"To be sure! Is she not?"

"Oh, of course! Of course! Go on! Go on!"

"*Eh bien*, your friend, Madame Stratton, happened to be there too; so I introduced her to J. J. and a crowd of others. They forced me to do so."

"I can well believe that. You'd have kept her all to yourself if you could!"

And then, m'sieu, I knew I was in for it. The revelations, coming as they had, imparted to the day's events a character almost sinister, in madame's mind.

"But listen, my angel!" I implored, endeavoring to place an arm round her. "Surely you know that your Henri ——"

"Don't touch me!" she cried in a tragic voice, and shuddered. "Monster!"

Alas, what was there for me to do? Appeals to reason and to her better nature would be alike hopeless. Therefore I abandoned the effort, angry and sullen.

We drove along in a harrowing silence. After a while my wife said:

"But why didn't you tell me? That's the dreadful part."

"I thought perhaps you might not like it."

She burst into a bitter laugh.

"That'll do! That'll do! So you thought I wouldn't like it, did you? And you wanted to spare my feelings! Very good; oh, fine!"

"If you will listen," I said sternly, "I will explain."

"You'll have a job doing it!"

"Madame," I entreated, "why not view this in the light in which it occurred? Why let your jealousy ——"

"Jealousy!" she echoed. "Me jealous? That's good! Ha, ha!"

"Then, if you are not ——"

"What makes me angry is to see you make such a fool of yourself. That's all. Jealous? Don't flatter yourself!"

And then I played my trump card:

"But you yourself told me that I was to be nice to her and give her every attention."

"You just dare to say that! Do you think I don't know Nellie Stratton better than to be such an idiot?"

"Your own words were that she was a darling, and as nice as could be."

"Listen!" rejoined my wife, leaning toward me to emphasize her argument. "I like Nellie. I always have and I always will. But she has a weakness for men. Yes; her best friend could never deny that. Even at school she was silly. And everybody knows she married Billy Stratton for his money, and nothing else on earth."

And that was as far as explanation ever got us, my friend. No matter what I said, madame returned persistently to the same point. Driven from one contention, she would retreat to another, and finally double back to her original argument, that she was not influenced by jealousy at all—the very idea! Ha, ha! And what should she be jealous of? But she disliked seeing me make a fool of myself publicly and letting a designing hussy come between us. And why hadn't I told her in the first place? And she would never, never get over it so long as she lived!

There were tears, m'sieu, and futile attempts on my part to heal the wound. It would not be healed.

"At least twenty persons have phoned me to-day," she asserted at dinner the next night, "telling me they saw you at lunch and again out swimming with that one-piece green thing. Now tell me the truth, Henree—didn't you go straight from lunch to the lake with her?"

"On my honor, no!"

"Well, it's very peculiar—very! Quite remarkable!"

"I presume," I rejoined, nettled at her manner, "that you have abandoned all idea of the dinner next Thursday night?"

(Concluded on Page 48)

# ONE EVERY MINUTE

## VI

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SHADD'S first impulse was to tell his wife. But he reflected that he could not tell her about the profit he had made in Undersea Craft common without confessing that he had taken out their savings. Instead of crediting him with trebling their little nest egg, she might debit him with recklessness, now that he had begun to make money. That stock would go up, up! When he had made a really big sum he would tell her. Being rich he could stand anything she might say. In fact, she could say anything!

He did not bring up the subject at dinner, because Mrs. Shadd was not feeling well enough to talk. She had caught a cold. By morning it had developed into grippe.

Shadd insisted upon calling the doctor, and he not only got his own breakfast but nursed her with tender devotion. She was too ill to be grateful, but also she was too ill to talk about the expense, and Shadd was content. He sent for Mrs. Shadd's aunt to stay by the patient during Shadd's working hours. He didn't get a trained nurse, because 11 A.M. Shadd gave him one look—one! Twenty-five a week!

Every day he left the house as late as he dared and the office as early as he could. He forgot about the 200 shares of U. C. common because the patient insisted upon his remembering two thousand other things.

Her convalescence was well under way when he suggested that perhaps she ought to go away somewhere for a few days for a change of air. Instead of beaming gratefully she looked at him fearfully and said:

"You haven't taken money from the bank to pay any of the bills, have you?"

He gained time by asking:

"Do you mean to pay the doctor's bill?"

"Yes, or any other bill. Have you? Tell me the truth."

"I have not taken any money from the bank," he told her slowly and distinctly, "to pay any bills. I did not have to!" And he looked her full in the eyes.

"I—I'm glad, dear. I was hoping we shouldn't have to touch it!"

His narrow escape from having to confess the truth filled him with a thousand fears that little by little became the companions of his waking and even of his sleeping hours. He learned from Woodcock by telephone that the market for Undersea Craft had flattened out. Though it was nominally "12 bid, offered at 15," there were no actual transactions in the stock. After looking in his paper and reading these disheartening quotations for a week, he ceased to wish to know what the price was. He thought bitterly that Woodcock should have compelled him to sell out when he could have had $5000 for his 200 shares. It was plain that $2600 had dropped out of his pocket. Also, that not having hearkened to Opportunity's one knock at his door, he could not now tell his wife what he had done with her savings. The fact that he still had a paper profit of $600 made matters worse.

The first morning when his convalescent wife got breakfast for him was both a relief and a care to him.

She was fully recovered! Also, she was in condition to ask about the bank book. He always feared she could tell, by his face, when he was lying.

He beat a girl stenographer to the last seat in the car and opened his newspaper. On the financial page, in big type, he read:

"UNDERSEA CRAFT UP 60 POINTS!"

He had trouble in reading the article by reason of his trembling hands, but he managed to learn that a sudden demand for the stock had sprung up. The explanatory rumors were that the mission of the president of the company, Col. Allen Springer, to London, had proved successful. There was a remarkably small floating supply of a stock that for years had kicked about the Street unhonored and unsung. Then the paper gave the names of the principal buyers and sellers and the record of the sales. Seventeen hundred shares changed hands at 12 to 72. It closed at 60 bid; offered at 65. Such an advance in such a stock had absolutely no precedent.

He jumped to his feet, yelled "Stop the car!" and jumped off. Providence as usual looked out for his limbs and neck.

He stopped at the nearest drug store and called up Francis T. Woodcock & Co. It was 8:21 A.M. There was nobody there to answer, and Wilberforce Shadd had to go to his own office.

He survived until 9:30 A.M. by figuring his profits at the price at which he obviously ought to have sold his 200 shares of Undersea Craft—to wit, the previous day's highest price, 72. That would have given $14,400.

"Gosh," he muttered in awed tones, and figured once more to see if he had made a mistake. Then he figured again, this time for the pleasure of it.

At 9:31 a voice in the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co. said that Mr. Woodcock had not arrived. He might come at any moment now. Or he might go straight to the Board Room—the "floor" of the New York Stock Exchange.

Driven by desperation and dreadful doubts, Wilberforce Shadd secured permission to absent himself from the office to visit a specialist from which visit he expected his wife to benefit. He would return as ——

"Oh, take your time, man. I hope there is nothing wrong," said Mr. Lipps, the manager, kindly. So low had Shadd sunk that the office behind his back always referred to him as "poor Shadd."

"I hope not," and Wilberforce Shadd's voice actually shook, so that the manager felt sorry.

"Don't return to the office unless it's all right, Shadd."

"I'll know," said Wilberforce desperately, "one way or another in an hour or two."

"I'm Going Home in the Lunch Hour. I'll be Back in Time, Mr. Lipps"

## VII

IN THE subway Wilberforce Shadd did not read the newspaper because it had no fresh news to print about U. C. common. But he utilized the margin of it to do more figuring on. The closing quotations were 60 bid, offered at 65—that is, $12,000 bid; offered at $13,000!

But the stock had sold as high as 72. That is, at $14,400.

That, of course, was the price at which he should have sold. Therefore, it was the price at which he ought to figure his profit. At 4 per cent it would mean $576 per annum or more than $11 a week. Added to his salary of $40 it would give him $51 a week. At 5 per cent he would get $720 a year or $60 a month; nearly $15 a week. At 6 per cent, which anybody ought to be able to get with absolute safety, he would receive with unfailing regularity, as long as he lived, $864 per annum, or $72 a month, or $16.60 a week. Without working!

At a pinch, any man could live on $16.60 a week—in the country.

Of course, if he sold at less than 72 he would not get $16.60 a week. Why in blazes had not Woodcock sold at 72? He ought to have known that at that price there was no question of selling or not selling 200 shares of stock. It was a case of getting $16.60 a week.

What man in his sane senses refuses $72 a month for life?

And the price had gone back to 60 bid a drop of 12 points, of $2400! It would not surprise him if Woodcock, to cover up his negligence, would try to make him sell at any price—that is, at 60.

Then Shadd began to fear that he might not even get 60 for it!

When he opened the door marked "Customers" he was in the frame of mind in which nothing surprises a man, not even 50 for his stock.

"Hello, Shadd! How are you, dear boy?" shouted Mr. Woodcock from the other end of the room, and rushed to meet his dearest friend. The cordiality made Shadd fear the worst!

Woodcock shook hands warmly and went on: "Say, if I had your luck! All right, I'll call it brains! How does it feel, hey?"

*He Painted in Her Arms by the Simple Expedient of Relaxing and Closing His Eyes*

Inasmuch as Mr. Woodcock shouted his greeting at the top of his voice, everybody in the room looked curiously at the shrinking Shadd. Woodcock himself was gazing admiringly at his wonderful friend.

Admiration is the most contagious of all aberrations. The eyes of the other customers began to fill with respect as they gazed on Shadd, the great plunger and commission-donor.

"How do you feel?" asked Shadd.

The modest broker naturally assumed that Shadd wished to know his views on the market. He answered:

"Oh, bullish, of course, although I think profit-taking on the bulges, from now on, will ——"

Shadd shook his head, intending to convey that he was not asking for stock-market opinions. Mr. Woodcock and the watching customers naturally assumed that Mr. Shadd disagreed with the head of the firm. The customers, looking from one to the other, wondered who was this man, Shadd, that his differing opinion should visibly depress Mr. Woodcock.

"Well," apologized the broker, "I naturally supposed that you had come to sell ——"

"No," said Shadd, thinking that he would not sell at a loss—that is, at any price below 72.

"It's 84!" said Woodcock. "Surely you aren't going to tell me it's going to 200 this trip?"

"No," said Shadd hesitatingly, "not two hundred." He meant that he would not wait for two hundred to sell. Thinking of 200, however, kept him from thinking that the stock had jumped 12 points, $2400 more than 72, at which price he had wished to sell.

One of the customers couldn't stand it any longer. He approached the head of the firm and whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"What stock is that, Frank?"

"Mr. Shadd, I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Edson. Bill here would like to know what stock we're talking about."

Bill Edson grinned sheepishly.

"Undersea Craft common," said Shadd with an uneasy smile.

"He owns all we've got in this office," vouchsafed Woodcock proudly.

The customers clustered about the semi-paralyzed owner of the stock that had risen over seventy points in less than forty-eight hours. Henry Rumney, the most inveterate tip-follower in the Street, came in just then, and seeing a stranger surrounded by admiring would-be plungers asked Ben Meiggs:

"Who's the gink?"

"Sh-h!" whispered Ben reprovingly. Feeling called upon further to squelch Henry, he explained: 'That's the largest individual holder of Undersea Craft."

"Thellyousay!" gasped Henry.

"Thasswat!" affirmed Ben.

Whereupon Henry approached the crowd of admirers about the multi-millionaire and said, as if he were well paid for saying it:

"Good morning! As I passed the Curb Market just now I heard them bid 90 for your stock. I'd like to ask you what you think of St. Paul?"

Shadd, still dazed by the suddenness of the attack, only half grasped that he was asked his opinion about something he knew nothing about. He recalled some verses he had read about a broker who died suddenly and went to heaven. The broker knocked at the pearly gates, and when they opened, according to the last line of the poem,

*He asked Saint Peter: "How's Saint Paul,"*

Shadd, afraid to open his mouth but not willing to admit his ignorance, shook his head. Henry Rumney did not wait for anything else. He rushed to the little window behind which a telephone operator held the line of communication with the firm's clerk on the Stock Exchange, and cried: "Say, sell 500 Saint Paul at the market. I thought it looked toppy. Get a hustle on!" and having written and signed the order as he talked Henry went back to the crowd in time to hear Woodcock tell them about Shadd's feat.

"Of course I knew nothing about it, so I told him not to buy. But all he did was to smile and say: 'Frank, you don't know everything.' That was all, wasn't it?" and he looked toward Shadd for corroboration.

Wilberforce nodded blushingly, and Woodcock, still proud of the privilege, went on:

"Even then I didn't want to accept the order, but when he took out his pencil and began to put down in black and white what the company stood to make—well, say, the wonder is he isn't talking a thousand dollars a share."

He made an end of speaking in order to give Shadd a chance to show his wisdom. But Shadd shook his head, whereupon Woodcock told him, that the other customers might see he never withheld praise where praise was due:

"Well, Shadd, I've certainly got to hand it to you, old chap. Just for fun let's see what the stock is now. Remington, get a quotation on Undersea common."

As the broker moved away the customers moved closer. They were afraid to appear too familiar; at the same time they could not keep away from the one man who had acquired the greatest of all secrets: How to beat the Game.

Henry Rumney, who was not bothered by absurd notions of delicacy, asked point blank:

"How much did your stock cost you?"

Shadd looked at him and was really shocked by the eagerness that flamed in the speculator's eyes. He hesitated.

"Of course," put in Ben Meiggs, insidiously, "Rumney doesn't mean to pry into your private affairs."

"Not at all," agreed Henry Rumney. "I mean approximately—on an average."

"I should say," began Shadd, who wasn't sure whether or not he ought to include commissions, "let me see—ah ——"

The silence in the big room was broken only by the click of the ticker, the snap of the cardboard numbers as the boy slipped them into place on the quotation board, and the labored breathing of the waiting customers.

"Ah $9 a share!"

A gasp that almost made the windows tremble inward followed. From $9 a share the stock had gone to $84. How many thousands of shares did this man own, this great personage with the imperturbable calm, the supreme confidence and the habitual taciturnity?

"Say, why didn't you tell a fellow?" said Henry aggrievedly. But even he had to acknowledge to himself that the stranger was not to blame. "Just my luck! I didn't know you! Gad, I'd have plunged! Nine dollars! Well, what do you think of it now, Mr.—er—I didn't get your name."

"My name," said Shadd, delighted to find himself among such intelligent fellows—"my name is Wilberforce ——"

"Mr. Wilberforce," interrupted Rumney, who thought they were wasting valuable time, "just how high do you think Undersea is going this trip?"

Wilberforce Shadd could not help but think of Hen Wilkins' crazy utterances. He had to, in order to be able to answer questions to which an answer was expected by these men. So he said slowly:

"Of course if they get the order for the $65,000,000 ——"

He was merely recalling that Wilkins had said that the Undersea Craft Company could get a million apiece for sixty-five submarines.

"Geewhillikens!" cried Ben Meiggs.

"Do you think it's going up right away?" asked Henry Rumney. After all, that was what they wished to know, and what all, excepting Henry, feared to ask so bluntly. They looked at Shadd so intently that it disconcerted him.

"I don't think ——" he began.

"That's good enough for me," said Henry Rumney. He was certain that the great Wilberforce was going to say what all tip-givers always say: "I don't think so, I know so!"

Henry, therefore, rushed off to find Woodcock.

"Got that quotation on Undersea?" he yelled.

"Not yet. I thought you said it was 90."

"Naw! I said I thought it was," corrected Rumney impatiently.

An office boy entered and handed a slip of paper to Woodcock, who read it and said:

"Well, you were wrong; it's 85 bid; no offers."

"Gee, and he paid $9 a share for it week before last. Say, Frank, I want to buy a thousand shares ——"

"If you do you'll have to put up about eighty-five thousand bucks."

"What!" yelled Henry Rumney, gazing at Woodcock in horror.

"No margin. Outright."

Henry Rumney was such a good income-provider for the firm that the office allowed him to take verbal liberties. He now shrieked.

"It's highway robbery!"

"It's the first law of Nature," corrected Francis T. Woodcock, Wall Street philosopher, who no longer took chances. "If a stock goes up fifty points in one day, can't it come down fifty before you can ask a man to put up more margin?"

"Aw, you make me tired! I'm going to buy some Undersea Craft and I'm not going to put up a million dollars a share either."

"Certainly not, Henry. I'll see what I can pick up for you. But I warn you—no margin. The banks won't lend on it, and I'm not going to see you lose money ——"

"All you'll see me lose," said Henry angrily, "is my temper—if you try to make me believe that you care a hang how much money I lose. Well, make it 500 shares. I'll put up twenty points and keep the margin good."

"Nothing doing."

"Suppose you find out what you can get it for before you begin fighting with me about it, will you, please?" said Rumney with much dignity.

"Eighty-five bid, none offered. That means ——"

"Just hold your horses," said Henry Rumney, and went back to the fountainhead of all knowledge.

"Wilberforce," he said, looking intently at the all-wise, "it's eighty-five bid, none offered. I'm going to buy as much as the law allows." He paused. The head of the firm joined the party at that moment. Rumney glared at him, and went on: "Of course Woodcock has got cold feet and insists on ——"

"For your own sake," interjected Francis T. Woodcock firmly.

"And for your security," said Rumney so bitterly that Woodcock felt he ought to deliver his daily ultimatum once more. He said slowly:

"Gentlemen, no war babies on margin. I haven't got a very strong heart. Anybody who wants me to die suddenly can't be my friend. Why should I care what my enemies think of ordinary, common prudence anyhow?"

"Mr. Woodcock"—Henry Rumney spoke with cold politeness—"nobody is listening to you. I think you should save your vocal cords and use them to tell a waiting customer whether you've got a report on that U. C. yet or not."

"Not yet. Wait a minute! Here it is!" He let a clerk whisper something in his ear, then he said to Rumney:

"There are sixty shares offered at 95. That," he elucidated hastily, "necessitates $5700, exclusive of inadequate commissions and the iniquitous taxes. Fifty-seven hundred cash!"

"That's twice you said it. If you want me to buy that stock," said Rumney determinedly, "you'll have to ——"

"No margin!" from Woodcock.

"Then no order," and Rumney nodded tauntingly.

"I think I'll take twenty ——" began Ben Meiggs hesitatingly.

"That's my stock," hastily interjected Henry Rumney. "Get a gait on, Frank. I'll pay cash if I have to. The sixty shares."

Woodcock gave the order, took Rumney aside and said to him earnestly:

"I'd like to carry that stock on margin for you but we can't."

"You've got Wilberforce's ——"

"He bought it and paid for it in full."

"Geewhillikens!" muttered Rumney, naturally assuming that his dear friend Wilberforce must own thousands of shares of the most sensational of the war brides.

Other customers, influenced by the success of Shadd and the courage of Henry Rumney, sought Woodcock, with the result that the broker received orders for 150 shares. Had they been allowed to speculate on a ten-point margin, they would have bought Undersea Craft by the thousands of shares. They were compelled to be conservative in one of the most remarkable stock booms in history.

"Say, Shadd, come here a minute, will you?" said Woodcock, and took the star customer into his private office.

There he said very earnestly: "You can now get 90 or 95 for that stock. It's all very well for you to say ——"

The broker was speaking so accusingly that Shadd thought that the time had come to cash in. At 95 he would receive $19,000. Too bad it wasn't an even $20,000. Still, worse things could happen. But he did not wish to sell unless $19,000 was all he could get. So instead of saying "Sell," he said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to make money."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you," said Shadd, not too cordially, fearing the broker might regard his acquiescence as a selling order.

"You've got to take your profit sometime. Suppose you fix your own price and give me a G. T. C. selling order. We can't be calling you up on the phone every minute. You've seen it go up like a skyrocket. Well, when it begins to drop, that's the way it will fall too. Do you want to leave an order to sell it at par?"

At one hundred a share, it meant the $20,000 Shadd had regretted not getting. This at six per cent meant $100 a month as long as he lived.

Woodcock thought he saw unwillingness on Shadd's face. As a matter of fact, it was indecision.

"Then," pleaded the broker, "make it 125."

Francis T. Woodcock ceased to exist for Wilberforce Shadd, for the simple reason that Shadd concentrated on mathematics. He figured that at 125 he would get $25,000. This was so much better than $20,000 that he wished to think calmly whether $30,000 in turn was not better than $25,000.

He did not know just what to do, excepting that he did not wish to do the wrong thing. He must go away and think, and maybe while he was thinking, away from this upsetting office, the stock would rise and be worth more than $25,000. If that happened he surely would sell out. There was no doubt about it. Here he could only think of what it was selling for, not of what it might sell for in the future; and that, of course, was what really interested him.

"Oh, I'll think about it," he told Woodcock desperately.

The broker thought he said it hoggishly, so, to be safe, he warned Shadd: "That's all right. All I ask you is to remember my advice, that's all."

*He Jumped to His Feet, Yelled "Stop the Car!" and Jumped Off*

There was something so sinister, even menacing, in the broker's request that Wilberforce Shadd promised apprehensively:

"All right; all right. I'll remember it," and left hurriedly.

As soon as he was in the street he inflated his lungs to their fullest capacity. Instantly he became glad to be out of that office; delighted to be alone with his joy. He had made $19,000, which was good; and he was a winner at the greatest of all games, which was better; and he was going to make much more, which was best.

It is good to be alive when a man is getting more, without working, than he had ever dreamed he could get after fifty years of steady grind. And there in that office were men like Henry Rumney and Ben Meiggs, who thought well of him and his business judgment. They knew Wilberforce Shadd for what he was. They did not think him a—well, whatever it was others thought him. They did not mistake his kindliness for nervelessness or his good nature for cowardice.

By the time he reached his own office he was so indignant at the world's misconception of him that he began to enact the tragedy of his married life. He lived it again in detail—afraid of spending pennies and he a rich man—and then, as an epilogue, he dramatized afresh the spontaneous recognition of the real Wilberforce Shadd by unprejudiced character-readers in Francis T. Woodcock's office—the man Wilberforce Shadd had proven himself to be by his possession of 200 shares of the common stock of the Undersea Craft Company, which would settle the war by building submarines for the German Government at a million dollars apiece. He did not know what the profit would be because he did not know how many other boats, besides the sixty-five already built, the company might sell. But it was obvious that the stock would be worth anything the holder thereof wished to get.

"How's your wife, Shadd?" the manager asked him, composing his features in advance to a look of condolence.

"Oh, she's the same." Then he remembered, and improved upon his unpremeditated reply. "There is no new complication," he said. "Thank you, Mr. Lipps."

"That's good."

Shadd tried to do his work as usual, but every now and again he simply had to stop and figure what he ought to get for his 200 shares. He tried various prices on an ascending scale. Of course he knew he didn't have the slightest chance of getting such prices; but there was no harm in figuring, for example, that at a thousand dollars a share he would be worth $200,000. This at six per cent per annum would yield $1000 a month. That would mean a change of life for him. It would mean comfort, ease, happiness, conditions he had never enjoyed.

"The stock will never go there!" he cried aloud, in order that the hoodoo might hear him. "Never!"

Then he began again—turning his $1000 a month into concrete things; spending his dollars in things he had never thought he would ever get.

### VIII

HE WAS very quiet when he reached his home that night. A sense of physical weariness came over him, as though he had walked twenty miles. He did not wish to lie down. What he wished was to stop thinking about Undersea Craft long enough to go to sleep.

He saw with the eye of experience that his wife was in good form—not really frightened but craving to suffer; watching lynx-eyed for an opportunity at martyrdom. He saw that she had resigned herself to death before the curtain rose on the first act. He knew better than to ask if she was not well. Instead he sought to negotiate for a peace-bringing silence.

"I put in a hard day's work," he said in a voice pitched to suggest extreme fatigue, "and I am dog-tired."

"Are you?" she asked, looking very sorry—for herself. It was a fresh cross—to bear the double burden—first of having troubles, and second of having to bear them alone.

"I—I really think I'll go to bed without waiting for supper," he added. Instantly he felt very hungry. It made him so angry that he forgot his fatigue.

"No, you've got to eat something. You can't work and not eat. Although I don't know but by eating less we might ——"

"Please, dear," he pleaded, "don't skimp me to death. And, besides, you need good food to get back your strength. The grippe is no joke. That's why I wanted you to go to Atlantic City."

"Yes, and spend all we have in the bank in one week? I guess not. I'd rather ——" She stopped.

"Die first?" he prompted.

"No!" she denied so violently that he knew he had guessed. He laughed. It gave her the blessing of martyrdom!

"Yes, laugh. Why do we have a roof over our heads ——"

"Because the landlord knows we'd move if it leaked."

He would say anything, even answer a rhetorical question, rather than let her gain any headway.

"Oh, very well. We might as well be paupers ——"

Paupers? With $19,000 at the brokers', that would probably, or rather certainly, become $25,000 in a few days?

"Why, my dear, I might as well tell you ——"

He caught himself abruptly. She would make him cash in at once.

"I'm going to bed," he said, and proceeded hastily to disrobe.

He instantly became hungry as a bear.

"Perhaps after I'm rested, if I don't fall asleep, I might take a cup of tea," he told her weakly.

"I'll keep your supper warm for you. It's cooked and there's no sense wasting it."

But he fell asleep after all and had a hearty breakfast. It was just as well he did, for he could not eat luncheon that day. The market turned weak.

That night he went home a sick man. Undersea Craft common closed at "75 bid; offered at 80."

The sense of his loss was too heavy upon him for him not to look it. His paper profit was now merely 66 points on his 200 shares, or a piffling $13,000. On the day before, at 95, the profit had been $17,000. The tragedy was that he had proved to himself mathematically that when the stock reached 125 he would have $25,000 in cash.

The profit that he had and didn't take! If that wasn't hell, what was?

The moment she saw him, she asked: "Are you sick?" He was, but he must lie about it in order not to have to tell the truth.

"No," he answered. He saw that she was watching and he feared that she might be able to detect his lying.

He had a flash of inspiration. He staggered forward blindly until he reached a rug. He then very carefully sank to his knees and slid sidewise until he was leaning against a chair.

To look as he felt he must think of the most disagreeable thing in the world. He therefore thought of how he would feel if Undersea Craft common should slump back to 10, to 5, to nothing—and on top of it, having to tell her that he had lost their savings after having had a profit of $19,000!

Whatever she saw in his contorted face made her say:

"Wilberforce, darling! I'll get the doctor."

"N-no," he breathed feebly, and fainted in her arms by the simple expedient of relaxing and closing his eyes.

He thought of the next step. He counted sixty slowly, and then opened his eyes, blinked twice and stared at

her unseeingly. He was so delighted at perceiving that she was frightened that he nearly forgot his lines. But he managed to whisper weakly:

"Where am I?"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she whimpered.

He must control his pleasure. He said, so that she barely could hear him:

"What happened?" and tried to rise—very feebly.

"You fainted! Don't try to get up. You went off like ——" She shook her head and drew in her breath sharply.

"Did I?" he said. "I'm sorry, dear."

"I'll get the doctor ——"

"No," he spoke more strongly. "I—I didn't have any lunch. I—we were so rushed! I guess I got a little faint—from emptiness. I can get up" he caught himself and finished "if you will help me, dear"

"I'm afraid ——" But she loyally pulled him to his feet. With his hand on her shoulder he walked to an armchair and sat down while she fetched him a drink. He swallowed it meekly—aromatic spirits of ammonia! Then, after he had reassured her several times, she went up to prepare dinner for him.

She did not mention the bank book, and Wilberforce Shadd fell asleep that night almost reconciled to his loss.

For more than a week she did not talk about the bank book, and to fill his cup of happiness Undersea Craft resumed its rise. The advance was more sedate, but it was continuous. It never rose more than two points in one day, but every evening there was the magic plus sign in the column which showed the "net changes for the day."

He called at Woodcock's office, found the broker out, inhaled enough incense from the admiring customers to make him stand pat, and went away thinking that if the bull market kept up he would soon tell his wife all about it. What a day that would be!

Presently the stock resumed its kangaroo career. Mr. Francis T. Woodcock again advised him to sell his Undersea Craft stock.

"You know very well, Shadd, that if anybody had told you this stock would go up to ——"

"Yes," interrupted the meek Shadd accusingly, "you wanted me to give you an order to sell at 18; and again at 20; and again at 75. And you begged me to give you a G. T. C. selling order at 125. Was that good advice? Do you call that a warning to suckers? Now when it's only 165, and everybody knows about some of the business the company is doing, you again insist ——"

"Of course I insist, you da—er—of course I insist. I haven't forgotten that you put up $1800 a few short weeks ago ——"

"Hold on!" said Shadd; "it was $1829. You forgot commission and taxes ——"

This was too much for the exasperated Woodcock, who could not stop thinking of the 150-point slump bound to come some day in that stock of stocks. "You—er—you! You don't know enough of this game to realize that an investment of $1800—of $1829—which increases in less than two months ——"

"Two months and four days," corrected Shadd. He was making money and that was all that really mattered. But he might as well be exact.

"Ugh-h! To think you put up $1800, and now $33,000 stares you in the face and you don't know enough to put that money in your pocket. Thirty-three thousand dollars! Comfort for the rest of your life! Doesn't it hurt you to think of your wonderful mind? Doesn't it?"

In his indignation Woodcock forgot the politeness due to a customer from the head of a commission house.

"No," said Shadd amiably, "it doesn't hurt me to think of the wonderful mind that wanted me to leave the money in the bank and wouldn't let me buy this same stock at $9 a share ——"

Woodcock threw up an elbow defensively. Then he said: "I admit I was wrong about that. But at ——"

"Yes, and at 18 you thought I ought to sell, and at 25 and ——"

"Yes, but, you jack—you Shadd, I made a mistake. I'll admit it. But a stock that pays nothing and sells at 165 is a different proposition. It's tempting Providence ——"

"Providence is all right," said Shadd. "Don't you say anything against Providence. I know it wasn't my brains—nor yours!"

"No, it wasn't. But you don't know what the company really is doing and ——"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"Look here, Shadd, somebody who doesn't know any more than you do tells you something, and you take it in as if it were gospel truth. Undersea Craft might have been a bargain at $9 a share, but at 165 it isn't."

"It's too bad you didn't buy 5000 shares at $9; then you could have sold it at $18."

"Yes, I probably would, for I've learned not to be a hog. If I double my money I think I've done much more than any man is really entitled to."

"Yes, that's true enough. But this is the chance of a lifetime. Do you think there is going to be a big European war every spring?"

Woodcock threw up his hands.

"All right, Shadd. You're like all the rest. You are a wonderful man now. You know it all and a little more. You've been in Wall Street so long that you know that what goes up can't possibly come down until you've sold at the top. All I ask you is to remember that I told you what I knew you didn't want to hear. That's all."

"All right, I'll remember," promised Shadd, remembering only that this was the man who didn't want him to buy U. C. at $9 and advised selling at $14. "I sure will. You're doing your best. If I'm wiped out I won't blame you. I wonder what the price is now? The last quotation was 165."

"I suppose," suggested the broker with a bitter smile, "it's about 500."

"No," said Shadd very seriously, "I don't think it could be that high so soon."

Woodcock choked, and left Shadd to ask an office boy to get a quotation on Undersea Craft common.

*Shadd, Meigs and Four Delightful Strangers Spent a Wonderful Afternoon*

The boy came back, and Woodcock beckoned to Shadd.

"Last sale, 50 shares at 172. It's 170 bid; none offered."

"That's more like it," exclaimed the devilish Shadd, trying to look businesslike. "You were sure I ought to sell at 165. The extra seven points mean $1400 ——"

"G-g-g-gh!" expectorated the broker, glaring at the office boy.

"And I can't afford," continued Shadd evenly, "to lose $1400. You are a rich man, and you can't understand what a few points in that stock mean to a man like me."

Then Shadd thought what a few points would mean to Mrs. Shadd.

"You can't be very poor," said Woodcock grimly.

"I am," replied Shadd. "Since I took the $1832 out of the Savings Bank I haven't a cent I can call my own."

Neither had Mrs. Shadd, only she did not know it!

"Well, if you can afford to turn your back on a profit of $34,000 ——"

"Thirty-four thousand four hundred," corrected Shadd. "The price was 172, don't you remember? I guess I'll be going."

Brokers are almost as anxious to see their customers make money as the customers themselves. Money-making customers mean a continuous and reliable clientele. You know them and they know you, and the relations are pleasant. So Woodcock entreated:

"Shadd, will you please leave me an order to sell at 200? I don't think it will go there right away, but ——"

"If you don't think it will sell at 200 what's the use of giving you an order?"

"Well, in case of an accident—or a miracle. If it did, and we had your order, we could take immediate advantage ——"

"If it can only go there by an accident or a miracle, couldn't it go higher by another miracle—say to 300 or 400?"

Shadd's face took on a challenging look. The broker ignored the challenge and begged:

"Shadd, give me a selling order at any price. Make it a thousand, but, for the love of Mike, let me feel that you'll sell some day. Do you want to be left with nothing but a scrap of paper?"

"You talk like a German Chancellor," joked Shadd, in order not to have to give a selling order at any price. He felt toward taking his profits as many superstitious men feel toward making their wills—sure death that same night. The stock was rising. Every day meant more money; and he felt healthy. How could he help it?

"Then put in a stop order. Don't let all the profit get away from you once it hits the toboggan slide. Mark up the stop as the price rises; but have your order in."

"What do you mean?" asked Shadd distrustfully. He wasn't going to let the broker enmesh him in technicalities intended to reduce his fortune. The broker's insistence was beginning to take on a sinister aspect. "Well, say it's selling at 170 ——"

"At 172," said Shadd. He couldn't help it.

"Well, give us an order to stop it at 160 ——"

"Do you mean to sell?"

"Yes."

"At one hundred and sixty?" Shadd couldn't help smiling pityingly.

"Yes; to make sure you get at least $42,000 instead of $2000."

"But I've got $34,000 now."

"Yes, but this is in case it starts to break. After refusing to take 172, you ought to be satisfied to get out at 160, and not wait until it is down to nothing."

"Wait a minute. Do you guarantee that if it starts to go down until it sells at 160 it will surely keep on going down to nothing and never go back to above 160 or ——"

"No, I can't guarantee that. But nobody can get poor taking profits. Shadd, I know this is a sucker market, and the less a man knows the more money he makes. But there is a limit to what even a sucker can do in the way of tempting Providence. You make up your mind first that you ought to sell, and then at what price. Then tell me."

"All right, Woodcock. When I know what price I want to get for my stock I'll tell you. Honest, I will! I swear it!" And Shadd looked straight in the broker's eyes. The broker shook his head. Then, not caring whether he lost a customer of the kind that will drive even a Democratic cabinet officer to drink, he began sneeringly:

"I think that of all the ——"

"I'll tell you," broke in Shadd. "I'm going to think about it," and he hurried away. He had no intention of thinking about anything except of not taking his profit too soon. He couldn't seem to be able to make Woodcock see that he was not a hog. He knew stocks went down. Of course they did. But he also knew that neither Woodcock nor anybody else in Wall Street knew everything. Else they wouldn't be in Wall Street, but in their country houses, living! And there was no argument that could alter the one indisputable fact: The longer he held on the more money he made.

It was only a little after one o'clock when he left the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co. On the way back to his work he admitted with a curious regret that he did not

*(Continued on Page 69)*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Reducing the Cost of Living

THREE committees in New York—one appointed by the legislature, one by the governor of the state, and one by the mayor of the city—recently made a joint report on food costs, after quite diligent investigation.

The report disparages all patented short cuts to reduce the cost of living, such as a chain of public markets, and "eliminating" the middleman without providing anybody to take his place. Far from recommending prosecution of trusts as a solution of the problem, it urges more trusts—that is, more combination and coöperation.

For example, it finds that the cost of milk is needlessly swollen by duplicate delivery services, wagons of several companies running over the same route day after day. So it would permit the big milk-distributing companies to work together under state supervision, which would make sure that the saving through a joint delivery service went to consumers.

It finds that to transport a given article of food from its original destination in the city to the kitchen of the consumer costs much more than to transport it from its place of production, several hundred miles away, to the city. It thinks that might be remedied by better organization of the methods of handling foodstuffs in the city. It recommends organized effort to educate housewives in the purchase and preparation of foods, beginning in the public schools.

It points out that causes beyond the control of city or state have enhanced food prices; but it thinks those causes might well be offset or minimized by combined effort, better organization, coöperation. On the whole, it looks in the opposite direction from those whose panacea consists in attacking combination; and it virtually says there is no panacea, no short cut, no magic remedy.

There are many remedial measures, but effort in unison is the basic ingredient in all of them. Integration, not disintegration, is the method.

## What We Might Do

DIRECT money cost of the great war to the end of 1916 is put at sixty billion dollars. This means that inhabitants of the belligerent countries saved the greater part of that sum in two years and five months.

In all these countries a certain amount of capital lay available for investment at the beginning of the war; England and France sold foreign securities and put the proceeds into the war pot; liquidation of some businesses provided further sums. But the amount raised in these ways must have been a relatively small part of the total. The remainder has been saved out of income during the war—that is, the people of the belligerent countries have produced enough to support themselves and yield a balance of well toward sixty billion dollars for their governments to spend on war.

This is the wonderful economic lesson of the war. No one supposed people could produce such a balance above sustenance.

There is still a disposition to regard war finance as a sort of stage money—a mere illusion produced out of a conjurer's hat. But, except that prices are inflated, it is as real as the silver coin in your pocket. Every dollar of it has bought tangible goods—food, clothing, horses, powder, shot, and so on. It shows what a modern nation can do when all its energies are united for the purpose of producing and saving to the utmost. The United States, under like conditions of unity, enthusiasm and organization, could doubtless raise ten billion dollars a year for any purpose to which it laid its will. Of course Europe's saving has been put into a bad investment. The great blue-sky swindler got most of it. But the lesson of what can be done in the way of saving stands.

## Public Health Work

PROBABLY three hundred and fifty thousand people die yearly in the United States from preventable causes; also, something like two per cent of the population is disabled from sickness at any given time, and a large part of this is preventable.

The standing problem before public-health boards is: How, with the means at their disposal, to make the greatest possible reduction in this social waste?

Perhaps there has been more coöperation in this governmental field than in any other—a freer circulation of ideas and experience, so that one community has profited by the discoveries of another. Yet the work is far from systematized.

A pamphlet by the Russell Sage Foundation suggests that, with adequate reports on mortality and sickness, communities which have the same general health conditions may, by careful study and comparison, work out a formula for applying their health appropriations with reasonable certainty of getting the best possible results for the money.

The first factor in the formula would be the amount of damage produced by any given cause of sickness and death. The second factor would be the readiness with which this cause yielded to preventive measures. For example, cancer causes much damage, but in the present stage of medical science is not classed as a preventable disease. On the other hand, smallpox causes little damage, but its potentialities of damage are high, and it readily yields to the simple preventive of vaccination. By a sufficiently careful study of adequate data a health board can reduce this to mathematical terms and say, with assurance: "Twenty-four per cent of our appropriation should go to preventing infants' diseases; twelve per cent to tuberculosis." And so on—the figures varying, of course, under different conditions of climate, housing, and the like.

The plan is a suggestion as to what may be accomplished by cooperation among towns.

## Taxing Tea and Coffee

IT SEEMS clear that Congress must find more revenue. Last year it had to find more revenue for better national defenses. So it virtually doubled the income tax, laid a Federal inheritance tax and imposed a number of other taxes. But the outlook now is that the additional revenue thus found will fall so far short of increased expenditure that by the end of the next fiscal year there will be a deficit of something like four hundred million dollars. Certain other appropriations, now in prospect, may raise the deficit about half a billion.

No doubt there will be a bond issue to the extent of a couple of hundred million dollars or so; but even then revenue must be increased.

Expenditures cannot be reduced. That would require hard, courageous, intelligent work—something for which, apparently, Congress has neither the time nor the inclination. But revenue can be increased with comparatively little trouble and no disagreeable personal consequences to any congressman.

Among possible sources of more revenue an import duty on tea and coffee is favorably mentioned. At twenty per cent it would yield about twenty-five million dollars a year; and it may as well be levied at once. This is a comparatively easy method of raising revenue; and the way Government is going no comparatively easy source of revenue can long escape.

A duty on tea and coffee would make every household conscious that it is paying Federal taxes. When that stage is reached a revision of the Government's whole wasteful fiscal scheme may be expected; but apparently not until then.

## That After-the-War Basis

SINCE the Federal Reserve Board's warning blocked the sale of British and French short-term treasury notes here, the Allies appear to have made every effort to limit their purchases in this country. That was a plain necessity of the situation, for in the closing weeks of 1916 they shipped us a hundred and eighty million dollars of gold to maintain exchange; and a drain of that proportion could not continue indefinitely.

It is reported in Wall Street that, since the warning, war orders to the amount of three hundred million dollars or more, which would otherwise have come to this country, have been diverted to Canada; and that optional orders to the amount of a hundred million dollars, already placed in this country, have been canceled.

Most likely, then, the present year will see a decided falling off in our war business, even if war continues through the year. Only those directly interested will regret it. A gradual descent from last year's dizzy height in this respect—getting down by degrees to an after-the-war basis before war actually stops—will be by no means a calamity.

Nor will the utmost possible dependence upon their own resources be a calamity for the Allies. If they can discover means of making within their own boundaries anything they have been buying from us, their position will be that much stronger when the war ends. A slowing down of the war trade with America may be accepted with equanimity all round.

## Government Buildings

FRIENDS of pork cry that Congress will never surrender its right to appropriate public money for public buildings. Nobody we have heard of ever asked it to, or knows of any way, short of a constitutional amendment, whereby it could make that surrender.

Foes of pork urge that public buildings be erected according to the needs of public business, and not according to the political needs of individual congressmen.

That is the whole matter. The American Institute of Architects proposes a board of experts to study the subject broadly and work out a plan under which the construction of public buildings, designed by competent architects, shall be recommended to Congress as public business requires them. The question is whether Congress proposes to consult experts or merely to pursue selfish individual ends.

Pork has not been propitious to architecture. Government architecture, on the whole, lags much behind private enterprise. The Government ought to lead; but it does not—and pork is one of the reasons.

## Opportunity in Prison

WOULD O. Henry have found his vocation while in prison if, instead of being given a comparatively light occupation and humane treatment, he had been subjected to the brutal and crushing discipline many prisoners undergo? Would his genius have flowered under such a regimen as is described in that classic of prison fiction, 9009, or in innumerable reports by trustworthy investigators? We think not.

It is quite probable that Cervantes planned and even wrote the first part of Don Quixote while in prison. Mirabeau spent a very considerable portion of his life in durance. Dostoyevsky outlived a horrible imprisonment to produce some of the greatest novels ever written. In other instances very superior gifts have survived imprisonment. But very superior gifts are exceptional.

Why should not a prison be always a gate of opportunity to all its inmates? When civilized society takes bodily possession of a man—actually seizes his life and takes the direction of it wholly out of his hands, because he has been directing it badly—why should it not always systematically and intelligently try to find out what he is really good for, and get him at it?

Society cannot be said to make such an attempt. Mostly it subjects him to a rigidly prescribed, uniform, repressive regimen that is as far from discovering and encouraging any budlet of talent—whether to write a book or drive a dray—as a regimen well could be.

## Income-Tax Reflections

ACCORDING to the 1916 income-tax returns, Chicago and the adjacent territory contain nineteen fortunate individuals whose incomes exceed five hundred thousand dollars a year; in fact, the combined income of the fortunate nineteen was more than fifteen and a half million dollars.

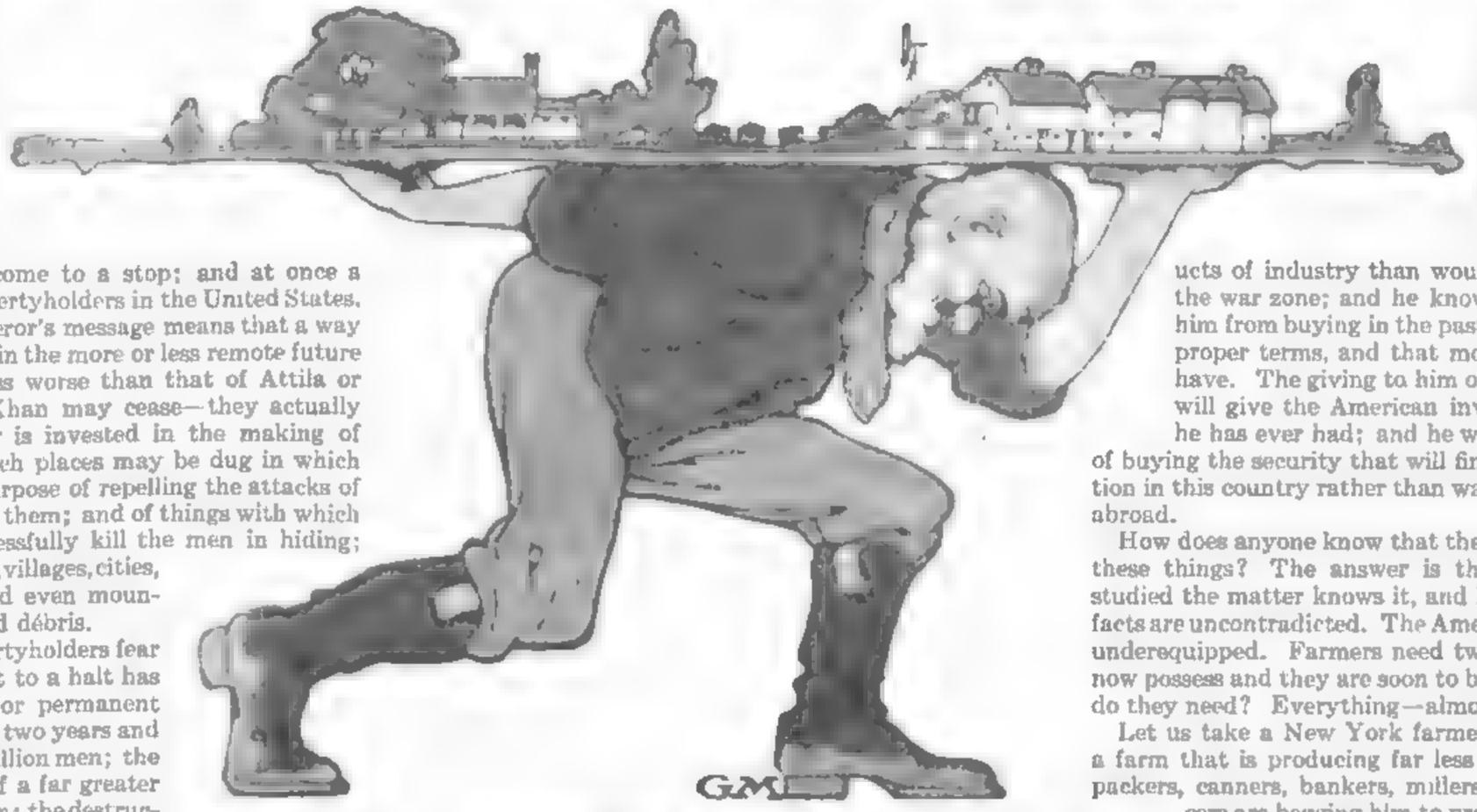
The temptation to moralize upon a condition in which nineteen families receive an income of more than fifteen million dollars is obvious. One may point out that this income would support fifteen thousand average families.

But, for the moment, we prefer to moralize upon something else. Only four thousand persons out of the three millions or more in the revenue district paid tax on incomes from three thousand to four thousand dollars a year; and another four thousand, on incomes from four thousand to five thousand dollars.

Can it be possible that those figures accurately represent the number of persons in the Chicago district receiving net incomes of the amounts stated? We are constrained to doubt it, much as we hate to from one point of view.

It has been a standing feature of income-tax returns that nearly as many people report net incomes from five thousand to ten thousand as from three thousand to five thousand. True, the range is wider; but our surmise is that a great deal of net income under five thousand dollars simply does not get reported; and for roughly practical purposes the income tax begins above the five-thousand-dollar line.

# After the War Orders, What?



By HERBERT QUICK

AS THIS is written, one of the strangest things ever known is taking place in New York. An emperor in Central Europe has sent out a message which remotely hints that the ultimate cataclasm of all the ages may possibly come to a stop; and at once a panic seizes certain propertyholders in the United States. They fear that the emperor's message means that a way may possibly be opened in the more or less remote future by which destructiveness worse than that of Attila or Hyder Ali or Jenghiz Khan may cease—they actually fear it! Their property is invested in the making of things by the use of which places may be dug in which men will hide for the purpose of repelling the attacks of other men seeking to kill them; and of things with which the attackers may successfully kill the men in hiding; things for blowing houses, villages, cities, farms, fields, forests, and even mountains, into fragments and débris.

This work these propertyholders fear may possibly be brought to a halt has resulted in the killing or permanent maiming, within the last two years and a half, of some sixteen million men; the infecting with diseases of a far greater number of men and women; the destruction of moral progress representing a century of slow gains; the wasting of hundreds of thousands of square miles of farms, vilages and cities, formerly the dwelling places of fifty or sixty millions of the most peaceful and best-civilized of human beings; and the wiping out of four or five small nations. And yet, because the progress of the most awful catastrophe in human history may possibly be halted within a measurable time, panic seizes the holders of the stocks in hundreds of American corporations, and we hear of suicides, deaths by apoplexy on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and the wiping out of fortunes in a day.

The War Baby steps out of its cradle and pulls down the house.

One might think that there is nothing for the American factory to do but make things for the war; and yet the average American farm is sorely in need of the products of those very factories. The American farmer is and always has been the best customer of the American manufacturer, the American banker, the American merchant and the American railroad; but he is only half as good a customer as he should be. He will, in the near future—the very near future—enter upon a rapid development of his business; and in doing so will place on the order books of the industries of America three dollars of peace orders for every dollar of the war orders which will cease when the nations faint and call the swoon peace.

### Farmers Cramped for Capital

WHY has the American farmer not developed this business in the past? Because he has not been properly financed. What prospect is there that he will be better financed in the future? The prospect held out by the Federal Farm Loan Act now rapidly going into operation, under which a governmentally supervised system of finance for the farmer is set up alongside the governmentally supervised system of finance for the merchant, manufacturer and city dweller generally. What reason is there for thinking that this will accomplish for American industries the results hinted at above? Perhaps we had better examine the latter question somewhat more in detail.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago there lay in the Territory of Oklahoma enough good agricultural land to make a smallish state, all unoccupied and as bare as Nature made it. It was that part of the present State of Oklahoma which, as distinguished from the old Indian Territory, was called Oklahoma Territory. On a certain day it was to be opened to settlers. It was the most dramatic showing forth ever seen of the value of the business growing out of supplying the wants of a community of farmers.

The prospective farmers lined up along the Kansas line and waited for the drop of the hat, or whatever other signal was given for the great rush. Lined up with them were as many more who sought to establish themselves as merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers, dentists, brokers, real-estate dealers, gamblers, parasites—every walk of life and most of its runnings and creepings being represented. And when the time came for the start away they streamed across the prairie, a rush line a hundred miles long—on horseback, in vehicles, on foot—the strong, the swift and the cunning and provident drawing away from the ruck, who labored along, in dust, disgust and despair, to take what was left after the first comers were served.

The business site in Oklahoma City pointed out to me as the best is now owned by the druggist who located it as the reward of his speed in the Great Rush—and Oklahoma City is a real city now, with a powerful business life, a great population, and everything that any great city possesses. It is a greater city than was Athens in its Periclean Age—greater in everything that makes for better human life. Like Athens it is a commercial city; but, unlike the glory that was Greece, its greatness is based on a recognition of the principle of democracy—I know what some might say about that, but I mean real democracy. It is only one of a galaxy of cities in Oklahoma, all of them resting at bottom on the farmers of that state.

The development of rural life, the supplying of the needs of the farmers, has sown cities over the prairies, not only of Oklahoma but of the whole nation. When a county or so in South Dakota was opened up a few years ago towns a hundred miles off felt the new blood of the farmer trade pulsing through the veins of business, and feel it still; while new towns sprang into being in a month, most of which have been prosperous municipalities ever since. Seattle forged ahead of her competitors when she appropriated the business of being the home port of Alaska, with a new population that was insignificant compared with the settled farm population of any good congressional district in the States. The business of financing the operations of a million new farms would be felt to the very ends of the finger tips of American business life.

Suppose there was discovered a farm population of fifteen or twenty millions, needing everything a farmer must have, which could be annexed to American business—even though these people were at the ends of the earth—how would American business feel about the opportunity? It would go wild with excitement. It would call together its greatest financiers and captains of industry, and give uncounted millions to the task of getting this new business. But suppose that these fifteen or twenty million farmers were here in the United States, all about us, scattered from Maine to California and from Key West to Pembina?

The business would be worth ten times as much as if they were in China or Peru; for they would be farmers whose needs are already understood, living along our own railroads, customers already of our banks, shops and factories; men who pay their bills and to serve whom no study is necessary. But there need be no "suppose" about it. There is the equivalent right here at home of the business needs of from ten to twenty million farmer people, unsupplied, well worked out economically, ready to be adequately financed, and absolutely new as a factor in the commercial, manufacturing and financial world. The business to take the place of the war orders is here, and American business should recognize that fact, instead of going wild over the news of peace offers which are impossible of acceptance. For once the American business man should force himself to see the thing that is obvious. He has gone off on enough wild-goose chases.

The American farmer needs more of the products of industry than would rebuild every ruin in the war zone; and he knows it. All that has kept him from buying in the past is lack of money on the proper terms, and that money he is now going to have. The giving to him of this huge line of credit will give the American investor the best security he has ever had; and he will recognize the wisdom of buying the security that will finance peace and production in this country rather than war, or even development, abroad.

How does anyone know that the American farmer needs these things? The answer is that everybody who has studied the matter knows it, and has long known it. The facts are uncontradicted. The American farm is wretchedly underequipped. Farmers need twice the equipment they now possess and they are soon to be ready to buy it. What do they need? Everything—almost.

Let us take a New York farmer, for instance. He has a farm that is producing far less than it should of what packers, canners, bankers, millers, wool dealers and grocers are begging him to produce. A hundred acres of stony woodland needs a woven-wire fence to keep dogs out, and sheep and hogs in. As permanent pasture it is better than the range lands of the West; but he has never had the money to put it to proper use. A Utah farmer said to the Farm Loan Board in Salt Lake City: "I have never had the money so I could farm as well as I know how." So of the average New York farmer. He knows that practically all his arable land needs lime or underdrainage, or both. He will be in the market within a few years for draintile, shovels, picks, ditching machinery, fencing, building materials of all sorts, nails, lumber, roofing, cement, hardware and glass.

### When There is Money Enough for All

THERE are a thousand like him within the trade territory of his little town. They will develop greater need of short-time credit at the local banks by reason of being supplied with long-time credit through the Federal Land Bank of the district. They will buy more agricultural machinery of all kinds. They will feel safe in doing these things because they know that the use of money on long-time amortized loans will enable them not only to pay the interest and dues on the loans but also to add from two to five hundred dollars a year each to their labor incomes. This addition to the labor incomes of the thousand farmers will be equivalent to a new pay roll of from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars a year. There is not a single one of the old states of this Union that does not possess its own Oklahoma waiting for the opening.

The American business man should study the purposes for which money may be borrowed under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The first purpose is for the funding or refunding of outstanding indebtedness; the second is for the buying of land by the farmer who has none, or the purchase of more by the farmer who has too little—and of these latter there are thousands. The amount of the loan is so limited that the danger of buying land in undesirable large tracts and holding it for speculative purposes does not seem to exist. The speculator does not cultivate his lands; and the Act gives its benefits only to those who are engaged or about to become engaged in the cultivation of the land to be mortgaged. Its financial pressure will be exerted always, therefore, in the direction of making the farmer a better customer for the American business man.

There has long been a strong moral and intellectual pressure in the same direction. If the farmers of the country had been able last year to accept the advice of the farm papers, the agricultural extension workers, the county agents, the farmers' institute lecturers, and of rural economists generally, they would have swamped the business world with orders. They did not accept this advice—not because they were not conscious of its correctness, but because they had not the money to buy, and could not get it at living interest rates or for a time sufficiently long to enable the investment to pay itself.

Thousands of farms in the United States have been studied for the purpose of determining how much equipment in the forms of power, buildings, machinery, live stock, fertilizers, fencing, and the like, is essential in order that the farmer may earn the best possible income. The business man figuring on the coming rush in farm business

may be interested in the methods used in these calculations. The economist first values the land; then the buildings; then the other property used in production on the farm. He takes no account of the products contributed to the family in the form of things consumed by the family, such as house rent, poultry products, vegetables, fruit, and the like—not because they are unimportant, but because to reckon them in would complicate the problem. He charges the farm with interest on the value of the plant, including the land, with taxes, upkeep, depreciation, and the like; credits it with everything sold; and after subtracting the one from the other, and paying the hired farm labor, he calls the remainder the farmer's "labor income."

If he fails to earn interest on his investment at the accepted rate, which in these calculations is usually five per cent, the farmer makes a "minus income"—that is, he gets less than nothing. If his investment is large he may live pretty well on a minus income; but he could do better by selling out and lending the money received—unless mayhap the house rent and the fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter and other truck consumed by the family make up a part or all of the deficit in labor income.

Now fix your eyes on this term "labor income" and note this: Every survey of farms hitherto made shows that there is an optimum ratio between equipment and the whole value of the plant. These investigations show that the money invested on a fully equipped and not over-equipped farm not only pays interest at five per cent on the money necessary fully to equip it but adds to the labor income of the farmer. The facts prove that if he can get money at five per cent, or even six per cent, and spend it in the proper equipment, he will make a profit on his debt.

The farmers know this; and they are preparing to take advantage of the new Federal Farm Loan Act by thousands in order that they may carry out the projects recommended to them by their own experience and urged on them these many years by economists and by the farm press. Every farmer will soon be asking himself whether his ratio of equipment to total property is correct. He may not think of it as the optimum ratio, but that will be the thing he will be feeling about for all the same.

### *Raw Land at Low Prices*

HITHERTO we have been discussing the needs of the six million or so farms now existing in the United States; but the farms that are yearning to be born are quite as important. A survey of the agriculture of the whole country discloses so much undeveloped territory, splendidly adapted to agricultural uses and held out of use by one form or another of hindrance, that the feeling is inevitable that in building great irrigation works for the reclamation of arid tracts we have been far ahead of the actual needs of the agriculture of the nation. Why, one thinks, build expensive dams and entice people from the humid regions, the farming of which they understand, when there is no need of any such project? There may be good reasons, but the scarcity of farming lands is surely not one of them. There are more good acres in New England that ought to be farmed, and are left uncultivated, than in all the reclamation projects of the United States.

Outside the Corn Belt every state has abundant opportunity for the opening up of more farms. The Federal Farm Loan Act is apparently perfectly adapted to the financing of these. Much of this land is covered with stumps and brush—an area larger than all the Corn Belt thus awaits settlement. It is already supplied with railroads, towns, markets and settled government. No pioneering in the old sense is called for. The great landowners have, as a rule, acquired these tracts for purposes other than agricultural—purposes that have, in the main, been accomplished. They are ready to sell; and they must sell at low prices, because the character of the land is such that its value is low. It is low because it is hard to clear and the men who go upon it will be home-makers rather than money-makers, and will have to wait and work for the profits which alone justify high prices for an acre of raw land.

Both the landowners and their prospective land buyers are looking to the Federal Farm Loan Act for the financing of the purchase. The owner will improve the land sufficiently to be able to sell ready-made farms that are so far cleared as to enable the buyer to make a living. This means buildings, livestock, fencing and clearing, which will represent the first ten years' work in the days of our fathers in New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, and will constitute the irreducible minimum that a farmer of the present day will accept as a farm home.

On such a farm the buyer will obtain a mortgage equal to half its value as appraised by a government expert, and turn the money over to the landowner. He will give a second mortgage if necessary for a part or the whole of the balance. When he has cleared and reclaimed twenty acres more he will return to the Federal Land Bank for a larger loan on a new appraisal. Thus, the former farm hand or tenant farmer or factory laborer will be transformed into a farmer who is frequently in the market for more short-time money from the banks, more manufactured articles, more advertised goods, more musical instruments, books, papers, textiles, and merchandise in general.

I know a Western college professor who bought three or four abandoned Connecticut farms and developed them as orchards. He told me that for a generation, so far as he could learn, those farms had not paid the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, near which they are situated, ten dollars a year of originated traffic. Three years ago they were originating freight by the trainload and were responsible for hundreds of dollars of passenger traffic a year. The orchard business, I believe, may be easily overdone; but, so far as general farming is concerned, every cut-over district in the nation is capable of some such transformation as this.

The cut-over lands of the United States need for use in their reclamation more explosives than the munitions factories can make; more machinery than can be absorbed by all the agriculture of Russia, now in the world's eye as a great coming market; more building materials than ruined Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania combined—and our farmers can pay for them. Moreover, there is no need for any struggle in order to get the business. It is our business and cannot be diverted from our industries. What will the establishment of a single farm in the cut-over regions mean for the business of the United States? First, railroad fares in looking the land up. Then more railroad revenues in going to it with the household goods and the live stock.

After that, or preceding it, will come a demand for all the metals, lumber, stone, brick and cement which go into buildings. This means more railroad business. Then comes the fencing, with its demand for steel and lumber. Immediately the farm begins to originate all sorts of business, incoming and outgoing. The home must be furnished. Stump-pulling machinery and explosives must be bought for further clearing. Soon the wheat, cotton, wool, milk, butter, eggs, fruit, pork, beef and forest products begin to move from the farm. The swamp must be drained. Better cattle, hogs and poultry are brought in. That farm has for the first time a bank account, with deposits and borrowings. The dead forest has become alive.

### *Step-by-Step Financing of Farms*

THIS is not a dream; it is just what the people are preparing to do. I could list fifty localities in all sections of the United States in which this work of speeding up the making of the cut-over lands into farms is actually under way, preparatory to the establishment of the Federal Land Banks. Such lands are best financed by the step-by-step system to which the Federal Farm Loan system is adapted. Nothing in the plan is new or untried, and it calls for loans that are perfectly safe. Wherever it has been tried the march of farming improvement has gone on under deforestation conditions with a rush that is unprecedented in changing stump lands to fields. Nor is the establishment of new farms under the impetus of long-time financing confined to the cut-over lands. Old wheat, cotton and tobacco farms are expecting to abandon the one-crop system and adopt safer and more diversified farming. Lands that have become unfit for intensive cultivation through agricultural abuse are to be fenced and made into pastures under careful supervision.

Farmers in the old and rich farming states will build houses for their sons and cut the farm in two or three. Wherever productive improvements have been put off from year to year because repayment of the loan in five years' time was dangerously difficult, the forty-year amortized loan has set the farmer scratching his head and studying. These scratchings and studyings have already resulted in the formation of hundreds and hundreds of National Farm Loan Associations for the borrowing of money on first mortgage under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The greatest buying campaign in manufactured goods this country ever saw is preparing to get under way. Peace is preparing to outdo war in stimulating industry. The quickened pulse of healthful exertion is about to supplant the fevered palpitation of battle.

I do not know how many billion dollars have been furnished by the investors of the United States to the Powers engaged in the present war; but they amount to a staggering sum. These loans were necessary, too, if we were to continue trading with these governments and these peoples. They had not the money with which to buy of us what they needed in munitions, *matériel* of war, and especially foodstuffs and cotton; and if we sold these things to them, as we wished to do, they had to be sold on credit. In these dealings, and the redundant industrial prosperity of our own domestic business, our moneyed classes have accumulated enormous funds of money, much of which is said to be seeking investment in safe and conservative loans. A word of caution has been spoken by the Federal Reserve Board against the too great extension of certain forms of foreign credit.

### *Safe and Sound Home Securities*

THERE will be no need of going abroad for safe and sound securities in the future. The farmers of the United States will offer to the investors of the United States and the world from now on a constantly increasing volume of bonds, issued under government supervision and based on first mortgages, that should take the place of those securities for which one has to go far afield. They will be eagerly sought for by investors—if one may judge by indications that are multiplying at this writing—on their merits, and without any thought on the part of investors as to the public benefits and the stimulus to American industry pointed out in this article; but on a basis of public policy no issue of securities ever had a better claim on American business.

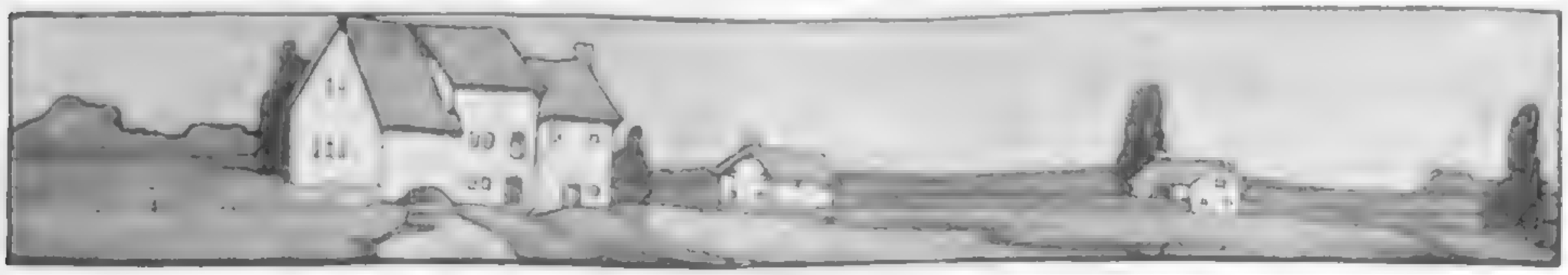
The financing of the buying powers and the buying desires of the American farmer is a safer proposition than the financing of England, France, Italy and Russia in this war. It will develop more business for American factories, banks, merchants and railroads. It will operate to restore the balance between urban and rural life in the United States and thus make for better business forever; while the foreign business has no permanent beneficent effect on American life, but rather tends to stimulate artificial and temporary conditions, which can be normalized only through more or less violent readjustments, like stock-market panics.

The peace business of our farmers, like the war business of Europe, cannot be done on a cash basis. In both cases it must be done on credit. The bonds of the American farmer will soon go on the market alongside the bonds of the European governments. As farsighted financiers, the investors of America should have little hesitation in choosing between them. By investing in the American farm-loan bonds they will fertilize the fields of their own business; while the foreign loan, though necessary perhaps, can operate in the end, like the growing and selling of grain from a farm, only to mine and carry off the soil of American industry.

The field to be developed is almost incomprehensible in its immensity, and lies in the already-covered trade territory of every American manufacturer, merchant, bank and railroad. Maine will call for money to make her a second Wisconsin in staple farming. The great farms of Aroostook County are but the advance guard of a solid agriculture only in its infancy. Maine is a frontier state in part, with the agricultural problems and needs of the frontier; but in the older parts of the state, and in all the rest of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, there is an immense industrial population seeking locations on farms, and plenty of undeveloped lands adapted to grazing, fruit farming, truck and poultry.

One Massachusetts county, through a good county farm bureau, has increased its annual farm production by more than a million dollars a year within the past five years. Every other New England county can do better. All rural New England will soon ask to be financed to a point that will make it master of its own food supply. This is

(Concluded on Page 26)



# "We pick them for *you*!"

All these fresh delicious vegetables we select as carefully as if they were intended for one table alone—and that one, *yours*. You could spend all day in marketing, and another day in preparing and cooking what you buy, yet not produce such a perfectly-balanced food-combination as

# Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines appetizing flavor with wholesome and substantial nourishment.

Think of fifteen different vegetables in one soup! Selected white potatoes from Maine, the best Jersey "sweets," fine rutabaga turnips from Canada, choice carrots of the French type—Chantenay, succulent green okra, "baby" lima beans, small peas, tomatoes, celery, Dutch cabbage, and tender corn are all included in this tempting combination.

We add rice, barley, a little delicate leek and onion, fresh herbs, fine spices, and just a touch of snappy red peppers. And we blend all these with a strong nourishing beef stock and a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni. Every ingredient lends its own distinctive quality of nutrition or palatable savor.

*A good soup once a day at least is positively necessary to the properly-balanced diet.*

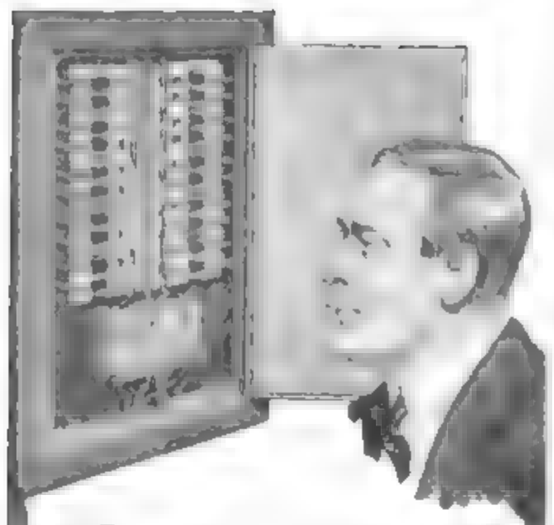
All authorities recognize this fact.

Why should you ever be without a tasty and strengthening soup-course—or why should you ever bother with home-made soup—when you can always have a supply of this satisfying Campbell "kind" at hand on your pantry shelf?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Asparagus | Clam Chowder | Pea |
| Beef | Consommé | Pepper Pot |
| Bouillon | Julienne | Printanier |
| Celery | Mock Turtle | Tomato |
| Chicken | Mulligatawny | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Mutton | Vegetable |
| Clam Bouillon | Ox Tail | Vermicelli-Tomato |

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND WHITE LABEL



"Last year we spent $385 for Fuses

"I know it's insurance—protection against overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges

"But now we can buy that insurance cheaper"

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

reduce this cost wherever electricity is used for power, light or heat.

They save 80% of the annual fuse expense because they can be used over and over again.

When an Economy Fuse has opened the circuit to prevent an excessive current flow, a new "DROP OUT" renewal link, accurately rated, is inserted in a few moments—by anyone. This renews the fuse to its original efficiency—makes it ready again to protect the electric circuit against injury.

The "Drop Out" renewal links are accurately rated and plainly marked. Safety is assured under all conditions. *And the renewable feature saves 80% of fuse maintenance expense.*

Economy renewable Fuses are made in all commercial capacities (either ferrule or knife-blade type, according to your terminal connections). 3 to 1,000 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts.

**Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.**

***Write for booklet giving further details and our sample offer.***

**Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.**
Kinzie & Orleans Sts., Chicago, Ill.

*(Concluded from Page 24)*

quite as much a manufacturing as a farming problem, since wages are determined in the long run by cost of living.

New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Virginias—all these need money for farm development along lines that have been worked out by the farm bureaus and the agricultural experts. They have not the money to farm as well as they know how. New Jersey has half the area of Denmark, and of this about half is only half tilled; and much of it is an actual wilderness that is known to be good farming land if properly developed.

### Plenty of Cheap Land

Nowhere in the world, so far as I know, is so much good land to be found at such low prices situated near such markets, unless it be in the wildernesses surrounding Washington and Baltimore, or in the neglected opportunities of Maine and Massachusetts. All up and down the Appalachian regions are huge holdings of land just passing from lumbering to pasturage and general farming.

Some of these are as good grazing lands as those at the foot of the Juras, on which tenants annually pay three times—in rent as pastures for pure-bred Percherons—what this Appalachian land costs.

In the Carolinas the world's greatest acre-yields of corn have been grown; but cotton is still king and for a long time it must be.

Yet there the demand for loans for the requirements of a better system of farming is keen and in most cases intelligent. The same is true of the Gulf States and Tennessee. Meat and dairy products are in the minds of these farmers, with enough in the garden, the orchard, the pork barrel and the corn crib to support the family in spite of the boll weevil. The agricultural advisers know that cotton must be the cash crop; and they are saying less and less about diversified farming and more and more about "safe farming"—which means practically the same thing, but is less likely to lead the farmer too far afield from known methods.

In Tennessee the great Cumberland Plateau was once supposed not to be worth farming, but it needs only lime and good culture. And the splendid farms in the midst of the "barrens" are proving that opportunity is still present in the "Volunteer State."

Kentucky is stirring with discussion of the need for farm loans. Ohio and Indiana are not without their undeveloped regions and their areas of scanty money supply; while Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have as much undeveloped as developed farming land. Southern Illinois needs loans; and, scattered about through the Corn Belt, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas are centers of interest foreshadowing an active demand for loans if they can be obtained at five per cent or less.

Louisiana and Arkansas are clamorous for loans, many of which will be made to refund mortgages now carried by their banks to the prejudice of the commercial supply of cash.

Texas has everything that any other state possesses, and some things peculiarly Texan—but she has more land looking to the new system for development than any other four states. In all the semiarid region farming is getting on a stable basis. Crops have been found that will mature in spite of drought. Proper farming systems are developed or developing. Live stock is returning to the ranges only, instead of being as large as townships or counties, the holdings are moderate-sized ranches.

Wherever this safe type of farming may be conservatively financed—and the operations of the great insurance companies have shown that these areas are immense—farm loans will be called for, which may be granted with perfect safety for the financing of active demands for manufactured goods, with all their inevitable stimulus to finance and transportation.

This statement applies to all that immense region lying between the one hundredth meridian and the Rocky Mountains, resting on Texas and New Mexico, and topping out with Montana and North Dakota. Thence, all through the intermountain empire lie the regions of small farms and great ranches. In nearly every irrigated region the farmers are already organized to call for loans on land far more valuable by the acre than most of the farms of the highly developed Ohio Valley. If a plan can be worked out for loaning to holders of irrigated land who have Reclamation Service liens on their lands—loaned with perfect safety—they, too, will call upon this system to supply that lack of working capital from which most of them have been suffering ever since they took up their lands. And it looks as if two Government bureaus ought to be able to adjust matters so as to accommodate an important agriculture, and one with peculiarly insistent claims on the Government.

### The Clamor for Funds

The states of the Pacific Coast are clamorous for money. They need it in larger amounts to the acre on much of their land than other farmers in the United States; and where they can show the values justifying loans they may be made with as complete safety as in Iowa or Ohio. I am rather glad to say that, for the present, we need not consider the agricultural demands of Alaska or our insular possessions.

I am glad because in continental United States we have a rather large order. In all these states no class of loans will be considered that are not perfectly safe. In none of them, so far as the writer remembers, did the Federal Farm Loan Board fail to find that the great life-insurance companies or the most conservative loan companies of the Northern States are already making farm loans. There is really very little of the territory that can be said to be "unproved" as loaning territory.

Every farmer borrowing will secure his loan by a first mortgage on two dollars' worth of land to a dollar of loan; and where improvements are considered the value of permanent insured improvements must be five dollars to one. In regions of speculative or overinflated values the loan will be kept within the margin of safety by that provision of the law which makes the productive capacity of the land a principal consideration in appraising. Every farm offered for security must be appraised twice—once by a loan committee of the farmers themselves, and again by an independent appraiser sent out by the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, presumably a loan expert.

The investing public comes in on these loans by the opportunity that will be offered them to buy the Federal Farm Loan bonds. These bonds will be secured by these conservatively placed farm mortgages, dollar for dollar. They will be supported by a Government supervision of both loan associations and land banks, and by the stocks of both and the double liability on the stock of the farm-loan associations this last item amounting to a primary investment of one dollar for every twenty dollars of loan, and a secondary liability of the same amount on the stock of the local associations.

Each of the twelve Federal Land Banks guarantees its own bonds, principal and interest, and each of the twelve land banks is liable on the farm-loan bonds of every other land bank.

### Financing New Business

The bonds will be engraved and printed by the Government, will be protected against counterfeiting by the Secret Service of the United States, and are declared to be instrumentalities of the Government and exempt from all taxation—local, county, municipal, state and national—including the income derived from them. They will, therefore, rank with Government bonds as securities; and should rank higher than many Government bonds, since each of them is secured by every farm mortgage in the system.

They should ultimately sell at as low a rate, for instance, as the Philippine bonds; for no one is likely to rank the obligations of the Philippine Insular Government, with no guaranty by the United States, as better than the farm-mortgage bonds of the Federal Farm Loan system. As a matter of fact, land bonds in Germany and other foreign countries have for many years sold at a rate of interest about as low as and sometimes lower than the bonds of their respective governments. At first, of course, they sell at a rate somewhat higher than the ultimate rate predicted here.

### A Buying Campaign

It is not, however, as an opportunity for the investor or the farmer that I am here considering this new system. I am presenting it as a plan for financing the greatest volume of new business for the American industrial world ever offered to a people. The farming world of the greatest agricultural people on earth will be issuing governmentally supervised securities to get the money for a buying campaign hitherto unprecedented.

It will be a buying campaign, not for luxuries, not for unproved things, but for instruments of production that will swell high the tide of commodities in future years; for the carrying out, in the main, of projects of production which have been shown advisable by both farm experience and the researches of experts and specialists.

And, no matter how great this investment may become, it will never be the cause of such panics and scares as those which, as this is written, convulse our boards of trade. A man must be indeed a bear on the United States who doubts its safety—and that sort of bear always goes broke.

# California Raisin Pie

## The Energy-Dessert

### For Down-Town Lunches; or At Home

In these high-pressure days when wits are needed, we are eating lighter midday lunches. Heavy meals stupefy. Efficiency in food means efficiency in business.

Lunch rooms and restaurants are featuring dishes that provide vitalizing food values in concentrated forms. Note how they are serving raisins.

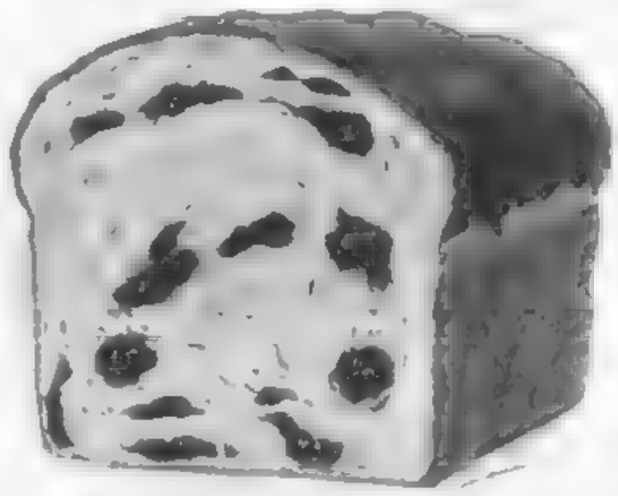
Raisins are 76% carbohydrate—sugar in the form of fructose, energizing, predigested. So the good that comes from raisins is ready for its work in the body long before that from ordinary foods.

Sun-Maid Package Raisins for Home-Baked California Raisin Pie and other uses.

***Mother, treat the family to this*** delicious California Raisin Pie, made with **Sun-Maid Raisins.** It's an energizing food for active children—both *good* and *good for them*. You can buy these raisins in fresh packages from any grocer. Order them today.

**California Raisin Pie Recipe.** 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins; 1 cup cold water; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 tablespoon cornstarch; 1 level teaspoon salt.

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil. Add sugar, salt and cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water. Boil three minutes. Pour into pie tin, which has been lined with crust, while hot. Cover and brush with cold milk. Bake in oven with quick bottom heat. Lemon flavor may be added if desired.



## *California RAISIN BREAD*

### Made with SUN-MAID Raisins

For two years we have advertised that good bakers everywhere are making Raisin Bread after our prize formula which includes Sun-Maid Raisins.

Increase of Sun-Maid Raisins in Raisin Bread during that period has doubled nearly six times.

Thus people have shown that they like California Raisin Bread better than any other.

Ask your baker today for a loaf to try. You too will want this bread on your table daily.

Write for our beautiful free recipe book describing scores of ways to serve healthful raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO. (*Membership Fifty Growers*)
Fresno, California

San-Tox

# The Face which guides to Service

Service is today's watchword. Service is the watchword of our San-Tox Nurse—service by the druggist in whose store she is—service in the quality of every San-Tox preparation sold.

Is not the San-Tox druggist's offer to return the money on any San-Tox preparation which fails to give utter satisfaction a service such as you would have? Is not such supreme confidence in San-Tox itself an *added* service to you?

For does it not indicate one whose ideals are to be relied upon in every business dealing you have with him?

Such is the "service of purity"—symbolized by the San-Tox Nurse at each San-Tox druggist's window And that purity speaks in the singular effectiveness of each San-Tox preparation.

All the cleansing wholesomeness possible to the *best* tooth paste is yours with San-Tox Tooth Paste.

All the soothing, beard-softening quality possible to shaving lather is yours with San-Tox Shaving Cream.

And San-Tox Shaving Lotion has a tonic, cool refreshment peculiar to itself alone; San-Tox After-Shave Talcum a smooth, perfecting completeness characteristic of San-Tox purity throughout the whole wide range of San-Tox preparations

"San-Tox for Purity"—a purity which cannot be cut in price for it will not be cut in quality

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

De Pree Chicago

*This Drug Store Sign* THIS IS THE San-Tox DRUG STORE *Means Better Service*

THIS is DIMUNETTE, one quarter actual size. Fully protected by patents, easy to operate, extremely light in weight, of handsome brushed bronze effect and solid construction. It gives all the protection of high priced machines, and will last forever.

$7.50

IN CANADA $10.

How many check-thieves handle *your* checks?

WHAT happens to your checks between the time you sign them and the time the bank returns them? Do you know the character of all the employes of the firms who receive your checks? Do you know that endorsing your check over to a third party is not an uncommon practice? Who finally cashes your checks? Do you know that mail pouches travelling between banks en-route for collection have been stolen, broken open and their contents scattered broadcast?

Think of these things and then think that for $7.50 invested in a Dimunette you can at last get the same kind of protection that the banks themselves employ—the kind that is endorsed by the American Bankers Association—Standard Protection—a process that breaks the paper and forces acid-proof ink into the fibre—for $7.50! Think of it! Can you afford *not* to think of it?

If you have the slightest difficulty in securing the Dimunette of your stationer or office supply dealer, send check, money order or draft to us and we will gladly supply you, charges prepaid.

DEFIANCE CHECK WRITER CORPORATION

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Defiance Check Writer Corp.
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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find (Check / Money Order / Draft) for $7.50 for which please send one Dimunette, delivery free.

Name

Address


# Waiting in the Wilderness—By Enos Mills

THEY were a pair of hairy woodpeckers apparently engaged in examining a dead aspen. As it was nesting time I lingered to watch them. After taking a number of grubs from beneath the bark of the tree the birds centered their woodpecking work at one spot.

Mrs. Woodpecker pecked a number of tiny holes or dots, forming a circle about two inches in diameter. Then she pecked and hammered away within this circle. Presently this space began to take on the form of a doorway or entrance hole to a nest. The nesting hole was about six feet above the ground, in the trunk of a fourteen-inch aspen. Chips and broken bits flew. The birds worked rapidly, one at a time. While Mrs. Woodpecker worked, her mate watched near by and tried two or three times to take a hand, but she thrust him aside and kept on pecking and hammering until at last she grew tired and his turn came. After three hours a sizable impression was made in the tree, and both birds flew away into the aspen grove. I waited half an hour, but they did not come back. After spending more than an hour looking over a beaver house on the bank of a brook, distant a stone's throw, I returned to the aspen, but the woodpeckers were still away.

The aspen grove in which these birds were working stood within the seclusion of a mountain forest. By it ran the brook from west to east. To the north of the brook, behind the aspen grove, a spruce forest covered the slope. On the south of the brook a pine woods stretched away. Just below the grove, between the pine woods and the brook, was a grassy opening with a pile of bowlders. Through the grove daily passed numerous wild folk besides those who lived in and near it.

Busy was the life in the woods. I had frequent glimpses of wild-life folk, an occasional view of a one-act play in which any number of performers took lively part. Among the birds and small animals there were comedies, courtships, feasts, fights and frolics.

Close to me at one time a weasel, aggressive as a lion, killed a number of mice; and at another time I saw a weasel kill a chipmunk. All these things took place in a bit of the wild across which a primitive man could have hurled his spear.

The unexpected often happened. The hours never dragged; they were enlivened by constant incidents and episodes. Again and again I enjoyed this primeval, poetic place for hours, while I sat unmoved and watchful in the scene. Often I lay on a log or on the ground, or hid in the bushes, or sometimes simply stood like a stump. Wherever I might be, without moving I let ants crawl over me and insects bite me as they would. Frequently there was a shower of rain. When not accompanied by wind or lightning the rain had a softening, subduing effect upon all of the already quiet forest sounds.

### *The Work of Eleven Days*

Two days after I had first observed them, I found the woodpecker homemakers working industriously in the hole, which was now more than three inches deep. Only a part of the chips flew out of the hole as they were cut; the rest were swept out from time to time by Mr. Woodpecker. This feat he performed by leaning back and turning his head quickly, his bill acting as the broom.

Woodpeckers often select the aspen for a nesting site, probably because of its soft, easily worked wood. Frequently they take dead, partly decayed trees, which are most tractable for nest making and are often filled with grubs, ants and other woodpecker food.

By the fifth day the woodpeckers had cut the hole to a depth of about seven inches. The workers continued at their task, and when it was finished the nest was of average size. Seven inches in the tree the entrance way curved downward into the trunk to a depth of about twelve inches, the lower section having a diameter of six inches. All this was the work of eleven days.

The woodpecker's nest is one of the cleanest and safest and probably the most continuously comfortable of all birds' nests. It keeps out the rain and excludes the extremes of cold and heat. It is perhaps less likely to be discovered by enemies than the nest of any other bird. Rarely does an accident befall it. What a strange, cunning place for young birds to grow up in! How interested they must be the first time they climb up and from the doorway peek into the strange wilderness world!

### *Successive Tenants of the Nest*

Nearly a month elapsed before I was again in the aspen grove. When I tapped lightly on the woodpeckers' tree four agitated bills were thrust out of the doorway. But as they saw nothing to eat, the four red-topped youngsters withdrew their bills and, I suppose, settled back to the bottom of the nest. Presently one of the old birds appeared, and instantly bills receivable were again presented through the doorway. After feeding one of the youngsters the old bird eyed me for a moment with a peculiar look—suggesting curiosity, however, rather than fear. It flew away, and a moment later its mate arrived with a grub in its bill.

I missed the pleasure of seeing the young woodpeckers leave the nest and make their baby start in the wooded world. But one October day I was back in the grove and paused to watch, as usual, the continuous though ever-changing performances. While I was standing near the nest tree a busy chipmunk climbed up and peeped into the deserted woodpecker nest. Then he climbed up a few feet higher, went round the tree and came back to the nest. After several times thrusting in his head and forefeet—each time withdrawing quickly and retreating almost to the grass—he finally found courage and bravely entered. Out rushed a frightened field mouse. A few moments later the chipmunk thrust out his head, and with feet on the edge of the entrance hole he looked round like a young lion. The nest became his winter quarters. One day, a month later, I saw him again thrust his head from this adopted nest. Tracks in the snow at the foot of the tree showed that occasionally he came out.

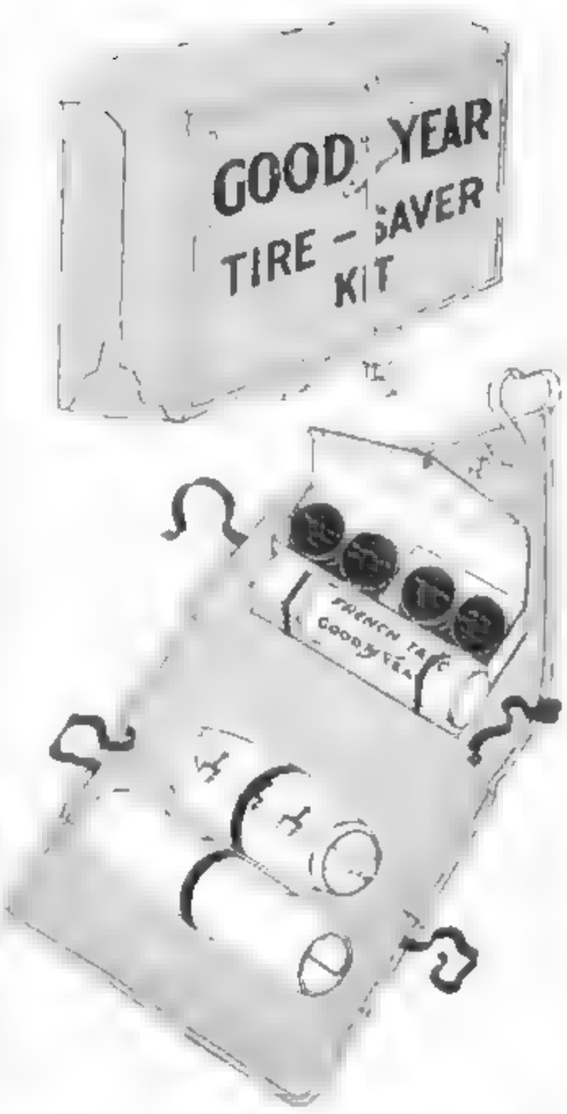
The following May, when I called, a pair of bluebirds were striking and beating at the chipmunk, who was clinging to the tree trunk near the nest entrance. The chipmunk finally leaped off and retreated into the grove, with the birds in pursuit. Again and again I came to linger at my old place. During the summer five baby bluebirds were raised in this nest. After they were safely brought off and taken in charge by Mr. Bluebird, the mother bird again filled the nest with eggs.

I did not get round to the place again until summer was over. When I did return, the chipmunk who occupied it the previous year, or some chipmunk of the same species and about the same size, was in the nest. More likely it was the same one, for when I threw a peanut to him he made haste to pick it up—a trick he had learned during my visits the year previous.

The next spring when I first went into the grove I heard a wren singing with all his might. What busy, happy, aggressive and confiding little folk wrens are! I was glad when I found that Mr. and Mrs. Wren would keep house for the summer in the woodpecker nest. They had a robin for a near neighbor. The robin's nest was on the top of a high, broken pine stump. Often while I lay or stood watching the wrens a camp bird—the Rocky Mountain gray jay—came to see me, and plainly came with the hope that I should have a bite of something to offer. Of all the other birds that I have seen, none, on first sight, is so trustful of man as is the camp bird.

That winter and the following summer I often saw a tiny owl come out of the woodpeckers' old nest. A pair of owls, I think, must have been nesting there. Anyway, for more than a year it was their wooden-walled home.

That year a pair of woodpeckers, which I think were the same that I had watched two years before, had a nest in the upper


An Easy Mind Goes With It

Not one householder in a thousand ever requires the services of a policeman. Yet every householder gladly pays taxes to support a police department, purely for protection's sake. The comfort of such protection far outweighs the cost.

Not every motorist requires the services of a repairman on the road—few do, in fact. But every motorist feels the *possibility* of needing such services—the lurking fear of tire trouble rides in every car.

In every car, that is, which does not carry a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

For in the cars that do carry this Kit, tire trouble is out of mind—the driver knows he is prepared for any emergency. He may never use the Kit, but he gets the comfort from its protection—day in and day out.

It is a handy package, this Kit—containing all essential first-aids-to-tires: tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and the like—complete and compact.

Its cost is trivial when you consider the peace of mind it brings.

*Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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GOODYEAR
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Starts Your Motor on the FIRST Turn!

No Matter How Cold the Weather

That is just what the Imperial Primer is designed to do on any car in the coldest weather. Drivers of old cars use the Imperial Primer the year 'round to insure

It is but one device located on the dash of the car and sucks up gasoline from the main line

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BRAKES lined with Testbestos work smoothly and instantly. There's no grinding, "chattering" jolt—just an easy, perfect stop without any sense of strain to the driver.

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end of the aspen grove. I stood near their home a number of times. As they allowed me to approach more closely than other hairy woodpeckers I believe they were my former acquaintances. Though birds of this species often use the same nest for successive summers, or even occupy the abandoned nest of other woodpeckers, this pair had made a new one in a tree in which there was an abandoned nest.

In the upper end of the grove another pair of hairy woodpeckers had a nest. It was nearly twenty feet above the ground. Evidently this pair had used their nest for three summers in succession. A short distance down the brook I one day came upon an abandoned woodpecker nest probably that of a sapsucker. It was not more than three feet above the ground. Two summers later it was occupied by a pair of hairy woodpeckers.

One day, hearing a rather alarmed "peek, peek," and thinking that something was happening to one of the woodpeckers, I made haste to the brook, where I saw two kingfishers looking upstream. The alarm cry of these birds is very like that of the hairy woodpecker. There on a log sat a mink, evidently the cause of the excitement. The view I had of these kingfishers' heads, as they stood up, reminded me of the heads of two football players. Returning from this inspection I was astonished to see a flicker alight on the side of the nest tree and take a peek into the doorway of the woodpecker nest. The arrival of one of the bird owners made him take a hurried leave.

There are three hundred and fifty known species of woodpeckers in the world. They are found nearly everywhere that there are trees, and in a few treeless places. I believe that there are no woodpeckers in Australia. Of the twenty-five species found in North America one of the smaller and more common is the hairy woodpecker. He is a valuable bird and saves many a tree from insect death.

The Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker has a length of about nine inches. Although he is whitish beneath, with grayish legs, the general effect when he is at rest is blackish. The outer tail feathers are white tipped, and the wings show spots of white. Just above and below the eye is a narrow white stripe, and a narrow white-and-red stripe crosses the back of the head. The youngsters commonly have a reddish top.

The food of the hairy woodpecker consists of wood borers, spiders, moths, ants and occasionally berries. Though they summer and nest in high altitudes—often nearly eleven thousand feet above sea level—they commonly descend the mountains with the approach of winter and spend the cooler months among the foothills. The Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker is not so fond of living in orchards and being near people as is his cousin the downy. Although human visitors to his home region do not annoy him he plainly enjoys the seclusion of pathless forests.

### *The Skunk Family Takes a Walk*

These woodpeckers probably mate for life, and they are quietly devoted, enjoying each other's company without demonstration. For a week or two in late spring Mr. Hairy Woodpecker is noisy enough. He simply fills the woods with drumming, drumming.

He calls and calls merrily, with many a change of tone. Often it is keak-keak-keu'-kick-kick, whit-whit-whit-whi-wi- . But as soon as the white eggs are laid—there are from three to six—he does his full share of incubating them.

I was standing in an open space one day, watching the movements of a squirrel, when I chanced to see coming toward me Mrs. Skunk and three pretty little skunkies. The only time thus far that I had flinched and hastened from the scene was the day that a swarm of bees thought to light upon me. As these skunks came closer it looked as though I might move shortly. They were walking leisurely, apparently going to a definite place, and all carried their tails elevated at a decorative social angle. Naturally I did not wish to dispute their right to the trail. I held my ground from sheer will power. But they concluded to take a little passageway about six feet in front of me. I stood like a statue to watch them go by. In passing, Mrs. Skunk tilted her head and looked at me out of one eye, but, without changing her pace or saying anything to the children, kept on her way. Nothing happened, but never before did I borrow so much trouble in a few seconds. About thirty feet beyond me Mother Skunk paused and dug out a mouse.

Squirrels were about. One lived in the pines to the south of my watching place; another a short distance to the north. Both of these were Fremont squirrels. This little gray fellow is closely related to the Douglas squirrel of California. He is one of the smallest of the squirrel family. He is fiery, curious and wide-awake. He has as much courage and individuality to his inches as any animal I have ever seen. I often heard one of these squirrels as he clucked, chattered, or talked to himself. Occasionally he denounced with terrific violence a passing animal or intruder.

The first few days that I watched proceedings here the squirrel nearest to my station showed immense curiosity. He was unable to make out what I was about. One day he rushed at me and with a savage outburst threatened either to devour me or to kick me off his premises. As I remained silent and motionless he paused in astonishment. Then he backed up and eyed me eagerly. Again he tried bluff and denunciation. At last, doubtless wondering why I was not moving and whether I should remain long, he gave it up, climbed into his tree and proceeded with his own affairs.

On the day when a swarm of bees started to light upon me I made a lively retreat. This disturbed Mr. Squirrel. He broke out in volleys of peppery chatter that lasted for two or three minutes; then he subsided and sat looking at me. I imagined that he might be thinking or saying to himself, "Well, for the life of me, this is something I cannot understand!"

From dawn until dusk I once watched the activities of this fellow. Though he was sometimes temporarily out of sight I waited, wondering what the next move would be.

He climbed into the tree tops and cut off cones, which fell, bounced and rolled away and appeared to try to land where he could not find them. Often he stopped to look and listen and make sure that no outsider was capturing his cones.

### *The Busy Life of the Forest*

My squirrel friend had a sad end. Lightning one day struck a tree, used by him on the south side of the stream, and killed him. The bolt literally knocked the head off of this tree; and it threw half a dozen young birds out of a nest in a tree near by. Evidently this other tree had been struck twice before. A few years previously a bolt had run down one side, bursting the bark. Through this break a number of beetles made their way, to begin work on the vitals of the tree. But Chief Surgeon Woodpecker was often there, and in a length of sixteen feet along this broken trunk had made sixteen holes and had probably removed many a borer.

Once I saw a large, dignified mountain sheep walk quietly across the grassy opening. He did not see me. On reaching the farther edge of the opening he turned about, recrossed the opening to the bowlder pile and leaped upon it. After remaining there statuesque a while, he reëntered the woods, stood for a moment, and then disappeared.

It was impossible to feel lonesome. Eyes and ears were kept busy, for the show went ever on. It was a one-ring, a three-ring, sometimes a six-ring show all at once. Too often a number of extra-good things were going on together. A squirrel would be up to something, while at the same instant two chipmunks would be having a boundary-line dispute. Along with these a robin might be noisy and pessimistic over something that may not have happened, while a rare warbler that I wanted to see was darting about in the tree tops, and a porcupine was waddling by with dull deliberation.

The birds on the other side of the brook one afternoon set up a great ado, as if some enemy were about to raid them or some other terror were nigh. Of them all the most excited and pessimistic was the mother robin. She flew and darted about without getting anywhere, all the time predicting the worst possible calamity. When things had almost calmed down a broad-tailed humming bird came flying by, scolding hard, plainly much put out because of all this unnecessary hullabaloo. After darting about me for some seconds, with her burnished body flashing and beadlike eyes shining, she alighted like any bird on a neighboring limb. This midget made a comical appearance, aping, as it seemed, all the poses of a real-size bird.

*(Concluded on Page 33)*

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(Concluded from Page 30)

Once I looked round just in time to see a coyote leap forward and land upon the grass with forepaws together. Presently he thrust in his nose and pulled out a mouse. At this instant he caught sight of me and edged off sideways, eying me intently. He was not frightened; but apparently he could not make out what I was or what I was doing. He passed, doubled and repassed near by. Then he circled, and when he caught my scent he sniffed the air, but still was not alarmed. He stayed to watch, like a boy in no hurry who had found something new. In the edge of the opening he stretched out on his stomach with his head toward me. Occasionally his nostrils twitched a little, but at no time did he look upon me with fear or suspicion. Soon sounded a whack from the near beaver pond, as if a beaver had dived; and a second later came muffled footfalls through the forest from the opposite quarter. These alarms caused Mr. Coyote to leap up all alert, and presently he hastened away among the shadows.

A number of deer came to visit the place. After eying me closely from a distance of thirty or forty feet they lingered to look round and to take an occasional bite to eat. They were curious about me, but were perfectly at ease, for they had not scented me. Another day three deer, which had not seen me, suddenly caught scent of me and were off instantly. Most animals rely upon their nose for chief scout duty—to tell them when to flee for safety. Deer, beavers and sometimes other animals, which saw me without scenting me, simply took a brief look, then continued their affairs in a normal manner; but usually when they scented me before seeing me they were alarmed and thought that "safety first" required speed.

A mother grouse and her family of youngsters came along while I was sitting on a log. I kept perfectly still. One of the youngsters jumped up on the log and started toward me. Two or three walked close to me, and some of the others passed between my legs and the log. Evidently they took me for a bump or a stump. The mother bird was behind, walking vigilantly and with stately dignity. The youngster on the log came up to me and pecked at a button on my coat. I turned to look. This told the mother that I was alive. It suggested danger. She instantly flung herself at me and struck me a slap on the side of the head. Dropping back she again lunged and beat me with her wings. Her brave behavior was very like that of a hen in defense of her chicks.

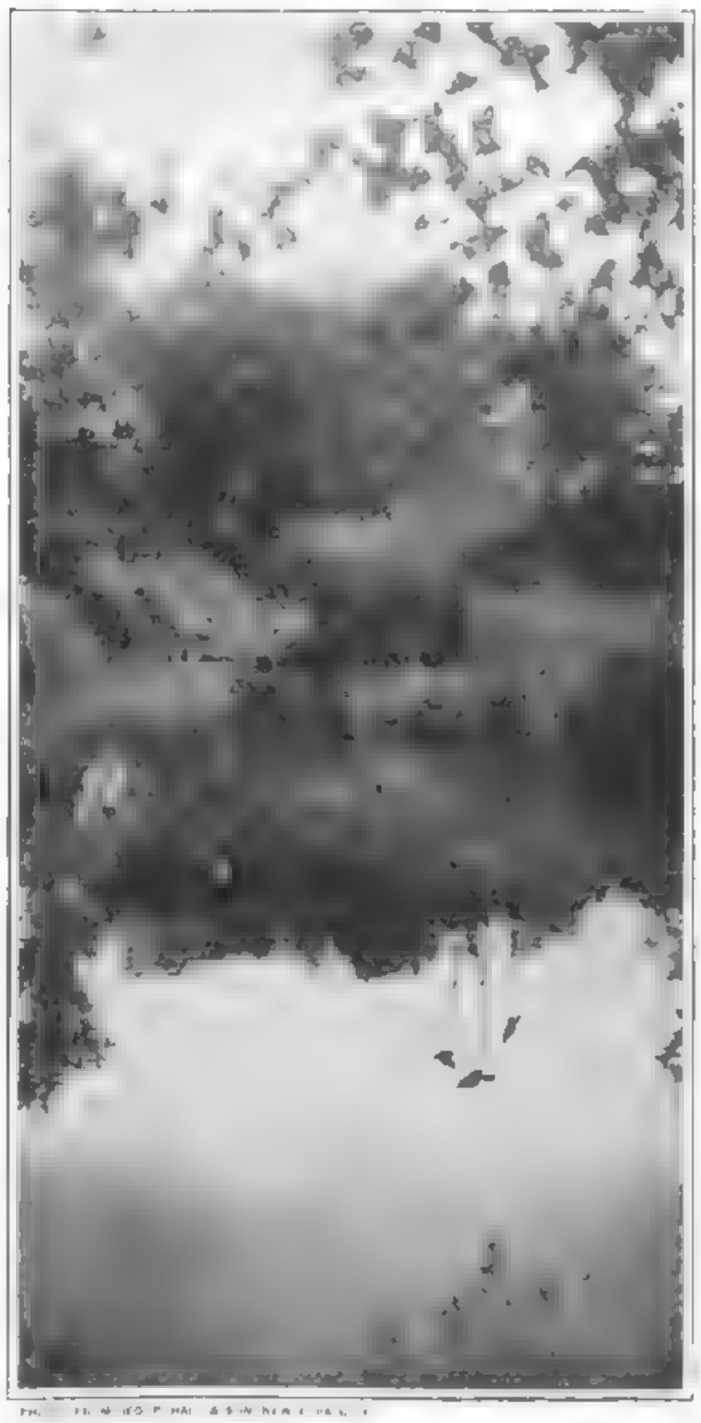
### A Call From a Coyote

Once, just before sundown, a solitaire lighted on a tall spruce top and poured forth his elemental and eloquent song. It was divinely beautiful in the evening hush of the wilderness. He sang with all his melody and all his might. Often in his enthusiasm he hurled himself upward or outward from the tree top, then settled or returned on easy, outstretched wings, singing all the time. No song that I ever have heard so harmonizes with the silences and the feeling of a mountain wilderness or so completely puts one in tune with the universe as the marvelous melody of this thrush.

Momentarily one day I took my eyes from the woodpeckers. A rabbit came hopping along, completely unmindful of my presence, passed me and presently disappeared among the trees. A minute later a soft-footed coyote came following on the rabbit's trail. Though so near he evidently did not see me, but hurried along and disappeared behind an old pine. I do not know what happened.

On another occasion a flutter of wings and a chirp caused me to turn. Near me a little chickadee was working away at a hole in a dead snag. He was just in the act of spitting out a mouthful of dead wood. Here was another nest builder.

Once a black bear came along and stopped under the pines on a knoll not far from me. Here he rolled over an old ant-filled log. Out rushed ferociously about a million ants. The bear licked these up rapidly, and then looked round with a pleased expression on his face. Presently he came a little closer to me and dug out a mouse. Then he flushed a number of grasshoppers; but in leaping into the air and striking at one of these on the wing he scented me and at once beat a retreat.



One day I left my old watching place and climbed the heights. As usual I moved quietly and slowly, and once on the margin I paused to look round. Lying near a spring in the center of the terrace was a deer—a doe. As I watched her, she nibbled at the plants round where she lay. From the position of one of her legs I judged that it was broken—probably by a bullet. Suddenly the wind warned her that a deadly enemy was near. Instantly she leaped up, forgetful of her broken bones. She stood and smelled, but without discovering me. Watching my chance I slipped away. I had not gone far before darkness advised stopping. I spent the night by a fire, without any bedding.

Next morning, advancing in the breeze I climbed up to watch the doe. She lay still nearly all day. Most of the time her ears moved nervously about as she caught sounds from this way and that. When an eagle soared overhead she showed much uneasiness, but moved only eyes and ears. In midafternoon she was startled by the fall of a rock mass down one of the crags near by. A short time after this some mountain sheep appeared on the sky line above, posed, and looked quietly round. From the actions of the sheep the doe evidently concluded that all was well. She struggled slowly to her feet, giving a low call as she arose. Soon I knew that a fawn was having a warm meal. I do not know where the fawn had been hidden. Realizing that the deer should not be disturbed for some days I moved on to enjoy other scenes and left her in possession.

Among the actors who came on the scene at the place where I next watched were a bear and her two boyish cubs. A peppery, curious Fremont squirrel in a tree near by saw them appear. He ceased work, eyed them for a time with lively curiosity, then with apparent contempt. At last he went on with his work, without voicing a protest until later when the cubs engaged in a playful scuffle.

Mother Bear lumbered along under the trees, unaware or indifferent that the squirrel, apparently in his own estimation one of the most ferocious animals in the wilds, might leap down upon her. At one place she stopped, thrust a forepaw beneath the upturned roots of a fallen tree and with a lift and a push thrust the heavy, bulky mass aside. She licked the earth a few times, probably to pick up some bugs or ants, and then started on.

The cubs dropped behind and began digging; they were having a beautiful time. Mother paused, looked, and went back to see what it was all about. They were working with great zest, and she apparently supposed that they had scented something worth while. In the rudest manner she pushed each aside, smelled in the hole, found nothing, and at once started on. The cubs followed.

They came so close to me that I thought surely they would either see or smell me, but they passed me by unnoticed, and a short distance away found chokecherry bushes on the side of a ravine. Mother Bear at once began feasting on the puckery ripe berries. Evidently she cared nothing for conservation, for she crushed down and bit off the bushes. She rose on her hind feet, and with mouth and claws together grasped at the laden ends of the branches. Limb-ends, leaves, berries—all were devoured.

But chokecherries evidently were a dessert for which her youngsters did not care. The berries may have been new to them. At any rate two bites satisfied them. Dessert they surely did not need, for the bulging, rounded little stomachs plainly indicated many helpings of other eatables. Even a bear cub can be filled up.

For a time they lay and relaxed in the sun. Then they rose, stood up and showed off. They struck out like green, awkward boxers. They struck at nothing, sometimes with both paws held low and at an angle, and sometimes with one paw held high. Then they had a wrestling match—clinching, hugging and rolling. Their first belligerent attitude brought rather a vehement protest from the squirrel, which, however, quickly subsided and became a silent spectator. A camp bird also looked on, watching them from the limb of a pine. He observed closely, but he did not appear enthusiastic over the exhibition.

What a number of incidents in this little area! Quite as many may also happen in countless other small spaces. Often I wondered about things that took place when I was away; what quiet, interesting, unseen incidents that I never even suspected were ever occurring.

The aspen grove round the woodpeckers' nest was made up of trees from six to fifteen inches in diameter and from thirty to sixty feet high. Most of their bark was milk white. Under the trees were a few bushes, but mostly grassy spaces in which violets, columbines, harebells, gentians and other flowers bloomed.

In summer, butterflies with painted wings floated and circled over the sunny opening. Rarely did they fold their wings and light. Occasionally one came floating through the woods, following a fairy avenue. Its bright beautiful color gave a charm and an illumination to the forest gloom. Bees visited the flowers, and occasionally a bumblebee buzzed hurriedly through, as if in desperate haste to reach a certain place and knowing well where he was bound for. Grasshoppers, too, in the autumn days enlivened the place. Occasionally a huge fellow leaped out of the grass. A crackling, and the flash of color like a fairy rocket, and he settled back.

### The School of Nature

Often I was in the grove when the snowflakes fell, and saw the colored leaves fall one by one. Grandly the moon shone in these scenes. Early morning and evening lights under the trees and through the woods were strange and beautiful. They put the trees at their best and in attitudes different from those shown in the downpouring light of midday.

The aspen grove where I frequently watched the manners and customs of our wild kindred was a much better place in which to study natural history than that afforded by any zoo. I wish that a company of boys and girls might have been with me. How they would have enjoyed these real Nature stories! I am sure they would have been happy. But, thanks to the Audubon Society, to other organizations and to numerous individuals, boys and girls are beginning to watch, enjoy and receive the benefits of knowing the wild people of the woods, who dress in fur and feathers.

John Muir, in writing of his boyhood experiences, says: "The animals about us were a never-ending source of wonder and delight. Nature was wooingly teaching her wonderful lessons so unlike the dismal grim ashes and cinders so long thrashed into us. There, without knowing it, we were in school."

Yes, Mother Nature conducts a delightful outdoor school, and it is open every day of the year. Wherever there is a bit of wildness there are pretty certain to be numerous interesting little wild people. Of course bird reservations are even better places for this kind of schooling and fun. But the greatest of all places for these advantages are our national parks.

Surely one of the best pastimes for children—for anyone—is to wait at a wild-life center and watch the ways of its residents and of its visitors. To do this is pleasant self-discipline. It is constructive. It keeps the eyes open and the senses alert. It gives material for thought and compels thinking. It arouses the imagination and wakes up the creative faculties. The faculty of keen observation, the ability to see accurately and the incentive to watch for things that may happen round us add much to every outdoor day. Such happy experiences as these truly enrich life.

# How a paper of pins and a pencil filled a great business need

In a little old store in a Missouri town, a struggling business man learned one day that he had lost an order because "Central" had, through error, reported his telephone "busy" to a hurried customer.

This happened more than a quarter of a century ago, but this petty business loss, this incident that had occurred to others many times before—and since—was the first step toward the solution of one of the big problems of big business.

This man's loss set him to thinking, and his thoughts led him to realize that as long as human operators were used in establishing connections, there would always be human mistakes—that perfect telephone service required a system by which connections could be secured mechanically instead of manually. Day after day he pondered the problem and with a paper of pins, a pencil and an old round collar box, he devised a crude model of a machine which if it could be perfected, would do the work of the operator better and more accurately than the human hand.

Men laughed—as they had laughed at Galileo, Columbus, Morse, Westinghouse, Marconi, Edison. But still the dreamer worked over his pins and pencil and collar box, and thought of the days when business would no longer be hampered by false "busy" signals and wrong numbers.

At last the visionary met the one man who could and would undertake to make his dream come true—Joseph Harris, a man of affairs—with vision. Young and daring, Mr. Harris examined the home-made model and did not laugh, he listened and did not reply "impossible."

Realizing that his own ability lay in organization and finance, Mr. Harris induced a powerful Eastern concern to investigate the possibilities of mechanical telephoning, and the man chosen to make the study was A. E. Keith—still in his twenties, but already a commanding figure in the field of electrical development.

Mr. Keith came, he saw, and was conquered by the idea. Resigning a connection which gave every promise of success and power, he plunged at once into the task of overcoming the enormous technical difficulties that stood in the way of making the dream a reality. For months he worked with incredible concentration—eighteen to twenty hours a day—and gradually the apparatus destined to make telephoning perfect took shape.

Meanwhile Mr. Harris, with equal devotion to purpose, was marshaling capital and building a manufacturing and selling organization for this creation which, he foresaw, must inevitably become a giant among the instrumentalities of modern business. * * *

All this happened many years ago, and today Mr. Harris is President and Mr. Keith Chief Engineer of Automatic Electric Company, the great organization solely devoted to the manufacture of the Automatic Telephone. This equipment is known in all parts of the world. The Governments of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Canada, Australia, have all investigated it, approved it, adopted it.

Such institutions as Krupp of Germany, the French Ministry of War, the British Admiralty, the Suez Canal Company, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and hundreds of exchanges in cities of all sizes throughout the world have installed the telephone *without an operator*, and now enjoy telephone service free from the imperfections of the "human factor."

But perhaps the most significant development in the history of the Automatic Telephone has been its whole-hearted adoption by business concerns for interior telephone service.

Executives, engineers and efficiency experts have discovered that this equipment, which has proved so excellent for city use, is ideally adapted to service exclusively within their organizations. They have found that the Automatic Telephone not only saves eighteen seconds on every call made—a week a year for every Automatic user—but that it is so easy and convenient to use that whereas men used to walk instead of talk, with consequent confusion and loss of time, they now turn to the Automatic Telephone, not only in emergencies, but for carrying on the everyday routine of their work.

Its absolute secrecy and unvarying uniformity, the impossibility of its giving wrong numbers or false "busy" signals have freed the telephone from all its former hindrances.

The paper of pins, the pencil and collar box could not be recognized in the present perfected Automatic Telephone system, but they have served their purpose, they have filled a great business need—the Missouri dreamer has been justified.

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# How People Think About the War

## The Ending of the War—By H. G. Wells

ABOUT the end of the war there are two chief ways of thinking—there is a simpler sort of mind, which desires merely a date; and a more complex kind, which wants particulars. To the former class belong most of the men out at the Front. They are so bored by this war that they would welcome any peace that did not definitely admit defeat—and examine the particulars later. The "tone" of the German Army, to judge by its captured letters, is even lower. They would welcome peace in any form. Never in the whole history of the world has a war been so universally unpopular as this war.

The mind of the soldier is obsessed by a vision of home-coming for good, so vivid and alluring that it blots out nearly every other consideration. The visions of people at home are of plenty instead of privation, lights up, and the cessation of a hundred tiresome restrictions. And it is natural, therefore, that a writer rather given to guesses and forecasts should be asked very frequently to guess how long the war has still to run.

All such forecasting is the very wildest of shooting. There are the chances of war to put one out, and one has to reckon how long it takes to make generals of over fifty into soldiers of the new sort. I have made various forecasts. At the outset I thought that military Germany would be lavish with cavalry and great attacks; that it would fight at about the 1899 level; would be reluctant to intrench; and that the French and British had learned the lesson of the Boer War better than the Germans. I trusted to the melodramatic instinct of the Kaiser. I trusted to the quickened intelligence of the British military caste.

### *Early Forecasts Abandoned*

The first rush seemed to bear me out, and I opened my paper day by day expecting to read of the British and French intrenched and the Germans beating themselves to death against wire and trenches. In those days I wrote of the French being over the Rhine before 1915. But it was the Germans who intrenched first.

Since then I have made some other attempts. I was very hopeful of the Western offensive in 1915; and this year I still count on our continuing push. I believe we were very near something like decision last September; but some archaic dream of doing it with cavalry dashed these hopes. The "Tanks" arrived too late to do their proper work, and their method of use is being worked out very slowly.

Hitherto one has hoped and looked for decision, a complete victory that would enable the Allies to dictate peace. But such an expectation is largely conditioned by such delicate questions as the adaptability of our gentlemen in spurs to high positions, and the readiness and ability of our authorities to get rid of imperfectly successful commanders. A German-American writer has said that the British would rather kill twenty thousand of their men than break one general. Even a grain of truth in such a remark is a very valid reason for lengthening one's estimate of the duration of the war.

Still, there can be no doubt that the Western Allies are playing a winning game upon the Western Front, and that this is the front of decision. It is not in doubt that they are beating the Germans and shoving them back. The uncertain factor is the rate at which they are shoving them back. If they can presently get to so rapid an advance as to bring the average rate since July first up to ten or twelve miles a day, then we shall still see the Allies dictating terms. But if the shove drags on at its present pace of less than a mile and about four thousand prisoners a week over the limited Somme Front—if nothing is attempted elsewhere to increase the area of pressure—then the intolerable stress and boredom of the war will bring about peace long before the Germans are decisively crushed.

But the war, universally detested, may go on into 1918 or 1919. The Allies have a winning game before them; but the British seem unable to discover and promote the military genius needed to harvest the victory. In the long run this may not be an unmixed evil. Victory, complete and dramatic, may be bought too dearly. We need not triumphs out of this war, but the peace of the world.

This war is altogether unlike any previous war, and its ending, like its development, will follow a course of its own. For a time people's minds ran in the old grooves; the Germans were going *nach* Paris and *nach* London; Lord Curzon filled our minds with a pleasant image of the Bombay Lancers riding down Unter den Linden. But the Versailles precedent of a council of victors dictating terms to the vanquished is not now so evidently in men's minds. The utmost the Allies talk upon now is to say "We must end the war on German soil." The Germans talk frankly of holding out. I have guessed that the Western offensive will be chiefly on German soil by next June; it is a mere guess, and it is quite conceivable that the push may still be grinding out its daily tale of wounded and prisoners in 1918.

None of the combatants expected such a war as this, and the consequence is that the world at large has no idea how to get out of it. The war may stay with us like a schoolboy caller, because it does not know how to go. The Italians said as much to me. "Suppose we get to Innsbruck and Labich and Triest," they said; "it isn't an end!" Lord Northcliffe, I am told, came away from Italy with the conviction that the war would last six years.

There is the clearest evidence that nearly everyone is anxious to get out of the war now. Nobody at all, except perhaps a few people who may be called to account, wants to keep it going—and Count Reventlow, and Mr. Leo Maxse—is it not his war?—and the demented Tory harridans, who swear by the Morning Post. Quietly perhaps, and unobtrusively, everyone I know is now trying to find the way out of the war; and I am convinced that the same is the case in Germany. That is what makes the Peace-at-any-price campaign so exasperating. It is like being chased by clamorous geese across a common in the direction in which you want to go. But, we ask, how are we to get out—with any credit—in such a way as to prevent a subsequent collapse into another war as frightful?

And that is why the thought that possibly there may be a side way out, a sort of turning over of the present endlessly hopeless game into a new and different and manageable game, through the introduction of some external factor, creeps and spreads as I find it creeping and spreading.

That is what the finer intelligences of America are beginning to realize, and why men in Europe continually turn their eyes to America with a surmise, with a doubt.

A point of departure for very much thinking in this matter is the recent conversation of speeches between President Wilson and Viscount Grey. All Europe was impressed by the truth, and by President Wilson's recognition of the truth, that from any other great war after this America will be unable to abstain. Can America come into this dispute at the end to insist upon something better than a new diplomatic patchwork and so obviate the later, completed Armageddon? Is there, above the claims and passions of Germany, France, Britain and the rest of them, a conceivable right thing to do for all mankind?

I have been joining up one thing to another, suggestions I have heard from this man and that; and I believe that it is possible to state a solution that will be acceptable to the bulk of reasonable men all over the world. Directly we put the panic massacres of Dinant and Louvain, the crime of the Lusitania, and so on, into the category of symptoms rather than essentials, we can conceive a possible world treaty. Let me state the broad outlines of this pacification:

In the first place, there would have to be an identical treaty between all the Great Powers of the world, binding them to certain things. It would provide:

That the few great industrial states capable of producing modern war equipment should take over and control completely the manufacture of all munitions of war in the world. And that they should absolutely close the supply of such material to all the other states in the world.

That they should set up an International Tribunal for the discussion and settlement of international disputes. That they should maintain land and sea forces only up to a limit agreed upon, and for internal police use only, or for the purpose of enforcing the decisions of the Tribunal. That they should all be bound to attack and suppress any Power among them which increases its war equipment beyond its defined limits.

### *A World State Possible*

That much has already been broached in several quarters. But so far is not enough. It ignores the chief processes of that economic war which aids and abets and is inseparably a part of modern international conflicts. If we are to go as far as we have already stated in the matter of international controls, then we must go farther, and provide that the International Tribunal should have power to consider and set aside all tariffs and localized privileges which seem grossly unfair or seriously irritating between the various states of the world. It should have power to pass or revise all new tariff, quarantine, alien exclusion or the like legislation affecting international relations.

Moreover, it should take over and extend the work of the International Bureau of Agriculture, at Rome, with a view to the control of all staple products. It should administer the sea law of the world, and control and standardize freights in the common interests of mankind. Without these provisions it would be merely preventing the use of certain weapons; it would be doing nothing to prevent countries' strangling or suffocating each other.

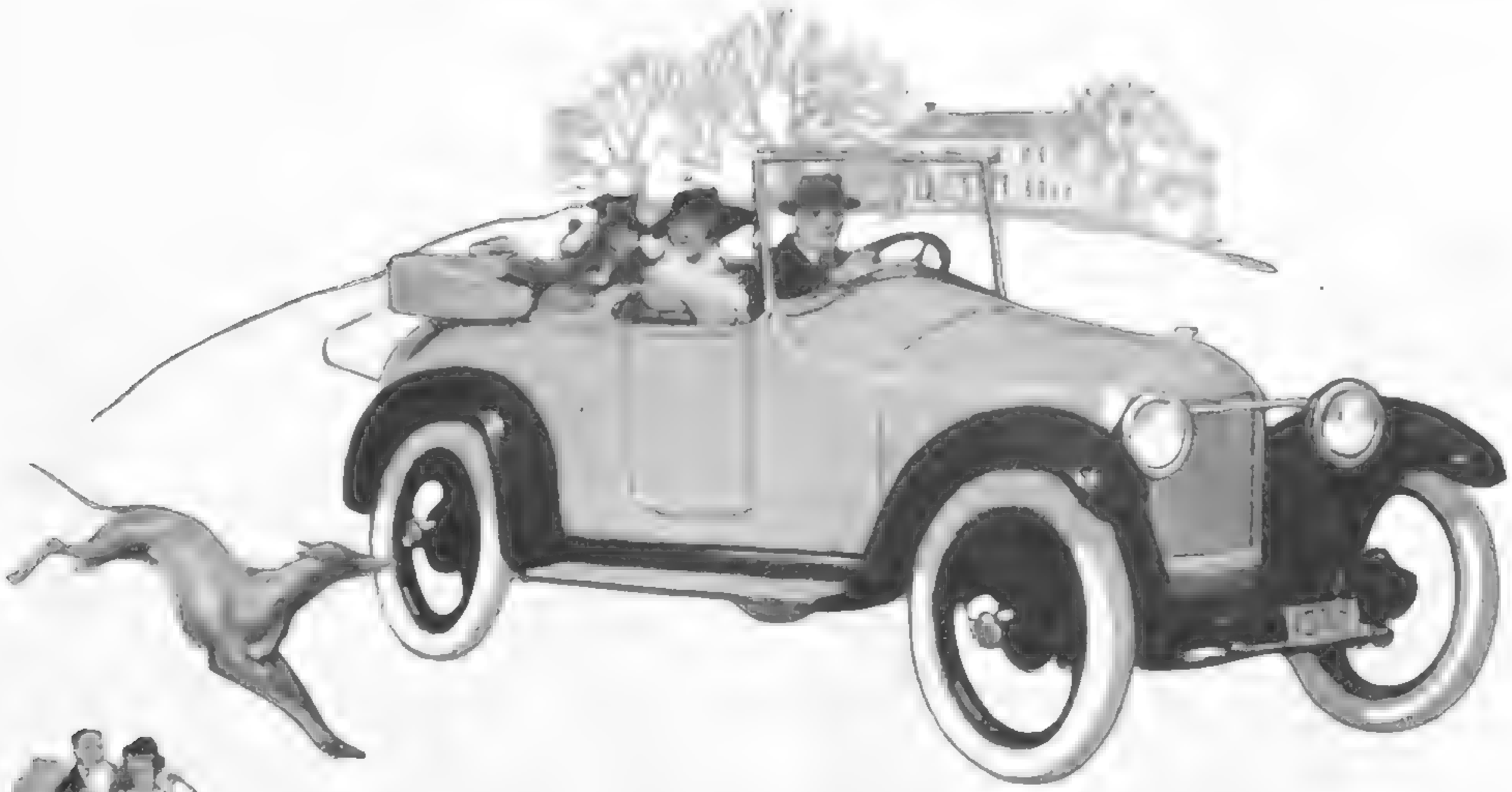
These things being arranged for the future, it would be further necessary to set up an International Boundary Commission, subject to certain defining conditions agreed upon by the belligerents, to redraw the map of Europe, Asia and Africa.

Moreover, this International Tribunal, if it was indeed to prevent war, would need also to have power to intervene in the affairs of any country or region in a state of open and manifest disorder, for the protection of foreign travelers and of persons and interests localized in that country, but foreign to it.

Such an agreement as that would at once lift international politics out of the bloody and hopeless squalor of the present conflict. But it needs the attention of such a disengaged people as the American people to work it out and supply it with—weight. It needs putting before the world with some sort of authority greater than its mere entire reasonableness. Otherwise it will not come before the minds of ordinary men with the effect of a practicable proposition.

*(Concluded on Page 37)*

*Winter Sports in Washington*



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Scripps-Booth expansion makes possible the addition of dealers in territories which our former output prohibited.

Scripps-Booth Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

(Concluded from Page 35)

I do not see any such plant springing from the European battlefields. It is America's supreme opportunity. And yet it is the common sense of the situation, and the solution that must satisfy a rational German as completely as a rational Frenchman or Englishman. It has nothing against it but the prejudice against new and entirely novel things.

In throwing out this suggestion that America should ultimately undertake the responsibility of proposing a world-peace settlement, I admit that I run counter to a great deal of European feeling. Nowhere in Europe now do people seem to be in love with the United States. But feeling is a color that passes. And the question is above matters of feeling. Whether the belligerents dislike Americans or the Americans dislike the belligerents is an incidental matter. The main question is of the duty of a great and fortunate nation toward the rest of the world and the future of mankind.

I do not know how far Americans are aware of the trend of feeling in Europe at the present time. Both France and Great Britain have a sense of righteousness in this war such as no nation, no people, has ever felt in war before. We know we are fighting to save all the world from the rule of force and the unquestioned supremacy of the military idea. Few Frenchmen or Englishmen can imagine the war presenting itself to an American intelligence under any other guise. At the invasion of Belgium we were astonished that America did nothing. At the sinking of the Lusitania all Europe looked to America. The British mind contemplates the spectacle of American destroyers acting as bottleholders to German submarines with dazzled astonishment. "Manila!" we gasp.

### Some Historical Excuses

In England we find excuses for America in our own past. In 1866 we betrayed Denmark; in 1870 we deserted France. The French have not these memories. They believe they had some share in the independence of America; that there is a sacred cause in republicanism; that there are grounds for a peculiar sympathy between France and the United States in republican institutions. They do not realize that Germany and America have a common experience in recent industrial development, and a common belief in the "degeneracy" of all nations with a lower rate of trade expansion. They do not realize how a political campaign, with the slogan of "Peace and a Full Dinner Pail!" looks in the Middle West; what an honest, simple, rational appeal it makes there. Atmospheres alter values.

I set these things down plainly. There is a very strong disposition in all the European countries to believe America fundamentally indifferent to the rights and wrongs of the European struggle; sentimentally interested perhaps, but fundamentally indifferent. President Wilson is regarded as a mere academic sentimentalist by a great number of Europeans. There is a strong undercurrent of hostility, therefore, to the idea of America having any voice whatever in the final settlement after the war. It is not for a British writer to analyze the appearances that have thus affected American world prestige. I am telling what I have observed.

I state these things in order to make it clear that America will start at a disadvantage when she starts upon the mission of salvage and reconciliation, which is, I believe, her proper rôle in this world conflict. One would have to be blind and deaf on this side to be ignorant of European persuasion of America's triviality.

And I will further confess that when Viscount Grey answered the intimations of President Wilson and ex-President Taft of an American initiative to found a World League for Peace, by asking whether America was prepared to back that idea with force, he spoke the doubts of all thoughtful European men. No one but an American deeply versed in the idiosyncrasies of the American population can answer that question, or tell us how far the delusion of world isolation, which has prevailed in America for several generations, has been dispelled. But if the answer to Lord Grey is "Yes," then I think history will emerge with a complete justification of the obstinate maintenance of neutrality by America. It is the end that reveals a motive. It is our ultimate act that sometimes teaches us our original intention. No one can judge the United States yet. Were you neutral because you are too mean and cowardly, or too stupidly selfish, or because you had in view an end too great to be sacrificed to a moment of indignant pride, and a force in reserve too precious to dispel?

Every country is a mixture of many strands. There is a Base America; there is a Dull America; there is an Ideal and Heroic America. And I am convinced that, at present, Europe underrates and misjudges the possibilities of the latter.

### Freemasonry in World-Thought

All about the world to-day goes a certain freemasonry of thought. It is an impalpable and hardly conscious union of intention. It thinks not in terms of national but human experience; it falls into directions and channels of thinking that lead inevitably to the idea of a world state under the rule of one righteousness. In no part of the world is this modern type of mind so abundantly developed, less impeded by antiquated and perverse political and religious forms, and nearer the sources of political and administrative power, than in America.

It does not seem to matter what thousand other things America may happen to be, seeing it is also that. And so, just as I cling to the belief, in spite of hundreds of adverse phenomena, that the religious and social stir of these times must ultimately go far to unify mankind under the Kingship of God—so do I cling also to the persuasion that there are intellectual forces among the rational elements in the belligerent centers, among the other neutrals and in America, that will coöperate in enabling the United States to play the rôle of the Unimpassioned Third Party, which becomes more and more necessary to a generally satisfactory ending of the war.

The idea that the settlement of this war must be what one might call an unimpassioned settlement, or, if you will, a scientific settlement, or a judicial and not a treaty settlement—a settlement, that is, based upon some conception of what is right and necessary, rather than upon the relative success or failure of either set of belligerents to make its will the standard of decision—is one that, in a great variety of forms and partial developments, I find gaining ground in the most different circles. The war was an adventure; it was the German adventure, under the Hohenzollern tradition, to dominate the world. It was to be the last of the Conquests. It has failed.

Without calling upon the reserve strength of America, the civilized world has defeated it; and the war continues now partly upon the issue whether that adventure shall ever be repeated or whether it shall be made forever impossible, and partly because Germany has no organ but its Hohenzollern organization through which it can admit its failure and develop its latent readiness for a new understanding on lines of mutual toleration. For that purpose nothing more reluctant could be devised than Hohenzollern imperialism. But the attention of every combatant—it is not only Germany now—has been concentrated upon military necessities; every nation is a clenched nation, with its powers of action centered in its own administration, bound by many strategic threats and declarations, and obsessed by the idea of getting and securing advantages.

It is inevitable that a settlement made in a conference of belligerents alone will be shortsighted, harsh, limited by merely incidental necessities, and obsessed by the idea of hostilities and rivalries continuing perennially.

It will be a trading of advantages for subsequent attacks. It will be a settlement altogether different in effect as well as in spirit from a world settlement made primarily to establish a new phase in the history of mankind.

Let me take three instances of the impossibility of victory on either side giving a solution satisfactory to the conscience and intelligence of reasonable men.

The first—on which I will not expatiate, for everyone knows of its peculiar difficulty—is Poland.

The second is a little one, but one that has taken hold of my imagination. In the settlement of boundaries preceding this war, the boundary between Serbia and northeastern Albania was drawn with an extraordinary disregard of the elementary needs of the Albanians of that region. It ran along the foot of the mountains that form their summer pastures and their refuge from attack, and it cut their mountains off from their winter pastures and market towns. Their whole economic life was cut to pieces and existence rendered intolerable for them.

Now an intelligent Third Party, settling Europe, would certainly restore these market towns—Ipek, Jakova and Prisrend—to Albania. But the Albanians have no standing in this war; theirs is the happy lot that might have fallen to Belgium had she not resisted; the war goes to and fro through Albania, and when the settlement comes—more particularly if it is a settlement with the allies of Serbia in the ascendant—it is highly improbable that the slightest notice will be taken of Albania's plight in this region. In which case these particular Albanians will either be driven into exile to America or they will be goaded to revolt; which will be followed, no doubt, by the punitive procedure usual in the Balkan Peninsula.

For my third instance I would step from a matter as small as three market towns and the grazing of a few thousand head of sheep to a matter as big as the world. What is going to happen to the shipping of the world after this war? The Germans, with that combination of cunning and stupidity which baffles the rest of mankind, have set themselves to destroy the mercantile marine, not merely of Britain and France but of Norway and Sweden, Holland, and all the neutral countries. The German papers openly boast that they are building a big mercantile marine that will start out to take up the world's oversea trade directly peace is declared. Every such boast receives careful attention in the British press. We have heard a very great deal about the German will-to-power in this war; but there is something very much older and tougher, and less blatant and conspicuous, called the British will.

In the British papers there has appeared and gained a permanent footing this phrase: "Ton for ton." This means that Britain will go on fighting until she has exacted and taken over from Germany the exact equivalent of all the British shipping Germany has submarined. People do not realize that a time may come when Germany will be glad and eager to give Russia, France and Italy all that they require of her; when Great Britain may be quite content to let her allies make an advantageous peace and herself still go on fighting Germany. She does not intend to let that furtively created German mercantile marine ship or coal or exist upon the high seas—so long as it can be used as a weapon against her. Neither Britain nor France nor Italy can tolerate anything of the sort.

### The Freedom of the Seas

It has been the peculiar boast of Great Britain that her shipping has been unpatriotic. She has been the impartial carrier of the whole world. Her shippers may have served their own profit; they have never served her. The fluctuations of freight charges may have been a universal nuisance but they have certainly not been an aggressive national conspiracy. It is Britain's case against any German ascendancy at sea, an entirely convincing case, that such an ascendancy would be used ruthlessly for the advancement of German world power. The long-standing freedom of the seas vanishes at the German touch. So, beyond the present war there opens the agreeable prospect of a mercantile struggle, a bitter freight war and a war of Navigation Acts for the ultimate control, in the interests of Germany or of the Anti-German allies, of the world's trade.

Now how, in any of these three cases, can the bargaining and trickery of diplomatists and the advantage-hunting of the belligerents produce any stable and generally beneficial solution? What all the neutrals want, what every rational and farsighted man in the belligerent countries wants, what the common sense of the whole world demands, is neither the "ascendancy" of Germany, nor the ascendancy of Great Britain, nor the ascendancy of any state or people or interest in the shipping of the world. The plain right thing is a World Shipping Control as impartial as the Postal Union. What right and reason and the welfare of coming generations demand in Poland is a united and autonomous Poland, with Cracow, Danzig and Posen brought into the same Polish-speaking ring-fence with Warsaw. What everyone who has looked into the Albanian question desires is that the Albanians shall pasture their flocks and market their sheepskins in peace, free of Serbian control.

In every country at present at war the desire of the majority of people is for a noncontentious solution that will neither crystallize a triumph nor propitiate an enemy, but which will embody the economic and ethnologic and geographic common sense of the matter. But, though the formulas of national belligerence are easy, familiar, blatant and insistently present, the gentler, greater formulas of that wider and newer world pacificism have still to be generally understood. It is so much easier to hate and suspect than negotiate generously and patiently; it is so much harder to think than to let go in a shrill storm of hostility.

It is not with any very strong belief that the United States of America will come forward to play the part of the Unimpassioned Third Party that I suggest that it might do so. I throw out the suggestion, in spite of its considerable improbability, because so I can imagine the end of this war being made the ending of all war in the world. But I admit that the hypothesis demands a proportion of moral and intellectual giants in the American population beyond anything known to us in Europe.

### If America Does Nothing

In the case of America doing nothing so magnificent, then I do not really see more than a nominal end to the war. There may be a sort of peace, the peace desired by witless pacifists; it will mean merely that there will be a temporary cessation of gunfire and a transfer of the belligerent energies to a trade struggle, a shipping struggle, and a vast new armament competition which will entirely dwarf that modest "race of armaments" that toddled along before 1914. Except for a few microcephalic idiots this conflict for advantages will bore and exhaust us all indescribably, until it will be almost a relief at last to resume the gun explosions, and the stabbing and mutilating and digging in again. But the next war will have America in. Mr. Wilson has said it.

And then there will be no other state in all the world left, considerable enough to play the rôle of the Third Party. The next war that must convulse mankind, if we cannot end war in this war, will tolerate few neutrals and no noncombatants. Men will have to look to another Power, that is at once above them and within, to assert those external standards of justice which alone can give peace.

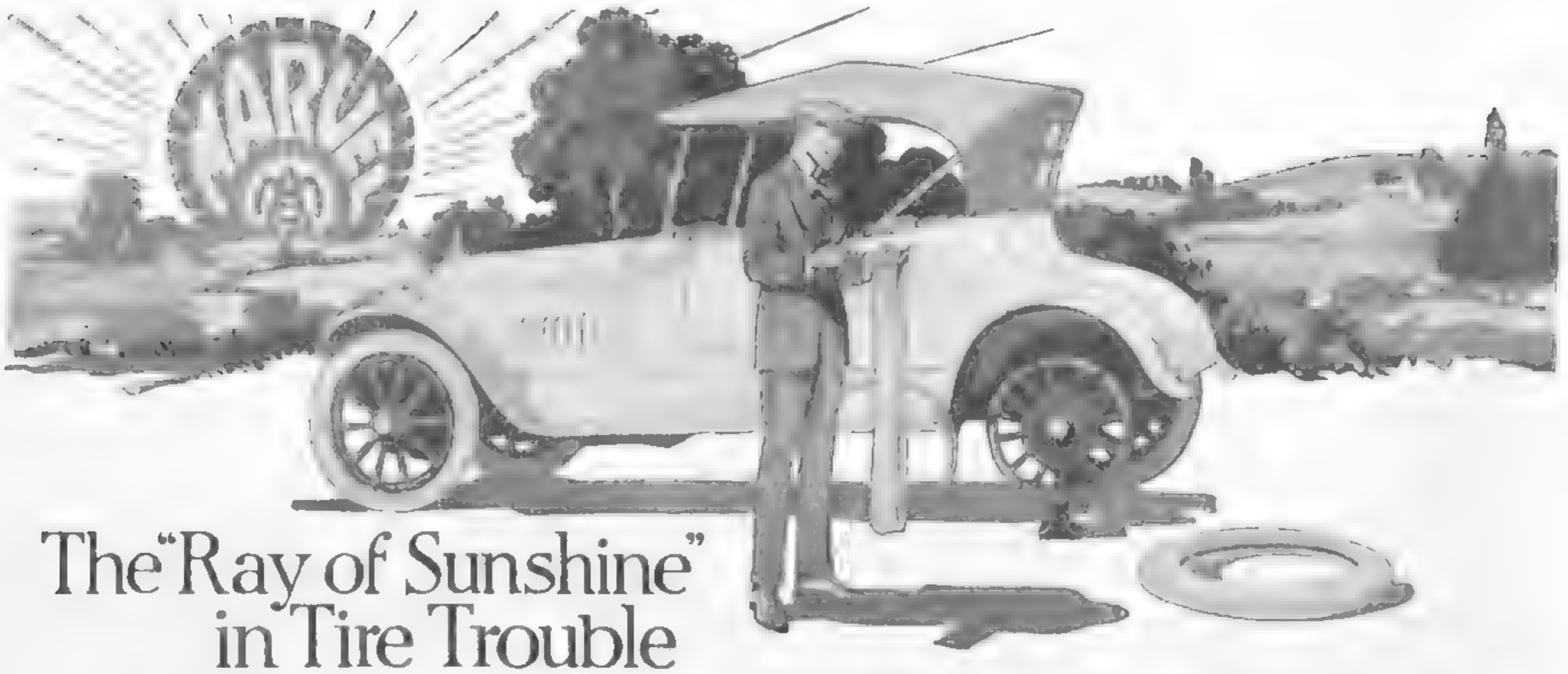
They might very well look to Him now—instead of looking across the Atlantic.

These states and empires and *kulturs* for which we fight, for which we slaughter our sons, for which we wreck the world, are all no more than foolish and wicked effigies. Germany, the British Empire, Holy Russia—what are these things but great guys set up for men to serve and worship, when they should serve and worship God? What are our kings? What are our "national interests"? All the great religions deny these effigies, declare them idolatrous; all the great religions assert the same truth—that there is but one God for all men, and that He alone is King of the world.

Yet, forthwith they set about hiding and smothering Him and forgetting their own mission in sectarian and national wrappings. But God is indeed the rightful King of the world; he is the God of the Englishman and the Frenchman, the Turk and the German, the Hindu and the American; He calls them all to serve Him and one another. They have but to look up, and they will see Him. And until they do look up and see Him this world is no better than a rat pit—a place slippery and disgusting and wearisome with the tormented stuff of furious and aimless lives.

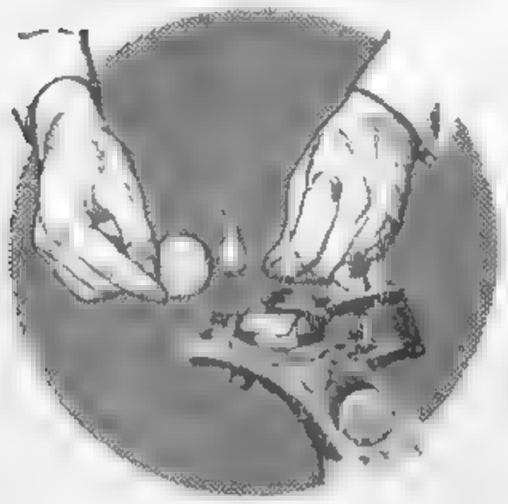
And if you lack the living imagination to accept God thus—as a fact—then I ask you to accept Him as the only possible formula for the reconciliation and salvation of mankind.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr. Wells.



# The "Ray of Sunshine" in Tire Trouble

PUT ON A PATCH, EASY AS YOU LIGHT A MATCH



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$1.00 OUTFIT COMPLETE

THE Marvel Jr. is easy to use—simple and quick in operation. No experience whatever is needed to make perfect repairs. Instead of gasoline or alcohol, a *chemicalized disc*, little larger than a silver dollar, is used as fuel. This disc burns without flame—applies heat to repair only.

To repair a puncture you simply slip the Marvel Jr. over the patch of uncured rubber, tighten it down with a few twists on the thumb screw. Touch a lighted match to the *chemicalized disc* and in less than five minutes you have a perfect repair—a patch that is part of the tube itself.

PACKED in the substantial carton with the Marvel Jr. Vulcanizer are six *chemicalized* heating units, six Marvel Patches, sand paper, and full instructions. Six tube repairs alone are worth more than the cost of the total outfit and this material is furnished with the Marvel Jr. at no extra cost.

Big, in the results it accomplishes, the Marvel Jr. is small enough to slip into your pocket. It is an accessory you will be proud to own—proud to show to your friends.

## MARVEL SR. VULCANIZER

The Marvel Sr. works on exactly the same principle as the Marvel Jr. It is designed for both casing and tube repairs. A *chemicalized* heating unit is used for fuel—there is no flame to scorch the casing or tube—all the heat is directed to the repair and the harder the wind blows the faster the Marvel Sr. works. The price of the Marvel Sr. outfit complete with material for a large number of repairs is only $2.00.

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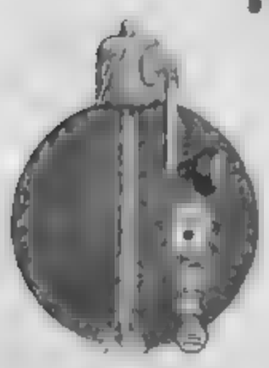

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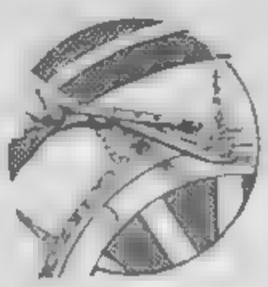

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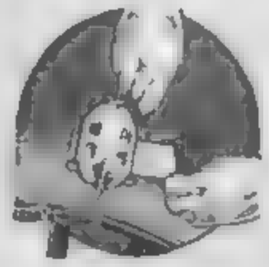

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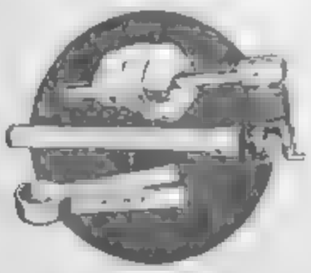

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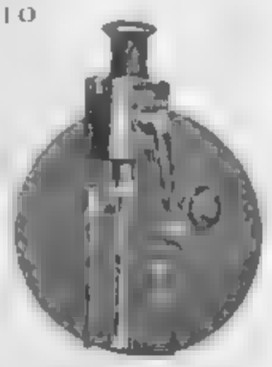


Marvel Universal Valve Grinder $3.50

# TOMBOY

## By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

*My Ten Thousand Dollars Was Lost. I Was Dead Certain of That*

WELL, Lute Mullen," I says to myself, talkin' out loud like a crazy sheepman, "here you are!" I was standin' at a street corner in Los Angeles, one boot planted on my telescope valise. "Here you are, young feller! And it ain't so different from First Pines, Nevada. The buildin's are a little higher, that's all, and there's more of 'em. Also the streets are some longer at both ends."

Of course there's other differences too. Los Angeles is flat—not a hollow in it big enough to hide a cow. First Pines hangs to the north slope of Eagle Mountain. Steep? I should say!

Why, that mountain's so steep that the goats—well, you won't believe it, but the goats have to wear breechin', so's they can hold back goin' downhill!

Naturally the town hasn't none of them pay-if-you-can-ketch-'em street cars. Nor no oil-drinkin', dust-eatin' chug-chugs. I wasn't used to neither one, and considerable prejudiced against the last named—steerin' gear like a Tahoe steamer, insides of a donkey engine, and a smell like a Piute camp. Yes, and dangerous. Say, with automobiles scootin' two ways at once, a man's got no more chance for his life on the street than if he was exercisin' in a switch yard.

Speakin' of autos I was still standin' on that corner, expressin' opinions to myself, when all of a sudden I seen one. Oh, I'd seen 'em before—in Reno, once. No, I wasn't down there for that reason. But I'd never happened to see one bein' geehawed by a woman. This one was. It was a whoppin' two-seater, too, with a voice on it like a snowplow. And the woman was just only a girl.

"Well, talk about your tomboys!" I exclaims, mighty disgusted. Yes, tomboy is the word I used. Aw, if a man could see ahead!

She reined up right beside me, pullin' a lever or two and pushin' a few buttons. Then she stood up, drawin' off her gloves, and—stared straight at me!

Tomboy or not, I had to admit that she was cute—slim, and not taller'n my shoulder. Don't you hate a beanpole? So do I! And her face! You know, there's faces that are so kind of delicate and sweet that when you come across one of 'em you know exactly what their owners looked like when they were kids. Well, hers was that brand—roundish and pink, with a square little chin, eyes blue as a Sierra lake, and a mouth as scarlet as a snowflower. She was wearin' a sugar-loaf hat pulled down all the way. On the eaves of the hat was a handful of cherries that looked good enough to eat. And blowin' out from under the rim was some light fluffy hair.

Then—still starin'—she spoke!

"Am I in your way?" she inquired, some anxious.

I didn't just catch on to what she meant, but all I had to do was tell the truth. "No, ma'am," I answers.

"That's good." She gives a glance behind her. "But—but where's the camera?" And she begins to look all round.

Off came my sombrero, and pickin' up my valise—it was heavy, I can tell you!—I stepped forwards with my best First Pines bow.

"I haven't seen no camera," I says. "Can I help you to find it?"

She stared at me again. "O-h!" She laughed a ripply little laugh. And three dimples danced a grand-right-and-left into place. "It's not a movie. You're a real cowboy." Which just shows you what I looked like.

The next minute she shed her duster, hopped to the sidewalk, and disappeared into the bank.

The bank was why I'd stopped on that particular spot. Comin' along from the deepot, I'd kept my eye peeled for one. And here loomed up this grand specimen, two stories higher'n its neighbors, all of stone, and with windows as wide as a Silver State freighter. The front door of it was built right flat across its outside corner, and I thought it was locked—which explains my darn-fool waitin'. But now, seein' it wasn't, I clapped on my hat and followed Miss Tomboy. Don't mind tellin' you that I felt a mite chesty.

"Well, that wasn't so worse," I says, "to be mistook for Dustin Farnum!"

Straight in from the door was a small window with "Cashier" in gold letters over the arch. I went up to it. "Howdy"—he was a tony feller with a mighty nice face—"I'd like to speak to the—the boss of this establishment, if it's all the same to you." "President" was what I ought to of said, but I was rattled, and the word ducked when I reached for it.

"I'll see if Mister Gleason is in his office." He motioned me to set down. Polite, wasn't he? The bench I took was covered with fancy leather. And, my, what fine polished wood was everywheres! Elegant? As elegant, by thunder, as a sleepin' car!

He didn't leave his window for one second. But banks has got a system of signals that beats all your Injun sign-talk. So pretty soon a boy—in full-gathered trousers, mind you!—shows up from behind a partition, and he knows exactly what was expected of him.

"This way," he says, swingin' open a door. And I went in to the handsomest kind of a little room. Two people were there, both settin' at desks. One was a old gent with white hair and grizzled eyebrows. The other one was—Tomboy.

"So she's a typewriter," I says to myself. And I was some disappointed. Because the only typewriter I'd ever met up with before was a lanky lady at the First Pines General Merchandise Store. Name, Pearl. Say, but Pearl was homely! Homely enough to stop a clock, as the popular sayin' goes. But this typewriter girl! She gave me a shy sideways glance.

"What can I do for you?" Say, he had on a soft shirt!

"Mister President"—I liked him already—"I'm goin' to ask your bank to put what I got here into the safe." I tapped my valise.

"Ah." He showed he was interested.

I set the valise on a chair and begun to unstrap it. "When I made up my mind to quit the mountains," I explained, "I paid a visit to a certain hawg-back and dug up this."

"Mountains!" he says, lookin' pleased. "Why, my first bank was in Grass Valley."

"You don't say!" Well, I might of guessed it, from the boots he was wearin'. "First Pines, Nevada, boss," I says.

"Here! Shake! And now what you got?"

"A friend of mine was dead set against me fetchin' it down in just this shape," I told him. "'Take a check,' he advised. But 'No,' I answers, 'I'm goin' amongst folks that won't know Lute Mullen from the side of a house. But—they'll know cash.'" Here I lifted the top of the valise.

The president looked. "Well!" he exclaims. Which fetched her over.

I'd spent more or less time in arrangin' my pile. The paper money was laid flat, in neat rows. And holdin' the paper down was my gold twenties, each yellow boy done up separate in tissue paper.

"How much is here?" (The old gent.)

"Ten thousand." (Me.)

"My!" (Her.)

That girl's lashes was so long you could of braided 'em.

Just then the bloomer kid put his head in at the door and named some man's name.

"Can't be disturbed now," says the president, kind of short.

Thought mebbe he didn't like my proposition.

"Ain't it goin' to—to be O. K.?" I asked. "Can't I leave this?"

He smiled. "You can deeposit right now." She smiled too.

"I'm glad. Then I can go buy a meal. I bought a couple of oranges off the peanut butcher on the train, but they didn't satisfy me much."

The cashier comes in. More signals. And "John," says the president, "this gentleman is ——"

"Lute Mullen," I helps out. I was jealous of that young feller already. "And I want to make a deeposit." Oh, I ketch on to a new one!

Never seen a more surprised expression on a man's face.

"Thousands!" he kinda whispers, leanin' over the valise.

"Ten thousand," says the president. "We'll count it here."

John was a corker at countin'. Now I was on intimate terms with every piece of paper and every lump of gold in that valise. I've been more'n ten years collectin' 'em and gettin' acquainted with 'em. He'd counted the whole lot in about five minutes, seems like, snappin' the bills and ringin' the twenties. Then he slipped me a piece of paper that showed they was still mine. Gosh, I hated to think that my gold and paper friends would be mixed up soon with hunderds of other bills and coins, so even I wouldn't know 'em if I was to meet 'em comin' my way through the little window.

*Tomboy or Not, I Had to Admit That She Was Cute*

As I picked up my valise to go Mister Gleason says: "You seem a very young man."

"Twenty-six, come August." This was January.

"Twenty-six, and you've saved ten thousand dollars!"

"Everything I touch seems to turn out fine." Say, just remember that brag!

"Hope I'll see you again. Do you plan to remain in Los Angeles?"

"We-e-ell," I says —— Fact is, I hadn't made up my mind what I was goin' to do, beyond lookin' round me for a while. But now, happenin' to glance past him to her, why: "I'll make this city my headquarters, sir," I answers. "I aim to put some of my cash into real estate."

"Come and see me if I can help you at any time," goes on the old gent, mighty kind. "I'm here from ten to three 'most every day, and when I ain't, why, my daughter"—here he turned to her and took her hand—"is at her desk. And"—laughin'—"she's got a business head."

So she wasn't a typewriter!

"Learnin' the bankin' trade?" I inquires.

She smiled up at her pa. "I'm taking the place," she says, "of the brother I never had."

Now, wasn't that a mighty pretty idea? Makin' old dad feel good, you savvy. And I'd called that nice thoughtful little lady a tomboy! "You great hulkin' backwoodser!" I says to myself, "you don't deserve no breakfast."

"So," goes on proud pa, "if you come in and I'm away just ask for ——" Here he said her name.

What do you guess it was? Well, think of the nicest girl's name that you've ever heard in all your born life. Come ahead! That's it—Stephanie.

Stephanie! Dignified, not common, and graceful. And it suited her.

"Stephanie," goes on Mister Gleason, "after me."

"You?"

"Stephen—Stephen Gleason, you see."

"Oh." Stephen—Stephanie. Tomboyish after all. But what'll you think about what comes next?

"But we don't call her Stephanie," goes on her pa.

"Ah!"

Now she spoke up. "No. Everybody calls me Bidie."

Billie! A girl, and Bidie. Gosh! Why, once I had a goat.

"You think that's a funny name for a girl, don't you?" Tootle—toot—all the dimples into place.

"Well, I—I—I ——" Got out about fifteen of them I's. After that I just had to have somethin'. I made for an eatin' house.

*(Continued on Page 41)*

# Your Pride in a Liberty

YOU are proud of your Liberty car because it is proof of your own good judgment. It is proof that you have bought wisely and deliberately, on hard business facts.

You have not been influenced by mere statements, by manufacturers' claims, by dealers' words.

You have bought the Liberty on positive proof —on your knowledge of all other cars. And the Liberty proves the soundness of your judgment.

This is the way the Liberty practically sells itself all over the country.

## Straight Facts

Never before were you invited to step out of a larger and more expensive car into a five passenger "six" and make the direct comparison.

We ask you to do this with the Liberty and draw your own conclusions.

Never before were you invited to sit in comfort in the back seat while the car drives at full speed over car tracks, ruts, pits, and hollows.

We ask you to do this in the Liberty, to note the long, always easy swing that means your relaxation and motoring comfort. You sit *in* it—not *on* it.

Never before were you invited to push out a clutch pedal with one finger—to pull an emergency brake with one finger—to shift gears from third to second at full speed.

We ask you to do this on the Liberty, and to learn what driving ease really means.

## Positive Proof

The Liberty is a solidly built, dependable, honest car, made by men who have been producing high priced cars since the beginning of the industry. It is built to create an enduring and permanent business.

It is especially notable for driving ease and riding comfort—to an extent never before achieved.

It is these features which you must prove to yourself—by the stiffest kind of tests.

So that you—like the thousands of other Liberty buyers—will be proud of your car.

On a solid basis of proved facts.

Get into a Liberty *today*. Prove these statements to yourself. If they are true in every detail you want a Liberty car.

*See the Liberty at the Chicago Automobile Show—Armory—Jan. 27th–Feb. 3rd. Five passenger Touring Car, Four passenger Close Coupled Roadster, Detachable Sedan, Victoria, and Shopping Brougham.*

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

# LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 39)

"Just rope and tie me some ham," I says to a gent wearin' an apron. "Yes, and I don't care if you rob a nest."

Oh, a good appetite, no denyin' it; a jo-dandy appetite. Nevertheless and notwithstandin', I soon begun to see that I was in a blamed queer state. That first day—to start off with—I picked a certain boardin' house just because there was cherry trees in the yard. And if I looked at anybody, all I could think was: "She's got blue eyes." And for two whole days, while I was lookin' at real estate, what I actually did was to travel in a circle. Say I started east, toward Spanish-town, or west, toward the Pacific Ocean. Just as sure as a crow knows its way home I'd land up finally at the bank. Wouldn't know how I got there, but there I'd be.

"Work is what you need, you poor son-of-a-gun," I says, facin' my conscience in the lookin'-glass. And the fool glass says back to me: "Billie."

Well, when I couldn't stand it no longer, I took Mister Gleason at his word and dropped in on him. Hang it all, he was there! But he was more'n nice, made me set down, and took my hat away from me. Miss Billie gives me a little bow, with a smile for good measure, then goes on studyin' a long paper full of numbers.

"Mister Mullen," says her pa.

"Call me Lute, boss."

"Well, Lute, tell me about yourself."

I went back to when I was ten, and just sort of sketched the next sixteen years—the sheep business, then polo ponies, then cattle. "But," I ends up, "I got tired of the hills." I looked out of the office window. It showed into the rear yard. There was hammerin' goin' on out there. And I seen that next to the bank was the back door of an undertakin' place.

"Lute," says Mister Gleason, "you're down from the hills, as you say. But you know a lot of things. Not the same lot of things that the men round here know. But—well, I'm down from the hills, too, and you're pretty much like what I was when I first struck Grass Valley."

"You make me feel kind of at home, boss."

"Glad of it! Now—picked out any property yet?"

"Not yet, sir." If he only knew about my crazy circlin'!

"Well, I've got two good investments in mind. One's here in Los Angeles, the other's in Watrous, the junction town just east. As to Los Angeles, Lute, of course it's always growin'."

Growin'! I should smile! A Los Angeles man told me that his dawg left home one mornin' and stayed away about two weeks. When the dawg made to come back, that end of Figueroa Street was so changed that the poor critter couldn't find the house. No, ma'am! The man complained about it to some animal society. Growin'? Well, don't this story go to show?

"How about a couple of new bungalows over in the north side of town?" goes on Mister Gleason.

That didn't appeal to me strong. Because, judgin' from the little I'd seen, there ain't no kind of bungalow that hasn't been tried on Los Angeles at least once. So I wouldn't undertake to hand the town a new one.

"But that Watrous proposition," I says, "I' see, boss, a young man cottons to a young place."

"It's a fine buildin'—brick, three stories and all rented. The owner died and his heirs had a row. They want to sell. The property's bound to raise in value."

"Is $10,000 the price?" I was excited. And I noticed that Miss Billie was lookin' at the old gent, eyes big.

He laughed. "The price is $40,000."

"Gee, Mister Gleason!"

"Wait. Ten thousand dollars will handle it—that much down, cash, and a thirty-thousand-dollar mortgage."

"But, boss, I don't know anybody." Then fifteen more of them I's.

"Suppose you pay your $10,000," he explains, "and take over the leases. You'll have a good sum ahead every year to pay on your principal. Before you know it you'll be clear. And I'll take that mortgage for you, at four and a half per cent."

"Daddy!" Miss Billie sprung up, wellnigh strangled him with a hug, and—yes—kissed him.

Say, ever been wound up in a swing? Then you know that swimmy feelin'. I give you my word, there was seven windows to that office, and seven carpenters poundin' away in that back yard. And I had to hold on to my chair. Lordy, what'd happen if she was ever to kiss me!

But why did she kiss him?

"What do you think of the proposition, Miss Billie?" She was back in her chair.

"What do I think of it? Daddy was goin' to buy that property himself."

"Oh." That didn't tell me much.

I begun to reason: Here's a buildin'. He figgered to buy it. Then he turns it over to me. She's good at business. She's glad he ain't goin' to carry through the deal—and lose. She's so glad she kisses him. How's that?

Dead wrong. If it's a bad proposition for father, it's a bad proposition for me. And she's too kind, too sweet, too nice, too unselfish too—so she didn't kiss him because I was to be the sucker. No, she kissed him because he was lettin' me in on a good thing. But, pshaw! That can't be so. She don't know you, Lute. She don't care—you poor imitation of an actor! Just the same, about forty-'leven little hummin'-birds set up a hullabaloo in my heart.

And when I left the office, with the name of the real-estate gent at Watrous, I was so happy that I stopped to shake hands with John. After which he showed me how he wraps up twenties—fifteen of 'em to a roll. He had a wood tray chock full of rolls right inside his window, and he was as unconcerned about it as if they was cookies.

"Whew!" I exclaims. "Ain't this takin' chances?"

He laughed. "If anybody was to grab that tray," he answers, "they wouldn't get so awful much." (Arch—goozer, wasn't he?

*"'No,' I Answers, 'I'm Goin' Amongst Folks That Won't Know Lute Mullen From the Side of a House. But—They'll Know Cash'"*

Now I know what you think is goin' to happen: Broad daylight—bank robber—Lute Mullen to the rescue—big article in the papers—and so on, and so on. But that ain't it. To continue:

In no time I was aboard little old Number 7, and she was switchin' her tail through wonderful orange groves, and next through the most gosh-awful desert, on her way to Watrous. "Miss Billie!" sung the wheels of the chair car: "Miss Billie! Miss Billie! Miss Billie!" Just one hour and a half later, here I was, standin' in front of that three-story brick buildin', gazin' up at it, with a big grin on my face, and gooseflesh all up my spine, and—can't deny it—salt water splashin' on my coat lapels. "What'll the First Pines Gazette write about this!" I says to myself. Because on the ground floor was a fine store, a slick-lookin' barber shop and—the post office! Sort of a Government buildin', you see. The second and last floors was the leadin' hotel of the place. Tried to make out the names on all the signs. Every last one of them read "Billie."

When I'd looked till I had a crick in my neck and a crowd round me, I hunted up Mister Jordan. Little man. Funny high voice. Office in a shack by the depot. His bungalow was north of town—one of a half dozen that was strung along a green lawn. I explained I was goin' to take over the Gleason proposition. Didn't want to wait. My Los Angeles bank would transact all the business. Here I drew myself up.

"Well," says Mister Jordan, "I'll have to ask for a little delay. The owners, Robert and Jennie Howland, are not in Los Angeles at present. It'll take me a month to get their signatures to the deed."

"All right. This is January twelfth. Say we make it February twelfth?"

"Why not make it April first?" he says.

"No," I come back: "what's the use of puttin' it off?"

Finally we settled on March thirteenth. April first would've been bad enough, but note this hoodoo date! I was to turn over thirty thousand dollars through my bank, and he was to give me "a good and sufficient" deed. But he was to fix up a contract right away and I was to pay in my ten thousand dollars. "But hurry that contract, Mister Jordan." "You bet I will, Mister Mullen." Then Number 10 was jerkin' me towards—her. "Mullen Buildin'!" sung the wheels. "Mullen Buildin'! Mullen Buildin'!"

Mullen Buildin' was the name I settled on. And I seen a painter about puttin' the two words on both side walls, from front to back, close to the top, and big enough to be read from incomin' trains. For the sign over the hotel I bought brass letters—MULLEN HOUSE. Wanted 'em gold, like the cashier's, but they come too high. Had all eleven of 'em sent to my boardin' place, and I stood 'em up against the skirtin' of the room, so's I could enjoy 'em. And there was other things to attend to. Was busy every minute of that month. For instance, I had some business cards printed: "Luther Mullen"—no Mister—with "Los Angeles" in the left-hand lower corner, and "Watrous" in the right. Sent a full dozen to First Pines. Next, bought some fly-screens—the kind that has scenery painted right on the wire. There was mountains exactly like old Eagle with cute little Los Angeles bungalows hangin' to 'em, and ladies and gents dressed up in theater duds whilst they herded sheep. Stood the screens up alongside the brass letters. Then I happened on a barber pole. It was red-and-white, like a stick of candy, and had an electric light inside. You wound up a clock dingus, and she turned for further orders. As I was shuttlin' betwixt Los Angeles and Watrous every day, I put it up to the Mullen Buildin' barber—learnt his trade in 'Frisco! I says: "If you'll go halves on the pole, Jim, I will." He said: "O. K." That pole looked grand in my room. Havin' the red-and-white pole, the next play was to blow myself on awnin's to match—beauties, with Mullen Buildin' painted on the overhang.

One mornin' my contract was ready. It said that I'd bought such and such a lot, bounded this way and that, "with appurtenances thereon." Notice that fifteen-dollar word! I signed it, and wrote out my ten-thousand-dollar check. That was some occasion. Yes, ma'am! Because Miss Billie helped me look through the directories, and through a bluebook—it wasn't blue—to see if we could find Robert and Jennie Howland. Well, we couldn't. That same evenin' I got asked over to the Gleason house, and we set on the side porch, and a Chink brought us fruit punch, which ain't punch no more than a bluebook is blue, and I seen a little bit of heaven—heaven with a garden round it, palms here and there, and beds of violets—a heaven with folks that was home folks.

That was the night I begun to dream. Aw, that dream! It stayed with me, wakin' or sleepin'. Always she was beside me, in the circle of my right arm. Both her little hands was tight in one of mine. Her head was on my shoulder, her hair blowin' against my face.

Of course I had to report at the bank once a day and have my little chin-chin. Sundays, I nearly died. Then come March twelfth. This was the mornin' I was to go to the bank, take the thirty-thousand-dollar check over to Watrous, stay the night at my hotel, and come back March thirteenth with the deed. I started downtown wearin' my best suit. Had a copy of the First Pines Gazette in my pocket. It had somethin' about "our young townsman, Lute Mullen" in it. I aimed to show it to her. Was hikin' along in grand spirits when I seen a fellow just ahead of me stop and look up at the sky. So I stopped. Overhead was floatin' a big leaf—no, it was too big for a leaf; it was about the size of my hat. It lit. It was a piece of burned paper.

The fellow stared at it. "By thunder!" he says over and over: "By thunder!"

"What's the matter?"

"This has blowed all the way here since the fire."

"Fire? What fire?"

"The fire at Watrous."

Watrous!

I didn't go to the bank. Couldn't take that face of mine where she could see it. Besides, maybe my buildin' wasn't gone. Anyhow, I wanted to find out—I wanted to know the worst. I jumped on a train.

Funny what things ketch a man's attention at a time like that! I didn't know but every dollar I owned in the world was swallowed up. Just the same, as we hiked along I watched a fool dawg race the engine. When bad luck gets a stranglehold on your throat, or when the ground splits wide and you see bottom, you'll stop to brush a speck off your cuff.

But after we passed San Bernardino and struck the desert, I set up and took notice, all right, all right. Here was people comin' towards Los Angeles in machines and wagons, with their belongin's piled in the back. A few folks was afoot. Next, smoke—not so much though. And then—jiminy crickets!

It was about ten miles off, I reckon. It reminded me of the time a strange parson turned up at First Pines to hold revivals. The night I heard him, he kept repeatin': "And the fire shall devour 'em—the fire shall devour 'em." "Well, by golly," I says to myself, "in this case the old duck was right!" On the gray stretch of the desert was a black spot—like the shadow of a big bird. Just only a spot!

Recollect that brag of mine—"Everything I touch seems to turn out fine?" Well, Lute Mullen, here's where you come down off your high horse!

We stopped on the edge of the ashes. To the north was that row of bungalows on the long patch of green. I climb down and hoofed it to Jordan's. He was settin' on his front porch.

"This is awful!" he calls as I come up. "This is awful!" His hand was cold as ice.

"Mister Jordan, don't Robert and Jennie give me back my ten thousand dollars?"

He kind of bristled.

"Mister and Miss Howland will live up to that contract," he answers; "and so will you."

"Well, I won't ask Mister Gleason to pungle up thirty thousand dollars for a pile of ashes on a hot lot."

"I'm not rushin' you, Mullen," he comes back; "take your time."

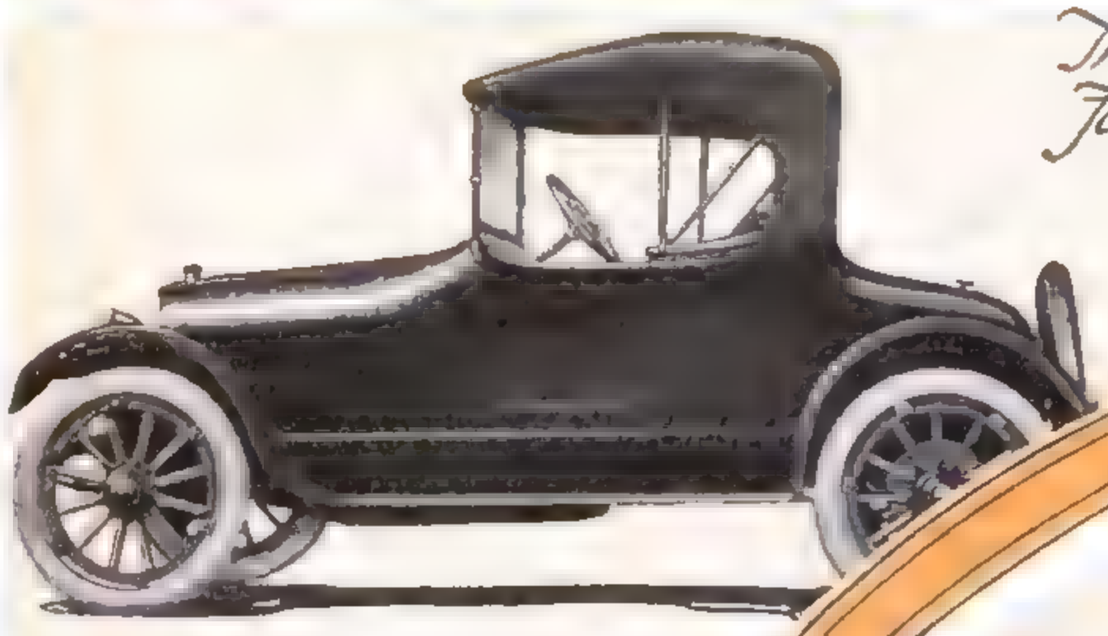
That sounded pretty decent. "Thank you, Mister Jordan. But—how about the insurance?"

He started up. "Oh, that's the worst of it!" he says. And beginnin' to pace the porch: "That's the worst of it!"

"Mister Jordan! You mean ——?"

Well it seems the insurance companies wasn't crazy about takin' risks at Watrous, the water supply bein' none too good. Jordan's company had an agent that was always talkin' fires. Now the storekeeper had been keepin' an awful lot of gasoline in his cellar. Jordan didn't raise no rumpus about it—he might lose a good tenant.

(Continued on Page 45)



*The New 3-Passenger Four-Cylinder Roadster*
*$875 f.o.b. Lansing*

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# In These Essentials—*Long Life; Low Upkeep; Consistent Performa*

WE REO FOLK make this assertion in the firm belief that it is one hundred per cent true;—that you can drive a four-cylinder Reo—world-famous as "Reo the Fifth"—longer, farther and for less cost of operation and upkeep than any other five-passenger car in the world.

THAT IS A BROAD STATEMENT—we fully appreciate how sweeping. And yet we have no hesitancy in signing the Reo name to it. And you know what the Reo word is worth.

WE BASE THAT ASSERTION on the experience of the seven seasons that this Reo model has been made in practically its present form, and on the statements of thousands of dealers who have sold, and tens of thousands of owners who have driven, this car.

DOES NOT THE VERY FACT that we have continued to make this model year after year that long time—just refining and improving details as our engineers or body designers found opportunity—

DOES NOT THAT FACT PROVE our sincerity and our great faith in this model?

JUST THINK BACK over those years and recall, if you can, the many, many new models that have come—and gone; the many "revolutionary" inventions that failed to revolutionize; and changes that failed to endure.

AND STILL, AND STILL REO THE FIFTH has retained in its original form, its perpetual supremacy—has enjoyed each succeeding season, an increased popularity—an increased demand.

WE ASK YOU as an experienced motorist, what are the prime essentials in an automobile?

ANSWER THAT out of the fullness of your long experience—for it is a fact that few "new" buyers select Reos. This car is most popular among the most experienced. These have learned one great fact—namely—

THAT FIRST COST IS NOTHING—it is a consideration of not even secondary importance.

THESE ARE THE ESSENTIALS, and we submit that, within reasonable limits, first cost should not be the deciding factor.

FOR OBVIOUSLY 'T WERE IMPOSSIBLE to put into a motor car that quality that is Reo—the materials and the workmanship and the liberal quantity of both—that guarantee Reo reliability and low upkeep cost and yet compete on a price basis.

"50 PER CENT OVERSIZE in all Vital Parts"—that well-known Reo standard, should cost 50 per cent more. As a matter of fact it does not cost that much more, nor do you pay 50 per cent more. Only about 15 per cent. Reos are sold on a small margin of profit.

SO SMALL, BY THE WAY, that it may be necessary at any moment to increase it—which we reserve the right to do without notice. Any Reo sold at this time is sold with the expressed understanding that the sale price will be the list price at time delivery is specified.

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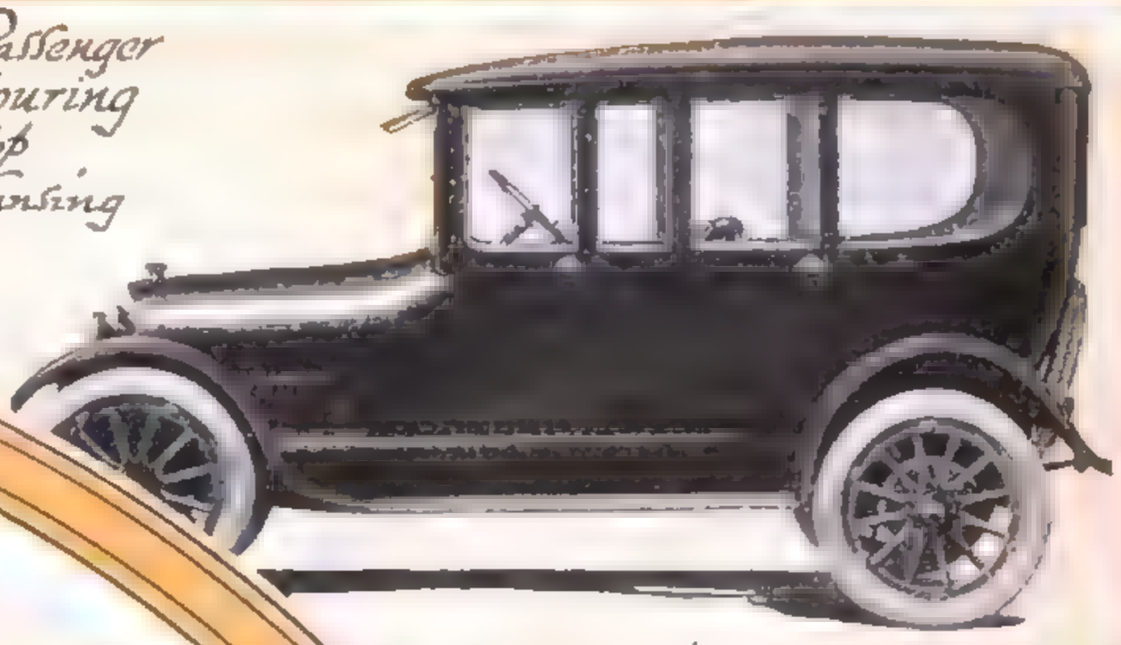

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## *nce and "Used Car" Value*—Reo the Fifth Is Verily "The Incomparable"

SO THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE of getting a Reo the Fifth at the present price is to buy it and take delivery now—if your local Reo dealer can supply you.

IF YOU HAVE THOUGHT that that Reo slogan, "50 per cent oversize," was a mere advertising catch-phrase or a kind of harmless exaggeration, we suggest that you go into the matter fully—it is important that you inform yourself—that you know. And you'll find that it is, in fact, an under-statement of the facts—very much so.

NOW YOU CAN'T BUILD that kind of a car and sell it at the price of a light "skimpy" car. You can't put Reo strength, Reo quality into it and yet meet a price competition. You can't put super-quality, super-strength and super-service into an automobile and yet meet a price of mediocrity.

WE HAVE NEVER TRIED TO. Never intend to. Reo prices like Reo quality, are made here and without regard to—without even considering—prices other makers set on their product.

AND REO LOW UPKEEP COST is a result. The price you are able to obtain for a Reo of any vintage in the "used car market" is a result. The fact that the first Reo the Fifth ever made is still doing excellent service is a result; and the consistency of performance of all Reos—the enthusiastic endorsement of all Reo owners—is another result of that Reo policy.

WE HAVE NEVER STRIVEN to make all the automobiles—only the best. Never tried for vast quantities—only better quality. Never tried to make a dollar out of Reo stock save as it came legitimately from the making of Reo cars and trucks.

WE HAVE BEEN CALLED "OLD-FASHIONED" and sometimes even a Reo dealer whose standing in his community is the result of selling this sterling product, importunes us to change—to make lighter, more flashy, more sensational performers—and to get into the mad price-race.

TO WHAT END? WE ASK—To what end?

HAVE WE NOT ACHIEVED that which is—or should be—the highest ambition of an engineer or a manufacturer or a salesman—a sterling product whose merit is universally recognized and acclaimed—by ally and rival alike?

WE THINK SO—and are content. For many years to come we hope to make this great model—always a little better—never skimping to meet a price.

THE GREAT SPRING DEMAND is already upon us. There won't be enough Reos to go round—never have been. So order—and get delivery—as soon as possible. We shall not strive to meet the whole demand—only to fulfill your ideas and ours of what constitutes a good automobile.

CAR COMPANY
MICHIGAN

# *Why The Best Shoe Values May Be Kept Out Of Your Town*

THE old style shoe-dealer is *secretive*. He doesn't want his customers to know too much about his business—where he gets his shoes, what he pays for them, or how much he adds to that price.

He believes in Private Labels. *Why?*

Ask him for a standard shoe of known value, and he doesn't keep it. *Why?*

He has his shoes stamped with his own name. There are manufacturers who do that—make anonymous shoes and stamp any dealer's name on them.

Some dealers like to say—"These shoes bear our own name; they are specially created for us"—making a mystery of a simple matter. *Why?*

Then there is the dealer who features a branded shoe, giving it the air of a national Standard Make—when it *isn't national* and it *isn't standard*. He features a name but he wants it weak. *Why?*

When you walk past the store of the local shoe-dealer and see shoes in the window, ticketed "latest styles," what *authority* is back of that style? The local shoe dealer's authority? He may be narrow and local, or badly advised in his style information. When you wear his shoes in Fifth Avenue, New York, Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, or Walnut Street, Philadelphia—you may find they are stylish only in your own town.

There is, perhaps, a golden opportunity right in your town for a shoe-dealer who will supply *authentic styles*, *verified values*, as good as can be obtained anywhere in America.

Take Regal Shoes, for example. There are fifty Regal Stores in the great Metropolitan Centres; about a thousand special Regal representatives in other towns and cities; and over two million wearers of Regal Shoes.

Consider the great city stores alone and think what a *test*, what a *guarantee*, they are of Regal styles and values. Every Regal Shoe must compete *every day* with every fine shoe in America. If Regals were not right they could not survive, yet Regal does an ever-increasing business.

Now, we have as many of our own stores as we need, or want.

When it comes to special Regal representatives, the difficulty is to find, in each town, the *Regal kind of shoe-merchant.*

The man we want to know is the shoe-man who believes in fair profits and a busy store: a man who really wants to give you the Regal *kind of values*—shoes of known merit, verified styles: a man who believes in building up a business as an institution, based on *good faith* and *good service*—not trying to stick a big profit on one pair of shoes.

The whole town would get back of a shoe-store like that. You can see the man hiring more clerks and renting a bigger store.

REGAL SHOES

268 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 41)

Which might stop my buyin' the buildin', you savvy. But the week I paid over my ten thousand dollars that agent happened along. He seen the gasoline and he raised Ned. And he canceled the policy!

"And I thought a couple of weeks wouldn't matter," whined Jordan. "Then you could straighten the storekeeper out and insure again. So I took a chance."

I walked off, head down. My ten thousand dollars was lost. I was dead certain of that. Lost! Aw, it wasn't the money I cared about—so help me! It was the dream! The dream!

The train was gone out of sight towards the southeast. I couldn't bear to think of waitin' around them smokin' brick piles for a westbound one. I started for Los Angeles afoot.

Along some time that next mornin', as I was passin' a station, here comes a train goin' my way. I got aboard, and laid back in one of them mechanical plush chairs. "You're beaten!" the wheels taunted at me. "You're beaten! You're beaten! You're beaten!"

Funny I didn't think of goin' to see a lawyer that next day. But I haven't got much confidence in lawyers. I hold that a lawyer is a feller that makes a guess about what he can do—and then charges you for it. Also I kept away from the bank. Wasn't no use to talk about spilt milk.

It was about eight o'clock that night when I found the yard with the cherry trees. I stumbled into my room, knockin' over an awnin', puttin' my boot through a fly-screen and shufflin' the brass letters. Stretched myself on the bed, face buried.

"Let me be a weak calf just this once," I says. "I reckon you'd call it prayin' and I'll try to buck up to-morrow. I will! I will!"

"Boo! Boo!" goes a machine in the street, like as if it was makin' fun of me. Then I heard the gate slam, and steps up the front walk. "After twelve o'clock to-night," I reminds myself, "my rights to the Mullen Buildin' will be a goose egg. Because if that thirty thousand dollars ——" Knock! Knock! Knock! Next: "Is he in yet?" I springs to my feet. Oh, heaven openin' up to a poor cuss! It was her voice! We met in the hall.

"Mountaineer?" Her eyes was anxious—and kind. I could of gone down on my knees to her. Aw, there ain't nothin' beats the tender-heartedness of a woman!

"It's all right, Miss Billie. I can go to raisin' cattle again. You see, they just didn't have enough water to fight with."

"It's going to be all right." She uses better language than me. "Now hurry if you're comin'. Where's your hat, Mountaineer? And bring a heavy coat ——"

To myself I says: "You'll wake up, boy. A man always sees things when he's gone without his meals."

Two winks of her sweet eyelashes, and we was in the big car and scootin' away. Happy? Say, I was with her. For just that I'd lose a Mullen Buildin' once a day!

We stopped at the bank. There was a light inside, and we found Mister Gleason in his office. He was walkin' up and down. "Where you been all day?" he says. And: "You know I got you into this."

"Boss, no man could foresee that fire."

"We could of watched out about the insurance." So he'd heard about that! "And we needn't of been suckers as regards that contract."

"The contract?"

"My lawyer showed me a joker in it to-day—a joker that's as big as Mt. Lowe."

"Boss!"

"Now tell me—quick, too—just what did Jordan say?"

So they'd heard I'd been over. Well, I gave him Jordan's exact words—about "time," and about livin' up to the contract.

"Lute, that contract don't specify that he must turn over to you a certain kind of a buildin'. It describes the lot, all right, but only adds 'with appurtenances thereon.'"

"I remember."

"Appurtenances!" goes on the Boss. "That's where we're stung. Appurtenances is the cellar, Lute—and the tin cans."

"Gee!" Well, I never did like that word.

"Lute, we're goin' to hand that thirty thousand dollars to Jordan before twelve o'clock to-night."

"No! It's good money after bad."

"Listen! He wants you to take time—and default in your payment. Mebbe he wants it because he can't carry out his part of that contract by midnight."

"You mean ——" Christopher Columbus, but I was excited!

Miss Billie's face was all pink. "Suppose the deed burned, Mountaineer," she put in. "He's got to have another, properly signed, by twelve. Well, he's never had any power of attorney, and that brother and sister don't live around here. So ——"

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-roo!"

"Lute," says the Boss, "we'll offer him the thirty thousand. If he can't hand over the deed let him hand over your ten thousand. I find it's in his own account yet."

I reached out my hand. "Give me the thirty-thousand-dollar check, Mister Gleason. I'm on my way to Jordan's."

"A check ain't legal tender."

I didn't understand.

"Mountaineer," says Miss Billie, "we got to take the cash."

"Thirty thousand dollars?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

I reached for my time-table. I could say the day schedule backwards and forwards; but at night ——

"No more trains," says the Boss

"It's got to be the car." Miss Billie was changin' the pins in the cherry hat. "I'll drive. Gas, water, new tires—we're ready. All I need is a box."

"But is it safe?"

"We ain't afraid, Mountaineer. Need a good-sized box."

"Billie and me drive everywheres at night," adds Mister Gleason. "There ain't no danger."

"All the same, let's have a man to drive."

"We're losin' time, Mountaineer. Please! That box!"

"Got a revolver, Lute?"

I took it out.

"Here Goes Thirty Thousand Dollars, Johnnie," I Says to Myself

She laughed. "I been wonderin' if you didn't carry one."

"But not on this trip," says Mister Gleason. "A gun only draws fire." Which is true.

"But, Boss, now ——"

"I'm going to drive—you can't scare me. Oh, do find a box!"

"Got the cash all counted," calls back Mister Gleason, on his way to the front office.

"Risk you gittin' hurt, Miss Billie, and your pa's money, and ——"

"You'll find one in the yard," she answers.

I went out. I found a box all right—from the undertaker's. It was the rough, outside-case kind, as big at one end as it was at the other. Hated to take it, but what else could I do? It was a little one, and it had a cover that fitted. Also it had handles.

Miss Billie was used to that undertakin' place. When she seen the box she only nodded, and led me into the front office. There was the Boss and the night watchman—where the cashier was daytimes. They put in the money—rolls, and rolls, and rolls. Then on went the cover. This was when we noticed the little plate on one end of it. And on the plate was a little name. It kind of choked us up.

But we didn't have any too much time. Two nails into that cover, one at each end, and out we toted the box, put it behind the front seat—fitted just right, it was so teeny—and pulled a buggy robe over it. Then Miss Billie took her place at the wheel.

"Boss, I thank you, I thank ——"

"Good luck!"

A kiss for daddy, and we scooted, bound eastwards.

"We'll make for the railroad tracks, Mountaineer."

"All right, girl. Give him his head."

At the edge of town one slim little hand dropped from the steerin' rig. She gave that old machine some kind of a dig in its off shoulder. And the bungalows begun to stand closter together.

"Now, Lute," I says to myself, "this here is a dream." For darned if it didn't seem like one, with the asphalt skimmin' under us, with that thirty thousand dollars behind the seat, and with her leanin' over the pommel, the cherry hat pulled way down, so's only the square little chin was showin'.

But every mile it got realer. My brain started to work again. "Boo! Boo!" we hollered as other machines went by. We were alongside the Santa Fee tracks by now. Our engine breathed like an animal. Could see how it was she loved the car. It minded her like a good kid, and there was no gruntin', no slackin' on the tugs, no call to pity a tired wheel.

Due east lay our road till we reached San Bernardino. Then we turned north, to make through the Cajon Pass. And soon here was the cottonwoods of the Mojave River, which has water in it at that time of the year. "Boo! Boo!"—a cow, if you please! "What's the time, Mountaineer?"—keepin' her eye on the road, you savvy. "Just nine-seventeen, Miss Billie, by your made-in-the-buggy clock." "Boo! Boo! Boo-oo-oo-oo!"

Folks wasn't thick on the road out here, you bet. But pretty soon up tears a car towards us. A man leant out—yelled somethin'. I couldn't catch what he said. Miss Billie didn't pay no attention to him. "Been drinkin'," is what I thought. "Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Then—all of a sudden—a single light ahead. Couldn't be another machine, you see. And it wasn't movin', as a lantern ought to. But it was right in the middle of the road. Yes, and hangin' from a long fence-board!

It stopped us short.

"Say, girl! What ——?" I started to stand.

"Hands up!"

"Don't move!"

One order come from the river side, the other from the tracks. As I raised my hands—and, gee whiz! but I hated to—a man closed in on us from each direction. They was short men, and dark-complected. The righthand one had a gun. The other carried one of them flashlights built like a flute.

Miss Billie took her hands off the wheel, set back, and stared at the feller with the revolver. "Don't shoot!" she begged. Then, before they could ask us for a pocketbook or a watch, she turned half round and throwed the buggy robe onto the back seat. "There!" she cried out. "There! There! Let me show you," pullin' at the cover of the box.

The fellow with the flash got up onto the car step and aimed his light on her hands.

"Here goes thirty thousand dollars, Johnnie," I says to myself. Always call myself Johnnie when I'm sore at bein' a fool. That second I seen an awful queer look come onto his greasy little face. Oh, he was a Mexican, all right. He give a gasp, stared at Miss Billie—and crossed himself!

"*Dee-o me-o!*" he says under his breath—and stepped down and back!

Before I could understand what it was all about, the other Mexican jerked away the fence-board, waved us to go on, and you bet your life we went!

"Boo! Boo! Boo!" And "Oh! Oh! Oh!" this last bein' Miss Billie, bent way over the pommel.

"Aw, little girl," I says, cut to the heart; "aw, it's a shame to have you cry like that! Let's stop till you feel better."

"Oh! Oh!" she answers back. "I'm not crying, I'm laughing!"

She laughed so hard I thought she'd run us off a culvert, or into the willows and the stream. Oh, yes, I knew what'd saved us. That greaser thought—you guessed it! And that's why Miss Billie started to cry a speck after all. Just like a woman! Then she quiets down, and gives me a quick look, eyes shinin', face all smiles. "Mountaineer!" she says.

Aw, Billie Gleason! I took off my hat, leant down to the wheel, and kissed one of them strong little hands.

"Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Expect I ought to say that a shoe came off, or we had to stop for water, or somethin' like that. But no such happenstance held us up. The wind of the Mojave was in our faces, and not a mite too cool. There wasn't even a speck of dust to make the goin' less fine. In fact, the ride was too short. We didn't know we'd got there till we ran smack betwixt two piles of bricks and ashes.

No, it didn't give me no jolt. All I could think of was: "Thank heaven, the money's safe now! The money's safe now!"

We set back on our traces, wheeled, and galloped for the bungalows, where I made myself terrible popular by wakin' up the whole string before I located Jordan's. A head was poked out of a window—a bald head.

"Lute Mullen, Mister Jordan. Please come out."

Down went the window. Then the door opened.

"Well?" he says, meanin': "What're you doin' here at this time of night?"

"This is the 13th of the month," I explains. "I'm to hand you thirty thousand dollars; you're to hand me a deed."

"But look here—"

"You come and look into this car." I started for the road and he followed.

I climb onto the back seat and got my fingers under that cover.

"What you got?" Oh, he didn't act like a man that wanted thirty thousand dollars.

"This here"—skritt, skritt go the nails—"is the cold cash." At that I lit a match. He looked.

"My soul!"

"Of course you'd like to count it?"

"N-n-no."

"No?"

"No use. With Mister Howland in New York and Miss Howland in Chicago, I'll just have to default in the delivery of the deed."

"Why didn't you tell me that yesterday?"

I was mad! "Here I've risked this money, that ain't mine, and the safety of this young lady, and—it's a blamed shame, if you want to hear me!"

"Very sorry." He backed away.

(Concluded on Page 48)

*A Road in the Berkshire Hills, Massachusetts*

GOODYEAR

AKRON

# To Goodyear Service Station Men

It is a common error on the part of the average consumer, to believe that the tire manufacturer wants his product to wear out as soon as possible.

*Correct him!*

Tell him what this Company has done to make tires yield *more* mileage, to give less trouble, longer life, better satisfaction, at lower cost.

Tell him first of the Goodyear No-Hook Bead, its introduction, and what it has meant to the tire buyers of America in eliminating rim cuts, tube pinching, blowing off the rim. Point out to him that this year's improvements alone on this single feature have cost us an extra half-million dollars.

Tell him of the Braided Piano-wire Base in Goodyear Tires, how much it has added to the effectiveness of the No-Hook Bead idea in security, as opposed to the round cables, double cables and wire arrangements commonly used.

Tell him of the Goodyear "On-Air" Cure, an exclusive process costing us this year six hundred thousand dollars in excess of the old method, and what it means to users in reducing the risk of blowouts from wrinkled or buckled fabric.

Tell him of the Goodyear Wrapped Tread construction, and its importance as a guard against inferior tires' going into service. Let him know what it costs us to maintain this feature.

Tell him of the special material used in Goodyear Tires—of the fabric, made to our own specifications because the general market doesn't offer its equal, which tests five per cent stronger than we can buy elsewhere.

Tell him of the advantages of the Goodyear Breaker Strip, and how, built in between the tread and cushion stock, its perforations permit the formation of rubber rivets which hold tread and carcass in an indissoluble unit.

Tell him of the extra material that goes into Goodyear Tires and Tubes, making them larger and stronger, that they will ride easier and wear longer—an item footing close to three and a half millions of dollars extra this year.

Tell him of the bigger blocks that go into Goodyear All-Weather Treads this year, to give them greater traction and greater non-skid efficiency, at an extra cost to us of more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Tell him of the All-Weather Tread itself, how it is twice as thick as ordinary treads and most effective of all non-skid treads, and how this extra thickness this year costs us more than one and a half millions of dollars.

Tell him that the additional labor and the special equipment required for exclusive Goodyear processes cost us more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

Tell him that the total of sums spent by Goodyear in twelve months to make his tires serve better, wear longer and cost less, exceeds *four and a quarter millions of dollars.* He should know this, for it is spent in his behalf.

And then, as a climax (for it is a climax in tire accomplishment), tell him of the Goodyear Cord Tire—how we developed, improved, perfected it to a point surpassing anything that had gone before—how we made it truly representative of the best we had learned, evolved, hoped for, through all our experience in tire building.

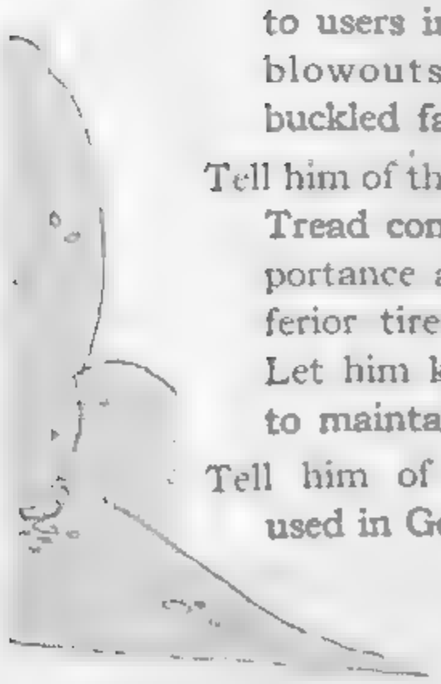
Tell him how, if it costs a little more to buy than other tires, it costs much less to own—and is worth surprisingly more, in point of comfort, distinction, endurance, security, liveliness, power-saving and fuel thrift.

You have a real story to tell the tire-buyer. Just state the facts. They are sufficiently impressive. They evidence the quality of our tires; and the prices we ask in return speak ably enough of the economies we have effected in manufacturing and distribution.

In conclusion, it might be well to reveal how The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, through men like yourself, is pursuing a nation-wide plan of tire conservation, by informing tire users in the matters of proper inflation, prevention measures, care and repair.

This point, alone, should refute the error we mention in the opening paragraph of this advertisement.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio



*Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.*

# CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 45)

"Guess you are. And I'll just take my ten thousand dollars."

"Do you think I carry large sums around with me like you do?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I think. Come across with the check."

Whilst he was inside I paced up and down. Miss Billie stayed in the machine. Every minute or so I could hear her sigh or give a little sob. We'd covered a hunderd miles, you see, and the girl was tired out.

Then he came back. And here was my ten thousand dollars. I read the check in front of a headlight.

"Good night," says Jordan, tryin' to be pleasant.

"Good *night!*" I answers—just like that.

Slam!—his door.

"Well, Mountaineer?"

I gave her the check. "Oh, little woman, you've saved my hard-earned stake!"

She smiled at me. "You're welcome. Hop in."

I was standin' against the off front wheel. "No, I've got to tell you somethin'. I want to own up. Can't keep it on my conscience no longer. Remember that first time I seen you? Well, I called you a tomboy—that's what I did. A tomboy. Just because you were drivin' a car. And here this same car—aw, will you forgive me? Will you?"

She put a hand on my shoulder. "Dad likes you, Mountaineer," she whispers.

That finished me! "Oh, Billie!" I says to her. "Oh, don't think I'm crazy! Don't get down on me! Billie, I love you! I love you more'n my life!"

"Dear Mountaineer!"

She leant towards me right into the circle of my arms! "Oh, blue eyes and bobbin' cherries! Oh, blowin' hair, and dear, dear face! Oh, tired little hands—God love 'em! Oh, sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

It was that dream of mine—come true!

"Oh, Daddy'll be glad too. Let's hurry back."

"With you so worn out? Aw, rest, little girl. Here, I'll wrap this robe around you. And we'll set right here in front of Jordan's till sun-up. No more dark road for me, riskin' your safety and all this cash."

She laughed. "The Mexicans can have it," she says.

"Have it?"

"Oh, we didn't like to tell you, Mountaineer. You're so outspoken, so honest, you couldn't bluff—couldn't carry it off. But ——"

The joke was on me! And on Mister Jordan! You recollect that wood tray full of twenties that the cashier kept right inside his window? Well, he was careless on purpose, in case an auto bandit should happen by. And all them rolls of his—the very rolls we had in the car, with a lot more of the same kind—were just only iron washers!

# BEING NICE TO NELLIE

(Concluded from Page 18)

"Dinner for that creature! What do you think I am—crazy? She'll never set foot in my house again so long as she lives. You'll have to go somewhere else to see her—the club, or in swimming."

"Madame, I beg of you!" I entreated. "When I answered all your questions, and told you everything, you agreed not to talk of it further. Then why not let this painful subject drop? Why not forget it?"

"I won't talk about it," she said; "but I can never forget it. To think of you making such a fool of yourself!—that's what gets my goat. The whole town is laughing at you. And everybody feels *sorry* for me! And here I used to pity Annielee when people felt sorry for her behind her back!"

Promises are easily given, but keeping them is another matter entirely. Madame Giraud could no more steer clear of the topic of our luncheon than a novice on a bicycle can avoid a tree. At all hours of the day she would revert to it. At night she would wake me with a question she had forgotten to put more than a dozen times before. Yes; my sufferings were acute, m'sieu.

One night after the Fields, M'sieu Joe Hicks and his wife had been there, and the two gentlemen had been rallying me rather crudely about the escapade, as I was now forced to regard it—late that night Madame Giraud stole out of bed and into the nursery. I thought nothing of that and dozed; but, waking later and perceiving that her bed was empty, I followed to ascertain the reason of her absence.

The nursery was in semidarkness and the Ethiopian slumbered in her bed. Above the wicker nests where my noble boys slept like rosy cherubs bent my wife. I tiptoed to her side before she heard me and, therefore, caught the words she was murmuring into their unconscious ears:

"Oh, my poor, darling, fatherless babes!"

Fatherless, indeed! My patience was exhausted. But I dared not reprove her there lest our talk disturb the twins. However, she could divine from my haughty demeanor that I was ill pleased; and when I whispered that she ought to obtain some much-needed rest she consented to do so.

Yet from the day I met the captivating Madame Nellie at the fountain we have had no secure domestic harmony, m'sieu. The slightest reference to anything remotely suggesting the adventure starts madame on a harangue. Why should she harp on such a matter endlessly? Why do the spheres revolve in their orbits? It is woman's way, m'sieu. Should we ever be blessed with a daughter, which will doubtless be the case, my earnest prayer is that she will have a sense of proportion. There is nothing womankind lacks so much.

And now you know, my friend, why the mere mention of Memphis is painful to me. That city is the residence of Madame Stratton, and I shall never be allowed to go there. Probably we shall never meet again, and a friendship so auspiciously begun will be terminated forever. And for what? Because of foolish jealousy.

"Jealous? Ha, ha! That's a good one! But I hate to see you make a fool of yourself. That's all," madame asseverates.

She tried to make me promise I would never do anything in future without either consulting her first or telling her about it immediately afterward. But I hesitated to do so. Not that I contemplate any affairs; but my dear wife wished to make the pledge a blanket one, covering not only casual meetings with her woman friends, but all my goings-out and comings-in. In short, she desired to keep tabs on my daily schedule by means of this promise. And I would not. Wholly blameless as my life is, I could not brook to have it regulated on the basis of a kindergarten. Therefore I put her off.

"The great Napoleon once said: 'The best way to keep one's word is not to give it,'" I reminded her with a smile.

"You won't promise? Then you must intend to do that sort of thing often!"

"Nonsense, my angel! I will readily agree not to make an engagement of any description with a lady, however close she may be to our family, without first obtaining your sanction. But that I should render you minute reports of every act throughout the day—no! Nonsense!"

And there the matter rests, m'sieu. Finding me obdurate, madame was obliged to be content with this concession, and things now move along much as before.

But the perfect day with Nellie had one salutary effect: it taught me the value of appearances. In future Henri Giraud will show a discreet regard for the conventions.

In this connection I should perhaps relate what occurred at a vaudeville performance last week. It was the opening bill and my wife was anxious that I should take Cousin Glossy, who is visiting us from Arkansas in order to buy clothes.

"I don't feel up to it myself," Jane explained. "I have a splitting headache and little Henree is cutting another tooth. Do you mind taking her alone? I shouldn't ask you, dear, only Glossy adores the theater so."

"I shall be delighted," was my reply.

Yet I went with a sinking heart. My wife's cousin is doubtless an estimable woman, but she possesses an exuberance that is extremely trying to a sensitive nature—especially in public.

She is large, and about thirty years old, with a voice like one of the cowherds who infest her father's farm. And her natural tendency is to be kittenish.

*Eh bien*, I bought seats well down in front, as madame had ordered, and there Cousin Glossy and I ensconced ourselves with a box of chocolates. The show was a wretched one, full of coarse humor, raucous singing and dances that lacked everything but vim.

To Cousin Glossy, however, it was a carnival of wonders. She gripped my arm until I winced when the lady trapezist took a flying jump. She stared breathlessly at the trained dogs, occasionally relieving the tension by nudging me and remarking:

"Oh, isn't he cute? The li'l' darling!"

She devoured chocolates steadily; and, no matter how feeble the joke, she fairly shook and rocked about, tears trickling down her fat, comely cheeks. Of course it was inevitable that we should attract attention, and twice there were audible titters when Cousin Glossy became hysterical.

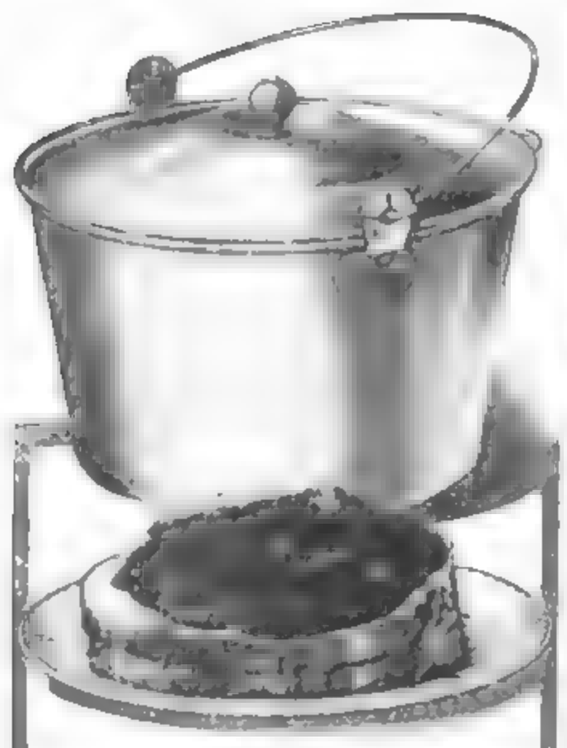
It is superfluous to tell you, my friend, that to a man of fine sensibilities the situation was painful. It rapidly grew more so. Glossy lost all control of her risibilities; I began to fear that, unless the performance ended soon, Nature would have its way and our relative would be carried from the house a helpless but still quivering wreck. And I glanced back to make certain the aisles were clear to the exits, and to locate the lustiest of the ushers in order that I might the more readily enlist their aid.

The first person my eye fell on was Madame Jimmy Arthurs. She was sitting with a party of six, I judged; at any rate, two other ladies had their heads close to hers and their escorts were smiling broadly.

M'sieu, I did not hesitate. No! Well I knew what was being whispered behind those programs, and I rose abruptly from my place. Without pausing to apologize to my limp companion, I strode back to the party and, leaning down to them, said earnestly:

"Look you, mesdames—and you, also, messieurs—this lady with me is my wife's cousin."

They gaped at me, too thunderstruck to utter a sound. "So," I ended meaningly, "don't start anything!"

*Reduce Your Meat and Fuel Bills*

Many an expensive cut of meat has been spoiled because of the pot it was cooked in.

The ideal utensil for Potroasting is the

"Wear-Ever"

**Aluminum Windsor Kettle**

In it you can make an appetizing, nutritious Potroast from one of the cheaper cuts of meat, without water and without grease.

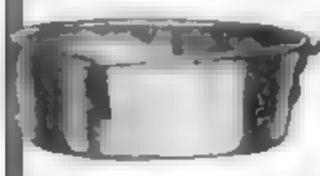
Heat the empty Kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides; then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done.

The wonderful durability of "Wear-Ever" utensils saves you money and eliminates the annoyance of continually buying new cooking utensils. Compare the price of a "Wear-Ever" Kettle with that of the best enamel kettle of the same size. You'll be surprised that "Wear-Ever" utensils can be bought so cheap.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made in one piece, without joints or seams, from thick, hard sheet aluminum. They take the heat quickly and hold it a long time. There is no coating to chip or peel, no place for food to lodge. Cannot rust—are pure and safe.

**Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"**

If you have never used "Wear-Ever" we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan as pictured.



FOR ONLY **30c**

if coupon is mailed on or before February 27th, 1917.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are sold by leading hardware, house-furnishing and department stores.

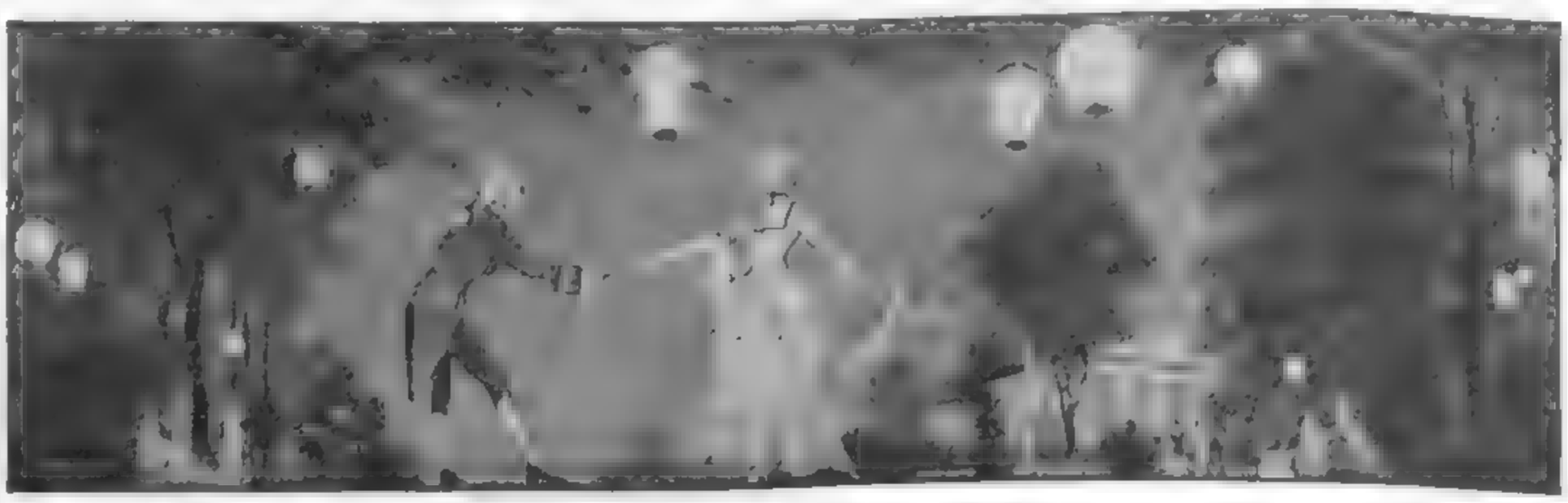
The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.

WEAR-EVER TRADE MARK

[illegible] funded if not satisfied. Offer good until February 27, 1917, only

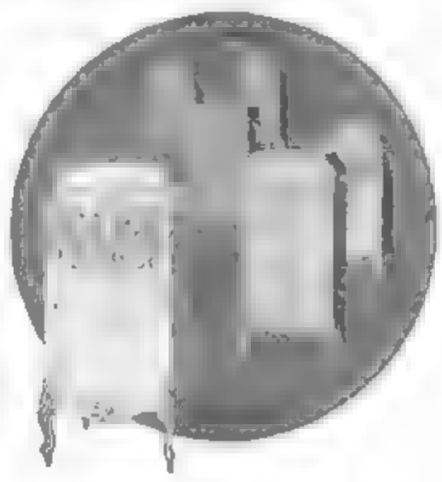
Name _____

Address _____

# BRUNSWICK

## PLAYS ALL RECORDS



### All Phonographs In One

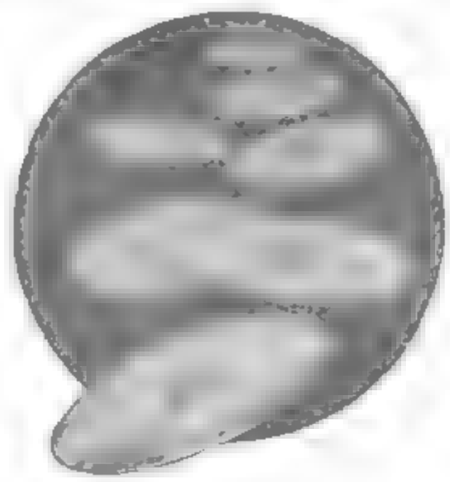
THE wonderful Brunswick phonograph was announced several months ago. It was heralded as "all phonographs in one." Naturally there were a few who doubted.

But now folks who have long waited for the ultimate phonograph frankly admit that the Brunswick takes first place.

The combination of all the merits of the many has really been brought about. All over the land those who have heard the Brunswick have been eager buyers. They are spreading the news among other music lovers. The Brunswick is the greatest sensation in the phonograph world.

The House of Brunswick has been famous for generations for its wood-working experts. They have been making fine phonograph cabinets for years. But not until a perfected phonograph was possible could the House of Brunswick afford to bring out the Brunswick phonograph.

Hear this marvelous instrument now. Make comparisons. Learn the saving. We leave the decision to you.



### Unlimited Choice

WHEN it was announced that the Brunswick plays ALL records, many music lovers whose libraries had been limited to certain records were won over immediately to the Brunswick.

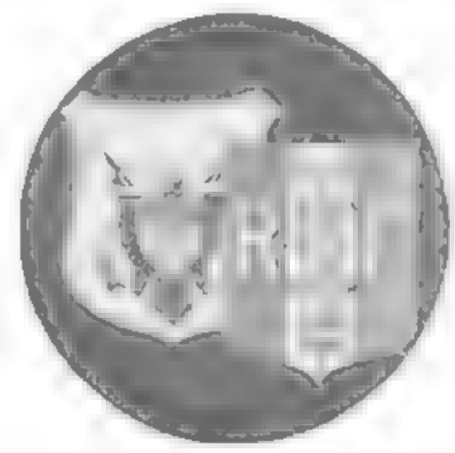
Hitherto phonograph owners have found that some of the greatest records were barred from their homes. Now the Brunswick removes all limitations.

The Brunswick is equipped to play all records as if on their own machines. The correct sound boxes are furnished. Any needle may be used, including the jewel point, the sapphire ball, steel, etc. All without extra cost.

On the Brunswick any record, whatever make, is given new tonal values. Shadings hitherto hidden are now brought out.

Leading authorities in acoustics helped to design and build the scientifically correct, wooden-walled sound chamber. It is built as delicately as a violin.

Again, we leave it to you to test out all records on the Brunswick to substantiate our claims.



### An International Alliance

THE House of Brunswick, sole makers of the Brunswick phonograph, has made an international alliance with Pathé, the world-famous makers of records.

This opens up a hitherto untapped field, bringing to America the exquisite renditions of Europe's famous artists.

This arrangement gives to the owner of a Brunswick all the best American records and all the best European records.

Two sound boxes are furnished with the Brunswick—thereby meeting the requirements of all makes of records.

Experts who have made hundreds of tests say there is no more remarkable combination than the Brunswick phonograph and Pathé records.

So the House of Brunswick is glad to recommend Pathé records.

But remember, the Brunswick plays ANY record. If you already have a collection of records they may be played with a new delight on the Brunswick. Or if the Brunswick is your first phonograph, you have the world to choose from.

## THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

623–633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 29–35 W. 32nd Street, New York

*DEALERS—Write for our unusual proposition covering Brunswick Phonographs and Pathé Records*

Pathé records, played on the Brunswick, bring such famous artists as Muratore, acknowledged as the world's greatest lyric tenor; Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful soprano; Giorgini; Anna Fitziu, the brilliant young American prima donna, who won such a sensational success at the Metropolitan Opera House; Didur, marvelous basso; Thomas Egan, singer of sweet Irish songs; Ancona—de Cisneros—Galvany—Journet—Ober—Titta Ruffo—Slezak—Urlus—Herman Weil. These are only a few of the world's famous collection of Pathé records of singers. There are also the famous bands, orchestras, choirs, instrumental artists, etc. The Pathé library is perhaps the largest musical collection the world has ever known. London, Paris, Berlin, Milan, Petrograd, all musical centers, contribute. The Brunswick places it at your command, together with *all* other records.

Pathé

# This Range Is DIFFERENT!

## Burns Gas, Coal, or Wood—
### *But Has No Parts to Change!*

See that key! Turn it to left—*click!* Oven ready for gas. Reverse it—oven ready for coal or wood. And no *bunglesome* parts to *shift* or *change!* Kitchen kept

**Cool In Summer—Warm In Winter**

Labor, worry, materials, expense saved when you replace your wasteful, old, worn-out *one-fuel* cooking range with a

## UNIVERSAL
### Combination Range

Has all the incomparable baking qualities of finest COAL range and the [illegible] convenience of GAS!

*Different*—and superior—[illegible] utter simplicity. [illegible] SAFE [illegible] AUTOMATIC! Burns [illegible] artificial gas.

[illegible]

Write for Booklet

[illegible]

Cribben & Sexton Co.
500-700 N. Sacramento Blvd.
Chicago

UNIVERSAL STOVES AND FURNACES

A TWIST OF THE WRIST CHANGES FROM COAL TO GAS

*An afternoon on the ice makes the Big Hunger. Read about the Big Taste that satisfies such hunger!*

## 2 Good Hot Suppers for February

WHEN they all troop in from skating, cold and, my, how hungry, will you have ready such a tempting, hunger-appeasing supper as one of these? A *super*-supper, made memorable with the Big Taste of Underwood Deviled Ham!

**HOT SUPPER No. 1**
***Deviled Ham Cream Toast***
Apple-and-Celery Salad — Cheese
Chocolate Cake — Tea

*Deviled Ham Cream Toast:* Two tablespoons butter, melted in double boiler; teaspoon flour, three cups milk. When smooth, stir in small can Underwood Deviled Ham. Pour over slices of freshly made toast.

**HOT SUPPER No. 2**
Clam Broth — Celery
***Deviled-Ham-and-Rice Cakes***
Baked Custard — Chocolate

*Deviled-Ham-and-Rice Cakes:* One cup boiled rice; one large can Underwood Deviled Ham; half cup milk; half cup flour; level teaspoon baking powder (mixed with the flour). Mix thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle. Turn, to brown both sides. Serve hot with butter.

"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"
A BOOK OF RECIPES YOU WANT

free on request. Contains the famous Little Red Devil recipes and valuable hints for suppers, luncheons, spreads, etc. New salads, scallops, omelets, sandwiches, etc. Or send 20c for an economical can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Please mention your grocer's name when writing, and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Ask your grocer now

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.
*Makers also of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue and Turkey*

## UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

"Branded with the Devil, but Fit for the Gods"

*TO RETAIL GROCERS: If you cannot get Underwood Deviled Ham from your local jobber, write us. We'll find some way to supply you.*


# MAKING MEN STICK

### By Forrest Crissey

"NOBODY can knock this store in front of me and get away with it!"

I was taking a short cut that brought me alongside the loading platform of one of the biggest department stores in America, when this odd statement smote my astonished ears. Here was a new industrial note, one that had enough of the tang of novelty to stop me short and turn me into a deliberate eavesdropper. The speaker was a small, thin man of middle age whose face had a rich collection of trouble lines. The driver to whom the rebuke was addressed was big enough and strong enough to give the speaker a sound beating with one hand tied behind his back. The occurrence was so remarkable that I determined to follow it up and learn, if possible, just what had inspired this strange and sudden burst of defense from a worker who could hardly be drawing more than fifteen or eighteen dollars a week.

The trail that I followed proved to be full of delightful surprises, for it led to discoveries unsuspected by the average layman who has been led to think that the soul of modern business is only a shade less sinister and unsparing than that of war.

"What made me come back so hard at that big driver when he began to hammer the house?" repeated the grizzled loader. "Well, I'll just tell you if you'll stick round for about five minutes until we knock off for lunch."

Here is the story that he told me between bites into his thick rye-bread sandwiches:

"Mebbe you don't believe in bad luck, but I do. I had it running swift for almost four years straight after I was married. That was when I got a job here. The wife was a little weak naturally, I guess, and the two kids coming as they did—about eighteen months apart—didn't help her any. In paying doctors' bills and all the other expenses that come with sickness and babies, I began to get into debt. There wasn't any help for it. All I could do was to get trusted for the things we had to have, pay for what I couldn't get on credit, and hope that some day I could catch up and pay out.

"We started out in a little flat, but when things began to go wrong I moved into a made-over barn. The only thing that didn't seem as bad as it could possibly be was the fact that I still held my job and was able to work. Of course I was scared stiff for fear that I would lose my job. That's always the way when a fellow must have every day's wages or go under.

"One day, when the kids were worse and things so black I couldn't see an inch before my face, one of the drivers asked what was the trouble. I spilled the whole story into his ears. He told me that the thing to do was to go to one of the head men of the company, the one that looked after the help, and borrow fifty dollars. I told him he was crazy, and that if I tried any such scheme it would cost me my job. But he stuck to it that this house took an interest in everybody on the pay roll, and that it would do almost anything for a man with a good working record."

### *Why One Man Sticks*

"I finally decided to take a chance. I was past the point where any halfway help would do a thing for me except to drag out the misery a little longer, so I headed for the mahogany office and asked for the man the driver had told me about. The minute that man spoke it took all the scare out of me. I told him that I was up against it something fierce; that the wife and babies were all sick; that I was in debt up to my ears, and that the driver had told me to go to the office and ask for the loan of fifty dollars to be taken out of my pay, two dollars a week.

"He said that I'd done the right thing in coming straight to him, and that I was to come again next day and get my answer. They didn't make a practice, he added, of lending money to help, but I could be sure that he would try to figure out some way that would answer the same purpose.

"The next afternoon when I came for my answer I got the jolt of my life. He told me that the wife had been taken to the hospital that morning, where she would have excellent care as long as she needed it, and that I would find the kids in charge of a good reliable woman where they would be kept until their mother was on her feet again.

"When I asked how I was going to pay for all this he said that I wasn't, that the store was doing this on its own account, and that the only way for me to get even was to do the best work I could and always keep looking out for the interest of the concern.

"I expect to stay here till I die, get fired or go on the retired list, and as long as I'm here you bet I'm going to keep both eyes open to see where I can do this store a good turn besides giving 'em a full day's work as a loader."

Was this extraordinary experience merely a freak of corporation philanthropy, I wondered, or was it a fair example of the workings of a new commercial system intended to inspire men and women to stick to their jobs? For the question of how to make men stick to their jobs has become one of the most acute problems of American industry. Many years it has pressed for recognition, but its seriousness has only lately been clearly seen by the leaders of constructive thought in the labor field. And even yet industry has hardly learned how to measure the injury inflicted upon it by the floater. It has, in fact, scarcely awakened to the steady, increasing and unnecessary toll levied upon the profits of the business by the cost of breaking in new workers.

### *The Costly Labor Turnover*

Not many months ago two manufacturers, both operating plants in the same lively little Wisconsin city, entered into a discussion, over their coffee, of their labor turnover and the element of unnecessary expense involved in it.

"Though I cannot convince myself," said the smaller manufacturer, "that this leak amounts to very much in my plant, the fact that several of the shrewdest men I know, in various lines of manufacturing, insist that the problem is serious, makes me determined to arrive at the truth of the matter as closely as our present system of records will reveal it. The condition is serious enough, in my opinion, to warrant an investigation, and I am going to make the best one I can."

"My employment records," responded the larger manufacturer, "probably won't tell exactly how much it costs us a year to break in new men, but if it is worth while for you to go into this question it is certainly an equally serious matter in my much larger organization."

In about a month these two men had another meeting, and this time they compared the results of their inquiry.

"I'm simply astonished," declared the smaller manufacturer. "As closely as I can estimate from available data, which at this time are neither so complete nor so accurate as I could wish, it costs our concern not less than ninety-six thousand dollars a year to break in new men."

"Make the figures a quarter of a million for my organization," interrupted the other manufacturer. "In fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that more still could be added without making it exceed all the costs, direct and indirect. How much of this is unnecessary I confess I do not now know how to determine; but there is one thing settled beyond question, and that is that I am going to tackle the problem of making men stick, and keep at it until the present awful percentage of unnecessary labor turnover is reduced to something like common-sense proportions." Both of these business administrators, like many others throughout the country, are now giving a large part of their time and thought to this problem.

To determine the amount of unnecessary tax imposed by the floaters is, however, no easy matter. It is one thing for a large employer to find out how much it costs him a year to break in new workers, and quite another to arrive at the exact proportion of the expense that is needless.

Few men in the United States have gone farther into this complex question than has Professor Joseph H. Willits, in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. In a recent discussion, reported in the Annals of the American Society of Political Economy, this authority indicates that the loss involved in the unnecessary breaking in

(Concluded on Page 52)

# Springfield Type Bodies

# Lead the World

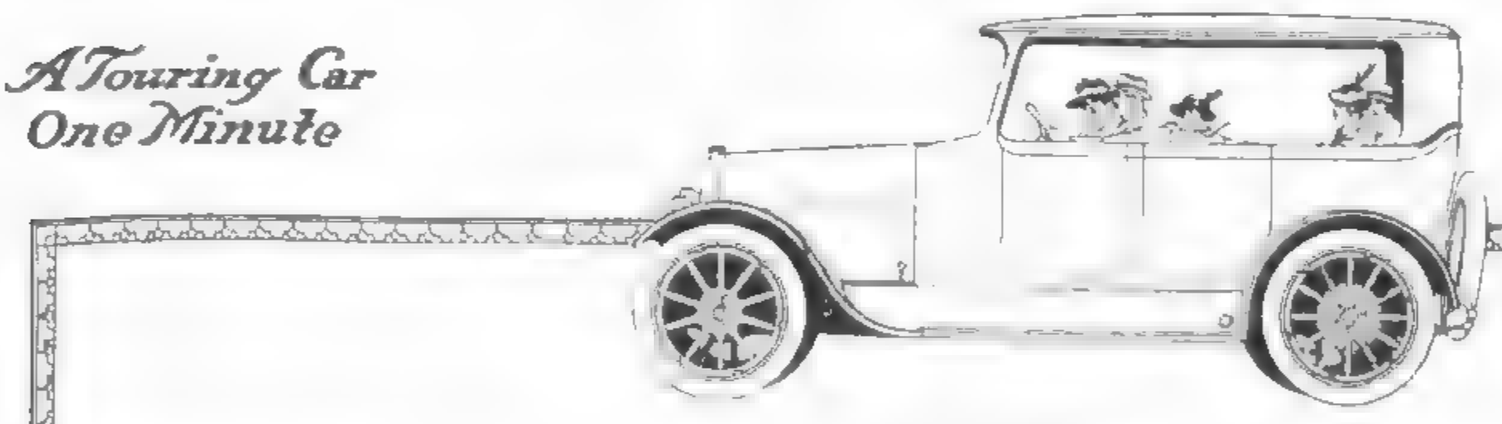
## The New Springfield Four Door Model

### The Ultimate Body for Every Use

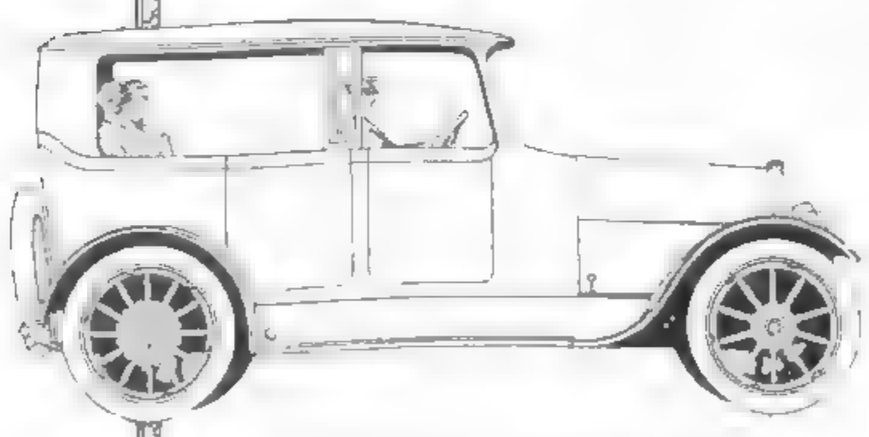
The Springfield Type body is instantly adaptable for winter or summer—rain or shine—day or night service—combining all the protection, luxury and appearance of the finest limousine as well as the freedom and advantages of the open touring car. Be sure that the next car you buy is equipped with a Springfield Type Body.

*A Touring Car One Minute*

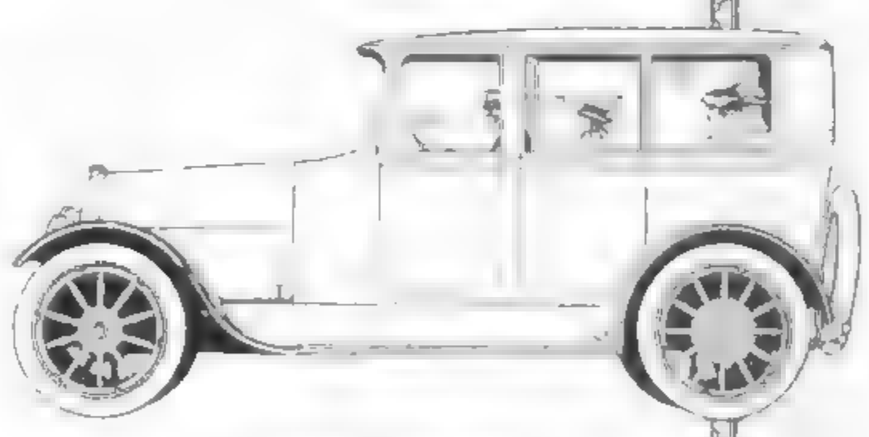
*A Limousine the Next*



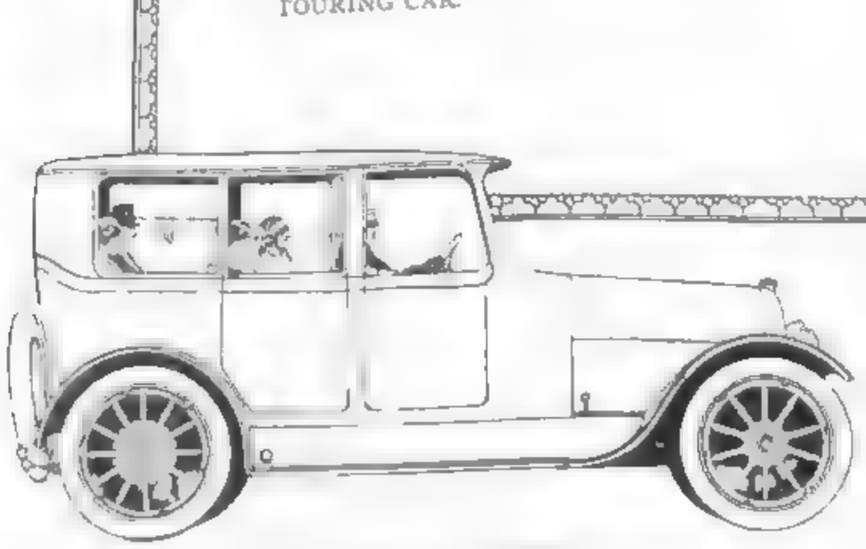
**As an Open Touring Car**
Four-door, seven-passenger, open touring car—all windows lowered and partition out. Elimination of all top bows and posts affords absolutely clear vision.



**As a Touring Car with Glass Partition**
Open touring car as above with glass partition in place) between front and rear seats. For those who desire wind and dust protection as well as privacy and exclusiveness from the chauffeur—ALTHOUGH IN AN OPEN TOURING CAR.

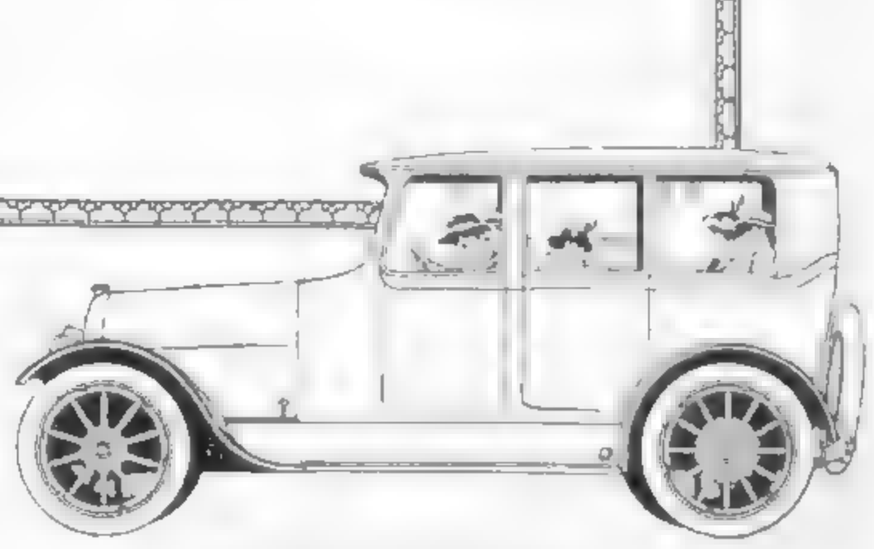


**As a Berline Limousine**
Glass partition in place between front and rear seats—all windows up. Unequaled and unsurpassed in design, comfort and richness.



**As a Standard Limousine**
Glass partition in place between front and rear seats—after door and quarter windows raised. Draft and weather-proof—perfect all-year service. Ideal and cozy—perfect protection from dust, sun and rain.

**SPRINGFIELD BODY COMPANY**
**SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**
**DETROIT NEW YORK**
*General Sales Offices*
*509 David Whitney Bldg., Detroit, Mich.*



**As a Sedan Family Car**
Glass partition removed—all windows up. Ideal family car—rattle-proof, dust-proof, storm-proof.

# Why Smoking Makes All Men Comrades

"Have you a match?" asked the sunburned stranger of the successful business man.

It was the busy time of the morning, there was a chilly wind blowing, yet without the least appearance of vexation the business man stopped, unbuttoned his overcoat and hunted through his pockets until he found a match for the stranger.

Why?

Simply because the stranger wanted to smoke and the business man understood that desire. You know, as every smoker knows, what it is to find yourself without a match when you have your pipe all filled and ready to light. Little vexations like this bring out a spirit of friendliness which unites smokers everywhere.

Without hesitation you will approach an unknown person for a pipeful of tobacco, when you'd walk two miles before asking the same man for carfare home. There is something about the friendly haze of tobacco smoke that makes us all comrades

You realize again the fraternal feeling of smoking in the eagerness with which a man who has just "discovered" some kind of tobacco hastens to inform you of his good fortune. By this unconscious missionary work on their part, men do more to increase the popularity of one brand of tobacco or another than even a great deal of advertising. The man who offers you something new to smoke in this way does so simply in fraternal friendship; you accept in the same spirit.

Now, many of the friends of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, as of other kinds, first learned of it from a chance pipeful borrowed of some one who was already using it. The smoker's creed says you shall pass a good thing along.

You may never have been offered a pipeful of Edgeworth. It's not a brand that is being smoked everywhere. We believe you would like it if you tried it. So we want you to let us send you a liberal sample of Edgeworth, free, in order that you can try it for yourself.

You may like Edgeworth, and again you may not. As we said before, it's not a brand that is being smoked everywhere. Yet, among a certain class of pipe-smokers, many of them men who make pipe-smoking almost a fetish, it has a circle of close friends.

We know that if you try it and it strikes your fancy, some tobacco dealer will have made a new Edgeworth customer. So we feel that we are only doing our share in letting you try it at our expense.

If you will send us on a postcard your name and address and the name of the tobacco store you patronize, we will mail prepaid a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed differ only in form. The Plug Slice comes pressed into flat, oblong slices that you can rub up in your hands before putting in your pipe. The Ready-Rubbed is already prepared for the pipe.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Address your card to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

***To Retail Tobacco Merchants***—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.


(Concluded from Page 50)

of new men ranges, in a general way, from fifty dollars to three hundred dollars an individual, according to the character of the work.

The percentage of the labor turnover he finds equally variable. One case is cited in which the annual labor turnover is five hundred per cent, and the lowest record so far discovered is eight per cent. Between these two extremes stretches a zone of average experience. All who have dug deep into this problem are of one voice in testifying that it is a Pandora's Box of surprises, both to the industrial investigator and to the manufacturer who is determined to stop the leak of unnecessary labor turnover in his own business.

Probably the most advanced position in the actual constructive work of trying to make men stick is occupied by one of the largest and finest department stores in the world. One of the ablest and most experienced executives of the store gives his entire time to the task of creating a house atmosphere that will hold men and women, boys and girls, tight to their jobs in the face of tempting inducements from competitors.

### *The Crusade Against Errors*

Possibly no better illustration could be given of the skill and tact with which the superintendent deals with the difficult individual problems that present themselves at his door, and contrives to establish in the mind of each worker the friendly and interested attitude of that office and of the whole store as represented by himself, than the story of the young saleswoman who suddenly went to pieces and began to pile up an appalling score of mistakes. The store had just started a vigorous and sweeping campaign for the purpose of reducing the number of errors on the part of employees. This great retail establishment at the time had a force of fully two hundred persons who devoted themselves exclusively to the task of adjusting errors. It takes only an instant to make a mistake, but often half a day's time is not enough to correct one. Again, the consequences of a small error are often serious—sometimes involving the loss of a valued customer.

In a store like this one, with a working force of ten thousand employees, the possibilities of error volume are tremendous. To the layman it would seem that a saleswoman who made only one mistake a week must be a marvel of accuracy. Yet if that average were maintained throughout the store the total would be ten thousand mistakes a week, and the task of trying to smooth out ten thousand mistakes in a week is not only an expensive operation, but a decidedly discouraging one, even to a force of two hundred expert adjusters. It is no wonder, then, that the management determined to reduce the volume of mistakes to much smaller proportions.

Naturally this campaign to cut down errors exerted a strong pressure on all of the employees and particularly on those who were a little inclined to be careless. Incidentally it should be remarked that the results of this movement to reduce the current output of mistakes were surprising. At the end of the year it was found that only sixteen employees had made more than ten errors for the whole twelve months. This is enough to indicate the intensity of the campaign that threw the spotlight on the error score and sent many saleswomen "over the carpet" to the various department heads. At the same time the superintendent for workers received reports each day on all employees who were considered in serious trouble or in danger of dismissal.

One day, in the course of this strenuous reform period, the report of a young saleswoman showed that she had made three mistakes on that date. Instantly the official friend of the workers started an investigation. At the end of the week the girl totaled twenty-three errors, and would have been at once dismissed by the department head had it not been for the veto power vested in the executive who carried the responsibility of the big movement for reducing the cost of breaking in new help by making employees stick to their jobs and by making their jobs stick to them.

One fact brought out by the quiet investigation that he made was that her record had been decidedly good up to about two months before, when she had been rather sharply reprimanded by the department manager. This had evidently thrown her into an acute state of anxiety that increased in a cumulative ratio as her volume of mistakes grew. The finish was the championship record of twenty-three errors in one week.

When she received a request to come to the office of the superintendent for workers she burst into tears and said good-by to one or two of her most intimate friends in the department. One glance at her face was enough to make the superintendent move quickly in putting into operation the plan upon which he had decided.

"Miss Blank," he said, "I have sent for you because I believe that you can help me out in a rather delicate task that concerns a young girl at the other end of the department in which you work. She is rather sensitive and high strung and, therefore, capable of the best kind of salesmanship when properly developed. Unfortunately she has lately become a little confused—very likely due to the fact that we are all under peculiar pressure just now in the general effort of the store to cut down the total of mistakes.

"I would like to have you work next to her, get well acquainted with her, and help her, in a tactful way that will not disclose our purpose, to regain her poise and confidence in herself. Right now she is decidedly bewildered. A little clever and sympathetic assistance that she will think spontaneous on your part, instead of inspired by the store management, will very likely help her over the most critical part of her store career and put her on the way to become a useful and permanent employee.

"Of course it is true that she has made quite a number of mistakes lately, but it would be a far more serious mistake than any she has made to allow her to become discouraged over her errors. After you have worked alongside of her for a week, please come and tell me how she seems to you to be coming on."

Miss Blank was too keen to fail to see the similarity between her own case and that of the younger girl with whom she was to work. At the end of the week she again called at the superintendent's office, but this time her face beamed with gratitude and courage. After reporting the entire success of her mission, she volunteered the statement that the experience had been worth everything to herself. The comment of the superintendent on this incident is this:

"Here was a case in which direct and immediate results fully repaid all the outlay of time and effort involved. Four years of training had been invested in this young woman, and that means a very considerable outlay. It would have been bad business to allow that investment to be wrecked, just for the lack of a little intelligent attention. Then, in another way, the house could not in the least afford to have a failure with this saleswoman, because she represented a type of help of the most desirable sort."

### *Why Good Workers Slow Down*

The office of this specialist in the human troubles of workers is always on the alert to catch the slowing-down cases. When a worker with a good record behind him begins to slow down, it is the duty of his immediate superior to report this change in his efficiency to the superintendent. Almost all slow-downs are traceable to one of four causes. Love and domestic troubles take first rank as destroyers of individual efficiency, so far as the experience of this institution is concerned; financial difficulties are a close second; unhappy business relations come in third; while the other cause is ill health. Cases coming outside of these classifications are unusual.

One of the interesting theories of this management is that a raise of wages or salary loses about seventy per cent of its value and effect when given on demand instead of voluntarily. Consequently the motto of this employment expert is "Beat 'em to it." Not only does he believe in the policy of previousness in increasing the pay of the workers, but he makes it a rule, as far as possible, to lift every voluntary advance out of the routine and stereotyped order of things and give it a personal flavor and association.

For example, the other day he sent for a certain boy who had been employed for exactly three months to a day.

"Well, Johnny," was the genial greeting from this executive, in whose hands rest the pay-check destinies of ten thousand workers, "how are you getting on down there in Department Seventeen?"

"I don't know, sir," came the hesitating answer from the grinning boy.

"Well, I know," responded the superintendent for workers. "In fact, Johnny, it's my job to know how everybody that works here is getting on. You are trying hard to make good—and any boy who does that is bound to succeed. Let's see, your birthday is next Monday, isn't it?"

At this statement Johnny's eyes opened wide. The idea that his birthday should be remembered by the big boss of all the workers in this great establishment gave him a jolt. He was due, however, for still another along the same line. "We're going to celebrate your birthday, Johnny," the superintendent continued, "by giving you a little raise in your pay. We are doing this because you show that you are willing to work and want to learn how to do your work well. Just how soon you get another raise depends on how hard and how steadily you keep on trying."

When Johnny left the office he was walking on air. He had a friend in the man at the top, the man who was over all the others, did the hiring and firing, and fixed the amount of wages on every pay check! And hadn't this man shown that he was interested in him by giving him a raise right off the jump?

### *The Automatic Tickler*

What Johnny did not know was that in the great stack of cards on the desk before the superintendent for workers was one bearing his own name, containing a very concise history of his life from the date of his birth down to the moment of his interview, together with much information about his home and the other members of his family. Every day this tickler automatically places before the superintendent for workers the names of those employees who have either been with the firm for exactly three months, or whose cases have been considered and who have perhaps been interviewed three months previously.

In this way the superintendent is able to keep in the most intimate touch with his entire force of workers, and to carry out his "Beat 'em to it" policy in a manner that does not often allow an employee who is doing good work to get ahead of him and ask for a raise. Of course many such requests are received, but the number of them is small in comparison with the volume of those that are raised on the initiative of the superintendent. There is no rule in this establishment that prevents honoring requests for a raise of pay, and it is distinctly understood that the policy of the store is that a request of this kind shall not be allowed to prejudice the chances of the one who makes it.

Few large employers of labor have made a bolder or shrewder stroke along the line of making men stick than a certain railway system, which lately announced a remarkable life insurance plan covering all of its employees who have a continuous service record of more than two years. The benefit under this plan cannot be less than $250 or more than $3000, and its basis, between these two arbitrary limits, is "a sum equal to five per cent of the salary or wage received by the deceased employee during the twelve months immediately preceding his death, multiplied by the number of years of continuous service."

For example, a station agent who had been on the pay roll of the company for twenty years without a break died soon after the plan went into effect. His pay for the last year was $2000. Five per cent of that amount is $100. This, multiplied by twenty—the number of years of service—gives $2000, the amount of the benefit which his widow received. A notable feature of this plan is the fact that it requires no coöperation—no payments, however small—on the part of the employees.

This insurance plan, like the other examples mentioned, is a bit too advanced to be considered as typical of the new attitude, but the fact remains that thousands of employers are awakening to the fact that one of the heaviest burdens of modern business is the breaking in of new help and giving passing entertainment to an army of restless, purposeless floaters; and, what is perhaps even more important, they recognize that men and women, boys and girls, are human beings first, last and all the time, so that in this country at least they will never be mere commercial or industrial pawns to be moved about as if they were blocks of wood. The great secret in making men stick to their jobs is to recognize their individuality at every turn, to make them feel that their rights, capabilities and even peculiarities are taken into consideration in their industrial relationship.

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"THE DEVIL'S PAYDAY" tells the vivid story of a man who believed he could play with fire without getting burned. It is gripping, absorbing, lavishly produced and wonderfully well acted with Franklyn Farnum in the leading rôle, supported by a typically brilliant BLUEBIRD cast of Star Players. SEE IT and enjoy an evening of really delightful entertainment. Also see—"GOD'S CRUCIBLE"—"THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. M"—"THE REWARD OF THE FAITHLESS" and watch for the coming BLUEBIRDS announced each week in this publication. Ask the Mgr. of your Favorite Theatre to show BLUEBIRD Photoplays.

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BLUEBIRD
PHOTO-PLAYS

1600 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

# READY! ACTION! CAMERA! GO!

(Concluded from Page 14)

business organization we are making them in half or a quarter of that time. Our results are quite as impressive and our cost amazingly less.

Let us watch Charles Mills for a while and see how he directed the historical drama that was assigned to him.

Unlike some directors, Mills does not consult his actors in regard to the story. He calls them together and tells them what he thinks of it and what he wants! Turning to a great star employed for this picture, he said: "Now no doubt there are ten ways of making love, and your way may be excellent; but as I have to carry the psychology of the entire story and the relation of one character to another, and the relation of both to the whole, I'll have to insist that love be made the way I want it. That is why I prefer that none of you shall read the script; you might get ideas about your action that I should have great difficulty in changing. This picture has been given me to paint. I have the most wonderful colors that an artist could crave; but you must permit me to mix them as I see fit, for, after all, a picture must of necessity be the work of one man!"

Fortunately the stage stars had brains enough to see the point of Mills' statement. Our stock actors knew all this very well; so they all worked in joyous harmony and, in fact, soon recognized in him a great master.

When the day arrived on which we were to begin the picture, everything, down to the last detail, was in readiness. Each department, jealous of its own efficiency, had with astounding foresight prepared for every contingency. We were to start on a series of small interiors; and, lest there might be fog or cloudy weather, the electricians had in reserve a huge battery of supplementary lights.

Now on the screen in a ten-reel picture you may behold the king in his antechamber perhaps twenty times throughout the story; but when we make the picture all scenes in that location are made at once, so that the set can be struck to make room for another. The scenes made by day are developed at night, so that the assistant director and camera man may see the negative projected in the morning; and, if necessary, a retake can be accomplished while the set still stands.

### The Council Before the Battle

We have many stages and there are always half a dozen sets standing, and others in process of building. To avoid any delay the scene men are supposed to keep four days ahead of the schedule. If a large set is delayed we utilize the time in making outside locations.

The small interiors, with only a few characters, are much easier to make, and sometimes we do as many as eight or ten in a day; but when it comes to big scenes the director has to use all the brains at his command and the different departments are put to the big test.

Take, for example, the great battle scene in the picture Mills took: Every evening for a week he motored out to the location, with his assistants and army men, and went over the battlefield in minutest detail. A complete topographical map was made; and finally, at a council of war, just as they have in Europe, the movement of the troops was arranged with absolute precision.

For several days before the battle the field was a scene of utmost activity and apparent confusion: Tents were pitched; the commissariat department set up its stoves and tables; corrals for the horses and dressing rooms for the actors were built; a hospital tent, with three motor ambulances, was installed; camera stands were erected and masked; and stands were built so that the knights, who wore armor weighing two hundred pounds to the man, could mount their horses. In fact, every need possible for the equipment and care of the two thousand soldiers who were to take part in the great battle was anticipated and provided for. The last thing to be installed was a complete telephone system, running all over the landscape, so that Mills could be in communication with his assistants and camera men in every remote part of the field.

Truck gardeners going to market one early morning last August were greeted with a strange sight. A great army of French and English soldiers emerged into the San Fernando Valley to do battle for their kings. They were clad in everything, from gay-colored jerkins to full armor, but were riding in automobiles of every description, from the humble flivver to the huge sight-seeing busses and motor-trucks. When, at eight o'clock, they arrived at the scene of impending carnage they found everything in readiness, from hot breakfast to grease paint; and with Teutonic precision they got down to the business of the day.

By ten-thirty everything was in readiness for the first rehearsal. It was decided that the first day should be entirely occupied with this necessity and the real pictures would be taken on the morrow. Squads and companies of knights and soldiers were here, there and everywhere, scattered over the scene as far as the eye could reach, and all in command of army men, used to discipline and obedience. The order had gone out that the least disobedience meant immediate dismissal.

At ten-thirty Mills, on his observation platform, with the telephone jigger fastened to his head, quietly gave the order to begin. At once troops started to move over that hill and round this; and so perfectly did every unit do his allotted stunt that the director suddenly decided to make the picture at once, and ordered the troops all back in their places and the camera men to make ready.

When everybody was at his post he called up all stations and told them that the real battle would be fought immediately. Before anybody could express his astonishment, he issued an order to station six to send the men out; then in rapid succession he called one station after another, directing the camera at number eleven to begin shooting, or camera number six to cease firing; and so on throughout the whole plan of action.

### Mastery of Detail

So completely had he mastered every detail that the battle raged with utmost violence and in perfect accord with the plans. The knights on horseback, having been correctly timed, arrived in a cloud of dust exactly at the moment they were due. And the men, realizing that they were being actually filmed, with small chance of a retake, plunged in with magnificent recklessness.

How any of them came out of that mess of plunging horses, jabbing lances and swirling broadswords without injury is a marvel! Needless to say, many of them were hurt, some very badly, and the ambulances were not installed in vain; yet fortunately nobody was killed.

The greatest achievement was the splendid harmonious working together of many departments, which made it possible to take so great a scene without rehearsal. The smoothness of the system was no less remarkable than that of a great circus and theirs is a daily routine, while this show lived but once.

After the big battle there were innumerable close-ups and many small scenes, which kept us on the battlefield for three days more; but a few years ago—and many companies even to-day—we would have required several weeks to get the pictures of those four days.

But, with all our careful management, there is always the human factor looming up to edit our success.

Once, in one of the smaller battle scenes, Mills called to station seven, where some soldiers were standing at ease, and said:

"Present my compliments to the gentleman standing by the tree, and tell him that knights of the Middle Ages did not smoke."

I used to be pretty well discouraged when I was making pictures whose sole bid for popularity was their "punch"—or the vulgar display of money in their making; then I fell afoul of the adventurous theatrical gamblers, and what was left of my artistic soul was killed and quite indecently buried. But, fortunately for me, I had been a conscientious director, always struggling toward the stars; so I got to heaven.

And here I have been for a year, with all my dreams come true—men of brains as my associates; real artists designing the sets; plenty of money intelligently expended; and when we get good stories we make notable productions—the joy of our lives.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Wagner.

# Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

**These Automobiles are Westinghouse-Equipped**

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Westinghouse

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The distinctive designs of radiator and name-plate that differentiate one automobile from another are more than mere marks of identification.

Each is a symbol of a standard of quality in automobile building. Each suggests the kind of service to be expected from the car and therefore from every important part—by which the performance of the whole car is measured.

And certainly among the most important parts of the modern car is the electrical system.

Westinghouse Electrical Equipment has played its part in helping establish the car-character for which stand the symbols of Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Stearns, Hupp, Chalmers, National and many other makes of automobiles.

Not alone in the quality of the cars of which it is a part is Westinghouse Equipment first, but also in the number of builders who use it.

And this in spite of the fact that it costs more, because it represents the efforts of the highest type of electrical and mechanical engineers, the most skillful workmanship and the use of the finest materials.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
*Automobile Equipment Department*
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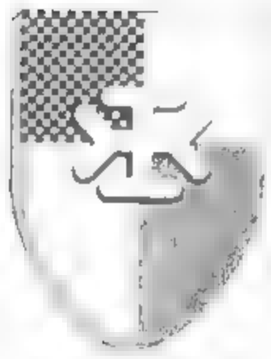
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

# What no tire-maker has ever done before



**A doubly protective guarantee**

*The service must be 5000 miles or more—never less The actual mileage is greater than the guarantee. The General distributors and dealers are anxious to protect your interests, because our liberal guarantee protects theirs.*

We've established throughout the United States, in a year's time, a tire success from every standpoint of performance, popularity and sales—established it with distributor, dealer and user. The General Tire stands out as the tire that stands up.

And we've done what no tire-maker has ever done before, because we did in the first place what no tire-maker *had* ever done before.

When we started, we knew what tire users wanted and needed—we knew how to make that kind of tire and we had the *will* to make it.

We had no old methods of our own to cling to through sentiment, stubbornness or economy. We had no old machinery or equipment that we had to get along with.

We had no past of our own to handicap us and we did have the pasts and presents of others to warn us of pitfalls in tire making.

In Akron we built a factory equipped with the very last word in tire making and perfecting machinery.

As you know, Akron is the center of the tire brains of the world. We located the best of the tire brains of Akron and the world and put them to work in carrying out our ideals.

When you put to work the knowledge of a need—the know-how to fulfill that need—the machinery, equipment and materials to produce the results demanded by the know-how—the brains to see that results are produced, and the *will* to make a good tire, you can't make anything but a good tire.

There's the whole reason for the success of The General Tire—unvarying quality produced by building into it the best of Akron and the best of ourselves.

Now—after reading this, you are expecting the General to be a high-priced tire. Just ask the dealer and be surprised at how moderate the price is. And as to cost in service—the General costs less per guaranteed mile.

Write "General Tires" in your auto note book.

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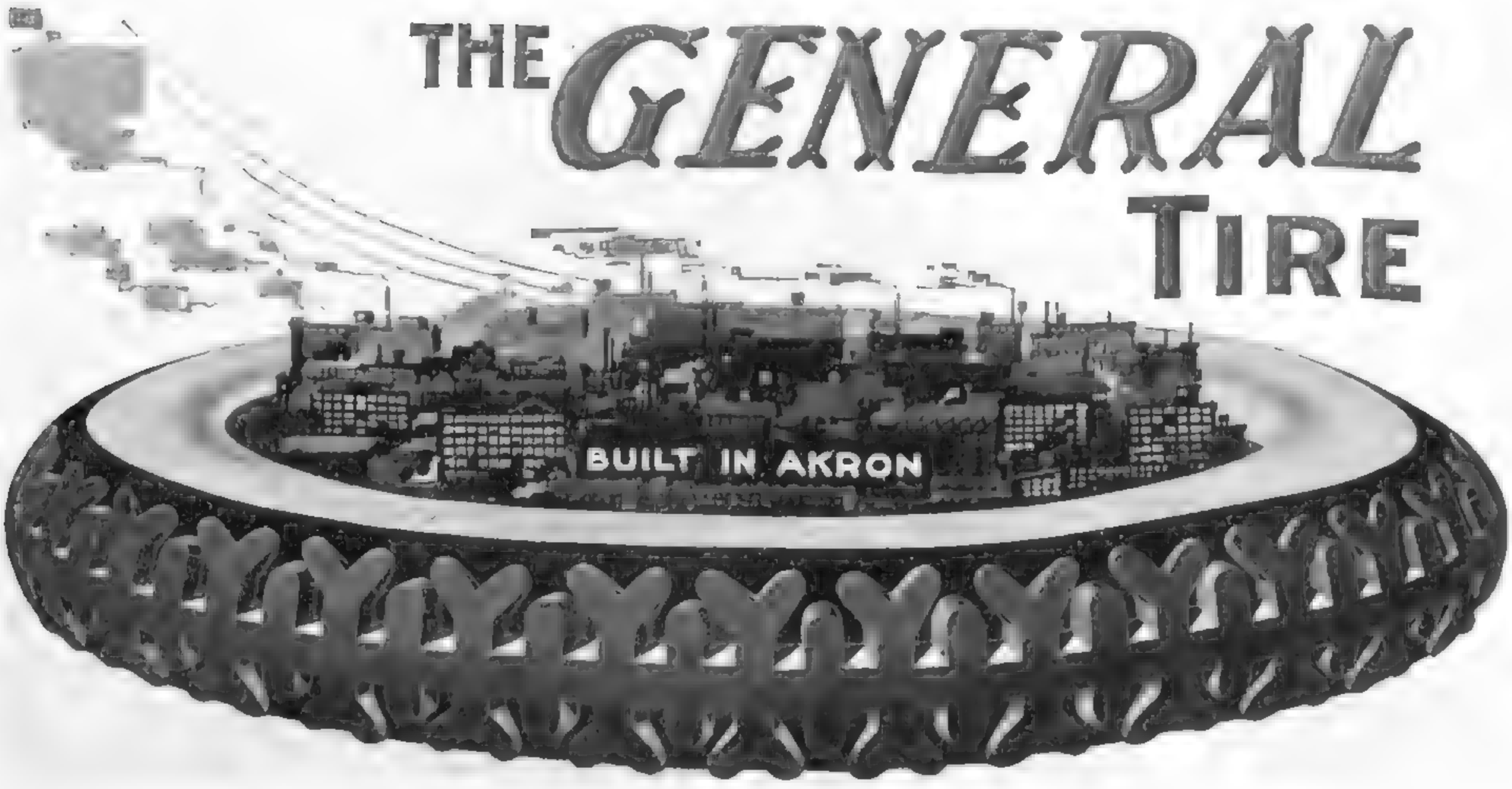

# THE ECHO

(Continued from Page 11)

on together. If you're going to swap steeds in midstream there's no use trading a mule for a jackass. Understand? The only excuse for matrimony is that it adds something desirable to the life of each party. That's the idea, isn't it?"

Emmett had quizzed him shrewdly with his keen eyes.

"I think you've stated the case rather well," the unconventional suitor had admitted.

"All right, then. Here's the bargain I'm willing to make with you: Weymouth, I'm sending Sophie to a good, respectable private hotel to stay exactly two months. Won't see her husband a minute during that period. She'll have a chaperon to look out for her, but you can see her, take her round all you please. That's all. And here's the only string I tie to the arrangement: If at the end of those two months you—young people—can come round to see me and say you're still in love, all right. Leave it to me! I'll say 'Bless you, my children,' see that she's divorced properly and you're married. No questions asked."

Weymouth had given Sophie's obliging husband a look of blank amazement.

"D'you call that square?" Emmett inquired, biting off his words more sharply than ever.

"Square? Yes—it's too square. It's a very peculiar arrangement."

"I'm a peculiar man," replied Emmett shortly, with his rough, rather ingratiating smile. "Is the arrangement agreeable to you?"

"Absolutely," his dazed visitor had admitted.

"Good! I can't give you any more time this morning—got to get out. Two months from to-day will be Wednesday, the fourth of January. At nine o'clock in the evening. Good day, sir."

Harlan Weymouth, lumbering along in the wake of the yellow taxicab this evening of the fourth of January, looked at his watch. It now lacked twenty-five minutes of the hour of nine. His cab came to a stop in a narrow street leading into Park Avenue, and peering out he could see that they were pocketed in a tangle of drays and excavations. Sophie's car was blocked a few yards ahead of him. There was a wait of two minutes, during which teamsters swore in the darkness, lanterns flashed back and forth, confusion reigned in the sloppy street. Dimly in the rear window of the yellow car he thought he could see her white face turned appealingly toward him. He opened the door of his vehicle and was about to plunge out and go to her, but a saving caution restrained him. If they came together now they would probably quarrel again. It was too late for further words. The case must be laid before Elijah Emmett.

A fog-horn voice out of the night brayed "Go ahead!" He could see the ruby light of the yellow taxicab plunge forward through the débris. The driver of his own ramshackle chariot pulled the gears with a frightful rasp, his car responded with its habitual kangaroo movement and stopped so suddenly that its passenger was half thrown from his seat.

Weymouth uttered an unclever oath and resumed his cushions. Another truck had wheeled across his path, the horses dozing philosophically.

"Go round!" roared Weymouth to his driver, and the latter began backing away in a smudge of oily smoke.

In their subsequent detour Weymouth clutched the seat and ground his teeth like a thwarted pirate. She had beaten him to the goal after all. Upon cooler thought he knew that it couldn't make any great difference if she saw her husband first. It was just the feminine character of the act that irritated him. Elijah had distinctly stated the rules by which the game was to be played. And she had lightly defied these rules at the last moment.

As soon as his vehicle had come to a violent halt in front of the Emmetts' gray-stone façade, he had a stinging realization that the yellow taxicab had come, left its fare and departed. By now Sophie had met her husband and rendered her verdict. The small hostility of her act annoyed him, as he took the steps three at a time and jammed an irritable thumb against the button of the bell. After a dignified space a footman appeared, to motion him stiffly into the formal reception room.

"Mr. Emmett is still at dinner, sir," he announced upon his return. "He says won't you please come in"

It was a nightmare walk for Weymouth down the hall toward the wide, tapestried doorway of the Emmett dining room. And it was a splendid setting for a comedy of Italian duplicity that he beheld in the great space beyond, with its carved wainscoting and ornate Florentine ceiling. He had associated this big room with rapturous dinners enjoyed in an atmosphere of intellectual adoration during the Golden Age of Sophie. Yet here in the doorway he paused, a stranger, blinking into the flood of light that surrounded the well-set table, flashing reflections of crystal and silver. And this was what he saw: The massive Elijah Emmett, like a great gray bear, in a badly fitting business suit, sat by the table, utterly absorbed in a shuddering silken bundle that he held tightly and clumsily in his arms. A surge of destructive jealousy quite overcame the onlooker at first. Then he wanted to laugh. The light of four many-branched candlesticks, geometrically arranged on the damask cloth, imparted a sparkle to the elaborate table display and illumined the bald spot at the apex of Elijah Emmett's lowered head. For the silken bundle in his arms was Sophie Emmett.

"Hem!" suggested Weymouth as soon as he had gazed his fill.

"Ah, Weymouth!" responded Elijah, looking up at last.

Whereat the white and slender arms which clung so hysterically round the massive neck were tightened and a high voice quavered:

"Oh, Elijah! Send him away! He doesn't"—a sob—"he doesn't understand me!"

"There, there," soothed her gigantic master, patting her gently with a heavy paw, "don't worry about him. I understand you."

As Harlan Weymouth approached the dramatic table he had some delicacy at first in looking upon this intimate family scene. But when he did look he turned quickly away. Still snuggled against her Elijah's untidy waistcoat, she had got out her little golden box and sat serenely powdering her nose!

"Come here and sit down, Weymouth," invited Emmett genially, as he sipped his cooling coffee, making no pretense at rising. "On time, I see."

Weymouth seated himself a space away from the table, as far removed from Sophie as convenience would allow. There ensued a terrific pause, the more oppressive because of Emmett's mountainous good humor. The arbiter of the situation, he chose his time to finish his coffee.

"Well," said Elijah at last, nesting his wife's dark head the more closely against his shoulder, "what's the verdict?"

Sophie Emmett sat suddenly up on her husband's knee, and considering her perch she presented a front of surprising dignity.

"I don't want to hear another word about it, if you please," she commanded, a queen in the lap of her god.

At that moment Weymouth almost rendered her his unbiased judgment. Anger had brought animation into her pretty face—or was it merely the stupid pique of a cat striking out with her claws?

"That's quite positive, is it?" smiled Elijah Emmett. "And, of course, that's enough to dissolve the partnership. Too bad. Started out with every promise of going nicely."

Emmett began striking fire upon Weymouth's imagination.

"You're splendid!" he admitted abruptly.

"I'm sensible," replied the big man, with his staccato accent. "And that has a certain splendor in this generation. The splendor of loneliness." He put his wife down in a chair as though she had been a doll. "You look tired, my dear," he said gently. "Better go to your room and put on something less elaborate. You couldn't afford that gown in the first place, and you'll spoil it sitting round in it."

She never looked at Weymouth as she went out of the room and out of his life as docile as a chidden child. So this was a glimpse of the rough country at the farther end of romance! He sighed.

"Sigh away!" Elijah Emmett bade him, his rugged features breaking into a smile. "I guess you're about as glad as she is."


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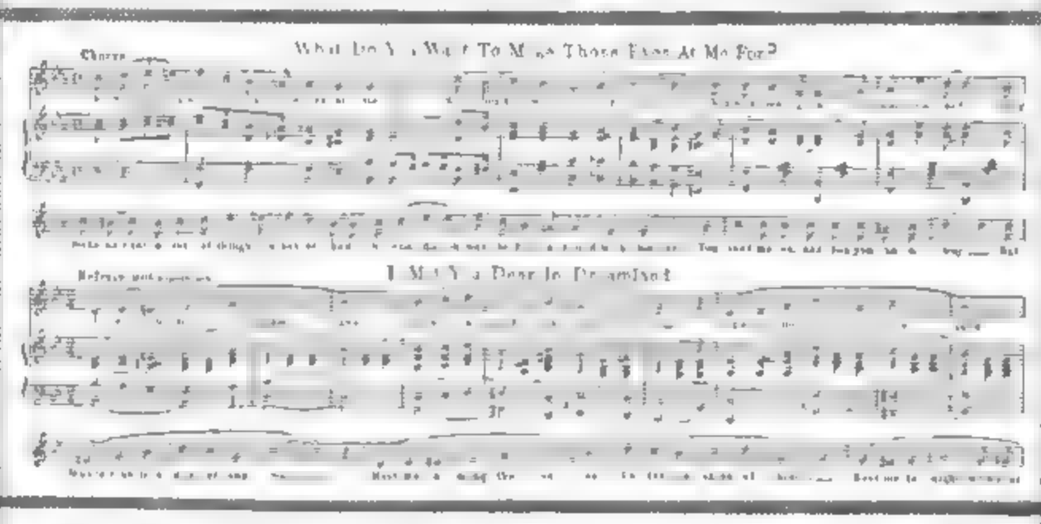


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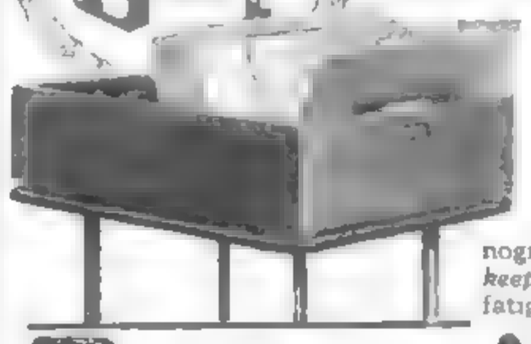

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For Baker Vawter Salesman to call and explain.

NOT SOLD BY DEALERS.

After compressing leaves tightly inside, a steel hood locks over tray. Safety! Press a foot lever and rollers drop to floor. Tray then rolls into vault on stand, or lifts off for carrying.

## BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

1277

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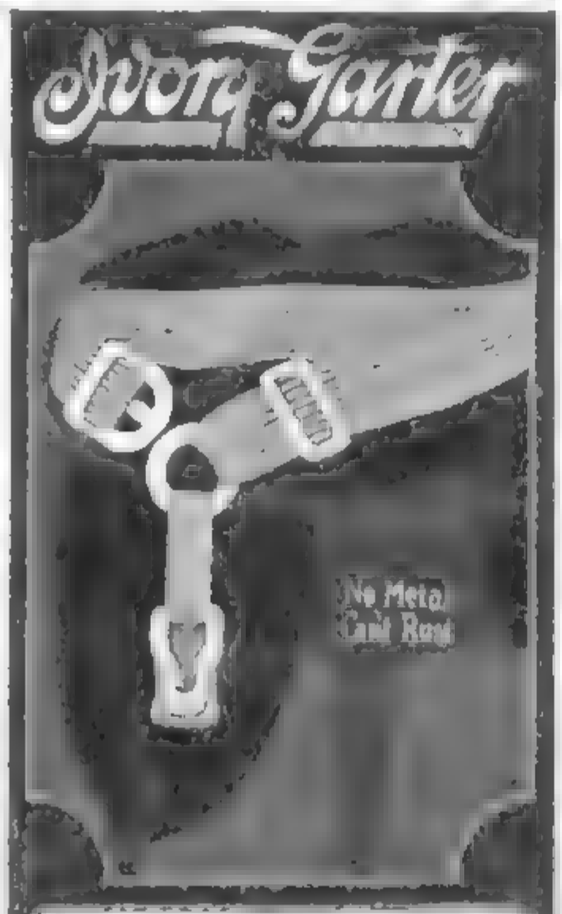


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The Ivory Garter is as light as the silk [illegible] holds up. It does not bind. It has [illegible] terials are going up its well-known quality will not vary.

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Price 50c and 25c

IVORY GARTER CO., Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans, U. S. A.


"I should like to ask what the devil you've been trying to do?" asked Weymouth, facing his tormentor

"That's a fair question," replied Elijah slowly. "I'm a queer fish, Weymouth. Probably you've noticed that. We're both of us investigators along our own lines. You write for an exclusive public; I write for a one-man audience—myself. Well, this has been in the way of an experiment in—matrimonial psychology."

Weymouth slightly raised his brows.

"You don't understand me? To put it plainer: I'm writing a book about women. It's called Limitations. I don't know any women but Sophie—don't care to know any others—but I think I know her pretty well."

Elijah Emmett paused and pressed a button under the table. When the butler had appeared he commanded shortly:

"Bring in another bottle! Then you may go!"

And when the man had shown a cobwebby label to his master, and left the bottle uncorked between two glasses, Emmett explained:

"This is old tawny port eighteen-seventeen. It's out of fashion and so am I. We'll split the bottle between us."

He filled the glasses brimming full, and held the topaz liquid to the light

"To our escape!" he pledged. Weymouth was ashamed of himself, yet he tossed the toast off with alacrity.

"Weymouth, there's nothing that lives or breathes that can look dignified in a false position. It's like a Church of England clergyman trying to ride a motor cycle ——"

"What's that?" asked his guest, sitting up as though a cold hand had touched him. "Would you mind saying that again?"

"Like a Church of England clergyman trying to ride a motor cycle."

"By George, that's queer!" cried Weymouth; and again: "By George! Unless I'm mistaken I've heard ——"

"Heard Sophie say it several times?"

Weymouth faintly nodded.

"Quite possibly. And that's the point I'm getting at—my experiment in matrimonial psychology. Weymouth, we've got to talk quite candidly, as men must when they're similarly interested. Now tell me this: Just when did you begin to lose interest in my wife?"

"That would be rather an ungentlemanly thing to discuss, wouldn't it?" inquired Sophie's quondam lover.

"Probably. Don't let that stand in your way. I've met very few gentlemen in my lifetime—and none of them have had anything to say worth repeating. What I want is facts."

"Well, if it comes down to a bald confession, I'll admit," replied Weymouth, "that she began to bore me slightly about two weeks after we began our probation together."

"Humph!" Emmett's grunt was filled with satisfaction. "That's about the time, I should say. In what way did she bore you?"

"I was slightly disappointed—not so much at first. But it began to dawn upon me that I was either losing my taste for wit or Sophie was losing her point of view. You see, I was inordinately interested in her from the first because she had positively her own way of looking at things and expressing what she saw. I hate dull women. That was what drew me to her—she was a shining difference. But after you began your—your experiment with us—and I could see her as often as I liked away from you, it seemed to me her mind was—what shall I call it?—thinning out. Where once there were ten thoughts to the minute, there was less than one to the hour. Then she began visibly struggling to make good. She began to repeat herself."

"No clever woman ever repeats herself—to the same man," grinned Emmett. "Let me fill your glass again."

"Finally it got to be positively distressing. We would spend hours together groping desperately for something to say. It got so I dreaded to hear her speak, for fear she would come out with something so threadbare that ——"

"Ha!" Emmett uttered a one-syllable laugh. "She was now delving down to the subbromidic stratum. Was that toward the end?"

"Two or three weeks ago. I avoided going to see her as much as I could. I was still in love with her and hoped against hope. No use. The brilliance of her imagination had evaporated. You will pardon my saying so, but she was dull as ditch water."

"And you weren't much better?" snapped Emmett suddenly.

"I—I never looked at it in that way," he confessed. "I must have had a pretty hard time with nothing to work on."

"Now I'm going to show you something," pursued the elder man in the same cross-examining tone. "I am going to show you something and ask one or two more questions."

He leaned bulkily down and fished from under the table a small portfolio, such as lawyers employ for the carrying of documents. Rapidly he unbuckled the straps and brought out a thick, typewritten manuscript, in size and character very much like the one he had been blue-penciling upon their first interview up in the library.

"This is my book, Limitations, so far as it has gone. Let's look at page one-thirty-one." He pulled the sheet from its place and laid it on the table before them.

"Now, Weymouth," he said, "I want you to read the ninth line from the top—here." He indicated the place with his broad thumb.

"'Woman has always occupied a position of priesthood,'" he read aloud, "'standing before an inner shrine and guarding a sanctity that is essential to civilization. To many of them, in their modern aspects, freedom is merely a delightful joy ride. She rides astride upon her rights, and the aspect, I am compelled to say, is like that of a Church of England clergyman mounted upon a motor cycle.'"

Weymouth looked up blankly at Emmett's face, stonily amused.

"There's a lot more," insisted Emmett, "and I'd have no trouble showing you Sophie's pet epigrams and philosophies if I wanted to bore you with my work. There's the one about married couples not liking each other—eight chances to one—or the statement that too many people want socialism the way they see Chinatown—by being taken round at a dollar a head by a man with a megaphone, or ——"

"Has she stooped to that?" Weymouth half whispered. "Stolen thunder!"

"Oh, we shouldn't mind that. Every echo steals thunder and imitates it faintly. And, of course, you must realize by now that Sophie is ——"

"An echo?" inquired Weymouth.

"An echo!" echoed Emmett. "She has one of those minds which can only give back the sounds they receive."

"I see," grunted Weymouth. "She's changed so in her absence from you, because ——"

"She's been shut off from the base of supplies. Her mind went dry. It's been a shame to take my words out of her pretty mouth. She has always echoed so delightfully! Really, Weymouth, with her beauty and the way she has with her it has been more than worth the trouble."

"It would be a crime against art to stop her now," suggested Weymouth, "like taking the lines away from a great actress."

"Oh, bless her!" laughed Emmett heartily. "I wouldn't have the brutality to do that! In a week she'll be bristling with ideas again—my ideas. And I'll give her all the philosophy and bright paragraphs she can use, just as I'd give her money until I went bankrupt. I don't think you realize how much I love her, Weymouth."

The young critic was amazed at the intense earnestness with which this peculiar man made the last statement.

"I'll have a little more of that excellent port, if you don't mind," suggested Weymouth in a voice that was dry as dust. Emmett's hand shook slightly as he poured out the liquor.

"She used to take me round a good deal in society when we were first married," went on Emmett. "She acted as my convoy because she had the social position and I had the money. I never cared much for that sort of thing, because I never could talk to advantage to more than one person at a time—and I've only found one in ten worth talking to. But I stood this dinner business for a while. The thing that really attracted me on these occasions was Sophie. It gave me a sort of rare, epicurean delight to sit a few places away from her and hear her strewing epigrams—my epigrams—right and left like handfuls of jewels. People are often careless with other people's valuables, and Sophie was a spendthrift. I never really appreciated how good my lines were until I heard Sophie delivering them in that wonderful voice of hers. I used to go to dinners that mummified me where I sat, just for the exquisite joy of hearing

*(Concluded on Page 61)*

# Hudson Super-Six is Not A Brother of the Six

## *The Feature Which Won Its Supremacy Is Controlled By Hudson Patents*

**A Six now rules in Motordom—where the trend, not long ago, was toward added cylinders. A Six holds all the worth-while records. A Six outsells any other front-rank car. But it is the Super-Six, remember—with the Hudson invention which added 80 per cent to six-cylinder efficiency.**

The Light-Six type, some years ago, attained the heights of popularity. It so excelled the previous types that it was, for some years, the reigning type.

But engineers knew that in the Six at its best much of the power was being lost in vibration. They knew that friction and wear, within the motor, limited its endurance.

Leading engineers, including the Hudson, started out to end these faults. For a time the best way apparent seemed the V-type motor. So in 1915—before the Super-Six was presented—the trend was to Eights and Twelves.

There can be no doubt that those types soon would have superseded Sixes. Maker after maker adopted them. The Super-Six turned the tide back to the Six.

### *An Almost Twice-Better Six*

What changed the condition was the Super-Six invention, made by Hudson engineers.

They discovered the fault in the Six. Then they worked out the remedy. The result was to add 80 per cent to efficiency, with no added size or cylinders.

That vast step forward made the Super-Six supreme. Never had a motor shown such power for its size, never such flexibility, never such endurance. That fact is still true. And the evidence is, it is bound to long remain true.

But that is the Super-Six motor, invented and patented by Hudson.

### *It Won All the Laurels*

All the worth-while records have been won by the Super-Six. That is, speed records for stock cars. Records for quick acceleration. The hill-climbing records, including Pike's Peak.

Endurance records—most important of all—have been broken by enormous margins. The 24-hour record was broken by 52 per cent. The trans-continental record was twice broken in one continuous 7,000-mile round trip.

So the Super-Six excels, beyond possible question, in every quality you prize.

For men who want a great car, no car in the field today approaches the Hudson Super-Six.

### *Now 25,000 Owners*

Now 25,000 fine-car owners are driving the Super-Six. Could we have supplied them, there would have been thousands more.

The Super-Six, in one year, has come to outsell every rival. That is, every car above $1,200.

In that year, too, we have made Hudson bodies studies in beauty, luxury and comfort. So the Super-Six looks its supremacy.

The car is now equipped with a gasoline saver, also a development of Hudson.

If you want these advantages, and a type which can't be supplanted, your choice must be the Hudson Super-Six.

Let your Hudson dealer show you Super-Six performance.

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| Phaeton, 7-passenger, | $1650 | Touring Sedan . . . . . | $2175 | Town Car . . . . . | $2925 |
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| Cabriolet, 3-passenger, | 1950 | *All prices f. o. b. Detroit* | | Limousine Landaulet . . | 3025 |

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

FIND a man who has experienced the luxury of a Franklin Enclosed Car for *summer use*.

Ask him what he thinks of the Enclosed Car idea for summer.

He will tell you that he has made a *discovery* in motoring: that he will never use any other type of car: that all the objections you can think of are not true or do not apply to the Franklin.

He will tell you that the lightness and resilience of the Franklin make it practical for *any kind of driving*, on any sort of road, any time, anywhere.

That he gets all the *free-blowing air* there is—as much or as little as he wants.

That he can *regulate* the amount of ventilation. That he can instantly adjust the windows for any sort of weather—shut out dust or rain; drive for fifty miles on a hot summer afternoon and step out of the car *clean* and *cool*.

Then he will tell you what it means to his wife and family. The comfort of wearing what they please *en tour;* the freedom from grimy, parched skins and enveloping veils; the joy of stepping onto a hotel veranda without looking like the rescued survivors of a wrecked Cook's Tour.

Then he will come back to the specific features of Franklin construction—its *flexibility*, the *lightness* of its unsprung weight. He will tell you of *easy riding* over rough roads, its *liveliness* on the hills, its *maximum speed* from place to place, its economy in gasoline, its remarkable tire mileage.

Features that apply *equally* to Enclosed or Open models—the features that make the Franklin so definitely an *all-around efficient car*.

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| *Touring Car* | 2280 lbs. | $1950.00 | *Cabriolet* | 2485 lbs. | $2750.00 | *Town Car* | 2610 lbs. | $3100.00 |
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**FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 58)

myself quoted—quoted without quotation marks—by the most charming little actress I ever met.

"But I was punished for it at last. It got round that society merely endured poor, stupid Emmett for the sake of getting his brilliant wife. Then I decided to let Sophie do it all. I've stayed home ever since."

They sat a while regarding the tablecloth. The topaz liquid in the bottle was fast reaching its nadir.

"Mr. Emmett, if you don't mind telling me," asked the younger man, "how a clever man like you—for I'm beginning to think you're a stupendous person—ever came to ——"

"To be fooled the way you were?" grinned his host.

"Well, that's one way of putting it. I wonder how you came to marry her. Whom was she echoing when you first met her?"

"Her father," Emmett replied. "He was a remarkable individual and gave her enough ideas to keep her going until she could tap my mine."

Weymouth pushed back his chair. He had heard the truth and must take it for what it was worth.

"I thank you," he volunteered rather heavily. "There aren't many men who would speak out like this. Of course it's been rather crushing for me. I thought I understood women ——"

"You did? You poor, lost lamb!" Emmett let his friendly hand rest a moment on his victim's shoulder. "I don't think you understand much of anything. You clever fellows—professionally clever fellows—are usually pretty stupid when it comes down to the facts of life. I don't suppose, now it's all over, that you have an inkling as to why I've done all this to make you and Sophie tired of each other?"

"I really believe you're fond of her!" gasped the dupe of fate.

"Fond of her! My dear boy, if she'd stayed away two days longer—well, your case would have been simplified to courting a pretty widow. I don't think you'll comprehend what I'm going to say, but I'll tell you as plainly as I know how. I adore Sophie for exactly what she is—simple and unreasonable and feminine—utterly lacking in that abominable thing called cleverness. On the days when we're alone together we drop all pretense and chatter like children. She takes me out of my maddening theories. She rests me and makes me feel young again. I don't care how she cavorts in public, like a charming little animated phonograph. She doesn't waste any of that foolishness on me. She saves it for people who aren't discerning enough to know glass from diamonds. But when she's home, she's Sophie—just entirely Sophie. We frolic and talk nonsense together. And when the servants are out we commandeer the kitchen, and cook our own little dinners. She's quite a wonderful cook."

Emmett paused, arrested by an idea. His eyes were twinkling with enthusiasm.

"Weymouth, you've never really tasted a curried squab until you've tried Sophie's!"

Her reformed lover smothered a groan. He had lost a comet and found a curry cook!

"Why don't you come round Wednesday night and have a family dinner with us?" Elijah's voice rasped on his reflections.

"I—I should like to. But don't you think it would be better if ——"

"You and I ate alone? Nonsense! I want you to come when Sophie's here. It would hurt her feelings if you didn't."

# HELENKA

(Continued from Page 8)

Eight o'clock came, and five minutes after, and then ten! At last she heard the roar of the motor, and her heart beat wildly. Then the great car with its closed hood pulled up to the curb; the chauffeur leaped down and began to unbuckle the flap, and she hurried forth across the pavement in her wonderful gold shoes. She did not wait for Paul to get out, but stepped through the door and found herself in his arms, squeezed against the orders pinned across his uniform.

"I thought you would never come!" she cried. "I'm so frightened—to go to that great hotel—poor little, timid me!"

He bent over and kissed her on cheek and lips again and again.

"I came near not getting here at all, little sweetheart!" he answered with grumbling tenderness. "Took some chances, in fact! But you're worth it! You know that, you mischief! There isn't a man in the Russian Army but would die for you—if he knew you existed."

"Then I'm not frightened any more!" said Helenka, giving him back his last kiss.

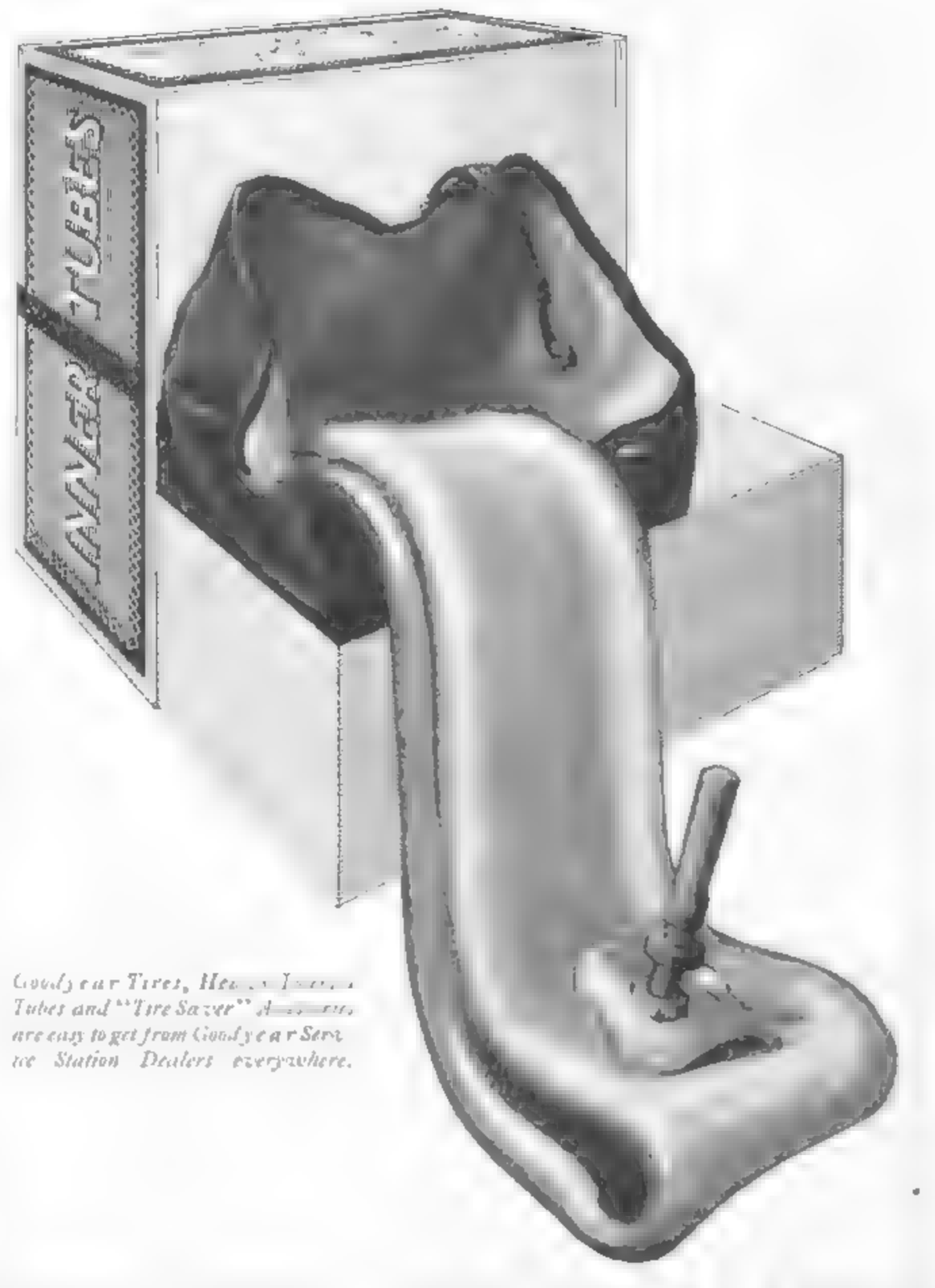
It was nearly a quarter to nine o'clock when the motor which bore Paul Zamarkroff and Helenka rolled up to the door of the Potocki. During the thirty-odd minutes which the ride had consumed the girl had already divined that something was preying upon her companion's mind, which in turn communicated itself to her own. It was not that Paul was less loverlike than customarily—not at all—but she detected a slight absent-mindedness on his part that puzzled her. She also noticed that he had been drinking—more than usual she thought, but why not! But when the *concierge* opened the door of the motor, saluting Paul rigidly, she forgot all these things in a fresh palpitation of excitement. Oh, could she ever put her foot to the ground and enter those great doors through which came the subdued strains of mysterious music? Could she face those hundreds of strange people—those great folk? She hesitated longer than was at all necessary and Paul spoke rather impatiently to her. She must not annoy him! Trembling she descended and, gathering up her abbreviated skirts, not daring to look at the *concierge*, followed Paul into the Hotel Potocki.

The air in the foyer was heavy with the scent of roses and of hot food. A couple of lackeys sprang forward to relieve Paul of his military greatcoat, and a maid in black and white hurried toward her while Helenka, petrified with embarrassment, stood with her eyes on the floor. She could hear the clank of swords, which came from the glass doors of the restaurant, and realized that some officers had entered just after them. There were ladies. She must not block up the way. The officers were greeting Paul jovially in Russian.

Helenka, turning away from the maid who had taken her wrap, saw Paul in full-dress uniform for the first time. Always, as she was convinced, the personification of her ideal the young hero of her dreams he now seemed to her like some glorious pagan god—Mercury perhaps, "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." Well over six feet, his inlaid sword swaying against his glossy black boots, his chest cordoned with gold and decorated with a row of service orders, her lover indeed looked every inch an officer and—had she known it—every inch a prince. The head waiter was hastening forward obsequiously. Evidently Major Zamarkroff was a familiar as well as a distinguished patron. Paul selected a huge bunch of blossoms from the rosary by the door, tossed the flower girl a gold coin and, bowing ceremoniously, offered them to Helenka, then slipped her hand through his arm and led her across the threshold. Faint with excitement and embarrassment, she blindly followed, but her head swam and the scene blurred before her dizzied eyes. She could see the black swallowtail coat of the head waiter bobbing ahead of them, and swaying masses of gay color at the crowded tables, but the myriad lights ran together and the orchestra was almost drowned in the clatter of china and the roar of talk and laughter. Paul patted the hand that lay upon his arm.

"Courage, little sweetheart," he whispered.

But Helenka, who had never bared her shoulders in public before, felt as if she were half naked to the gaze of thousands, and a crimson flush stole swiftly across her neck and bosom. She was convinced that no other woman had ever so exposed herself. There was something wrong with the cut of the dress. There must be! Or why was everybody looking at her? She hung her head and held the roses to her breast, trying to conceal her shame. But every candle seemed an eye of flame leering at her. Half supported by Paul, she pursued the head waiter's retreating coattails down the aisle between the tables until he paused and with a grand flourish pulled out two chairs. At last she could sit down and sink out of sight! Alas, no! With an access of agony she perceived that Paul was berating the functionary for giving them such poor seats. He spoke sharply to the man, and his voice had an imperious ring that she had never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Materials used for the construction of concrete roads are familiar to everybody. They consist of clean sand, pebbles or broken stone and Portland cement. These are mixed with water, and form a material having a hard, durable, rigid, unyielding surface which is not destroyed by swiftly moving automobiles, heavy motor trucks or horse-drawn wagons. The sun does not soften it. Cold does not cause it to crack, crumble or get brittle.

Many communities in practically all states have gone into extensive building of concrete roads. Vermilion County, Illinois, of which Danville is the county seat, is building a system of 144 miles of concrete roads, under the supervision of P. C. McArdle, Superintending Engineer.

Your community can enjoy all the advantages of concrete roads without saddling a heavy burden on the taxpayer. Let us send you a free copy of "Concrete Facts About Concrete Roads." After having read this booklet, write or talk to your road or street officials and request them to investigate the merits of concrete roads before spending any more of your money.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE


heard in it before. The fellow was cowed and apologetically led them back between the tables toward the main door of the dining room, but there were no vacant places and, after an agonizing delay, a table was dragged out for them into the very center of the restaurant.

"Well, at last!" said Paul. "And to think I gave that rascal twenty rubles only day before yesterday!"

The head waiter was back now, officiously ordering the other servants about and solicitous in his attentions. Paul called for champagne and leaned back in his chair, nodding right and left to various occupants of neighboring tables. Once she was no longer standing up in the midst of everything Helenka began to recover from her confusion and presently mustered enough courage to glance timidly about her. She still clutched her bouquet tightly to her breast, but she soon realized that her own costume was modesty itself compared with some of those which were within her range of vision. The women all seemed very beautiful to her and their dresses marvels of creamy tulle and lace—what there was of them—and the officers who crowded about the tables all looked marvelously big and brave and handsome—only not nearly so wonderful as Paul, whom most of them seemed to know.

Many of the women apparently knew him also and one, sitting at a table close by, thrust out her hand across the intervening space and Paul gravely bent over, took it in his and kissed it. Helenka experienced her first knife thrust of jealousy. Who was this woman? Paul saw the look in her eyes and laughed.

"Only the Countess Czvorska, my dear. An old friend—forty years old!"

Above the din—for it was little short of an uproar, punctuated every now and then by screams of laughter, the clink of glass against glass and the popping of bottles like near-by rifle shots—the double orchestra on the balcony was struggling to make audible a piece described upon the program as "La Turkee Trot Americaine." It seemed curious to Helenka to see an orchestra playing and nobody listening to it.

Gradually her curiosity got the better of her embarrassment and she began to observe the scene about her in detail, while Paul busied himself with the menu. There were certainly five hundred people in the room—or more—and at least one-third of them were Russian officers, many in field uniform. There were one or two women to each officer, while here and there a civilian in evening dress contrasted oddly with the military appearance of the others and sounded a note singularly prosaic and bourgeois. One was nothing if not a soldier in Warsaw! And the number of bottles was astounding. Bottles large and bottles small, on the tables and beside them, in wonderful silver pails piled high with ice. And just then the head waiter returned with just such a pail and took out a great dripping black bottle, rather dirty, and showed it to Paul, who nodded and pushed forward Helenka's glass. Another waiter pulled the cork and returned the bottle to the first, who deftly filled the glasses with yellow bubbling wine.

"*A toi, ma chérie!*" said Paul, lifting his glass.

Helenka raised hers and placed it to her lips. She had never tasted champagne and was surprised to find it so bitter, but she drank it all without putting down the goblet, and began presently to feel a new sense of confidence. After all, she had as much right there as anybody—now. She was Paul's affianced wife. It was proper that she should take her place at once in his gay world. And yet, what had she, an unknown Polish girl from New Praga, to offer him? What an extraordinary thing was love! What miracles it brought about! She sought Paul's hand beneath the table and he pressed it tenderly. She wished she could meet his parents and see his home, the home in the country which he had described to her, with the peasants and the cattle and the fields of grain. But she must wait until after the war. It would be wrong for them to marry now. What if he should be shot? Looking at his mobile face with its warm color and brilliant smile it seemed inconceivable that he could ever die. Yet thousands like him had been killed. She felt that she would die herself if anything happened to him.

A tall officer of the Preobrajensky Guards arose from where he was sitting and came over to their table, slapping Paul familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Well, old fellow, I thought you were stuck for good at Lowicz!" he remarked. "You were lucky to get away!" His eyes fastened themselves on Helenka's face. "But then you are always lucky!" he added significantly. "Introduce me, won't you?"

But Paul's expression showed no cordiality of response.

"Why, certainly, if you wish," he replied stiffly. "This is Colonel Petroff—Mademoiselle Lavorska."

"Charmed to make your acquaintance!" exclaimed Colonel Petroff, reaching for her hand and raising it to his lips. "The major here has a great eye for beauty. Permit me to offer my homage also!"

Paul's face had taken on a look of annoyance. The interruption was evidently not at all to his liking. But having laid his wreath, as he supposed, on the altar of Aphrodite, the good colonel, feeling himself *de trop*, returned to his place. His remarks had been quite unintelligible to Helenka, who only realized that he thought she was pretty; but she was troubled by the fact that Paul had omitted to introduce her as his future wife. This evidently was also in his own mind, for a moment after Petroff's departure he turned to her and said:

"That fellow is the greatest busybody in the army. If I had explained to him who you were, he would have spread the news all over the room. Probably he'd have told the orchestra to strike up the wedding march!"

Helenka, feeling that Paul's instinct in the matter must of course be correct, was satisfied, but she somehow regretted that her fiancé had not seized the very first opportunity to make her position absolutely plain. Unless she had been engaged to him she was quite sure it would not have been right for her to come there.

Paul filled her glass again and hastily began to point out some of the celebrities who were present.

The stout man in the dress suit, dining at the table with the general covered with decorations, was the Civil Governor of Warsaw. At the next table to the left was Count Orlenoff with one of the general staff. Over there was a group of officers of the Lithuanian Legion. At another table was Prince Ivanokoff with his wife. Helenka was thrilled. Then the waiter brought little shiny things in shells—oysters, she guessed from what she had read—and she was lost in confusion as to how to eat them, until she saw Paul take up a little three-pronged fork from beside his plate. But she no longer felt abashed at her ignorance, only rather amused. After her second glass of champagne she hardly minded anything. Amid the confusion she did not notice that her ears were singing a little, or that she found difficulty in focusing her eyes except on near-by objects. The lights were so dazzling!

She saw Colonel Petroff raise his glass and smile at her from where he sat, and she did not know just how to acknowledge the salute. He was certainly very polite. She was very happy. She was going to have a wonderful life with Paul if her introduction was any index of the future. The noise was increasing every moment. They had come so late that already some of the corner tables had been cleared away and people had begun to dance—a funny seesaw kind of American dance. Others stood up and applauded. From the other end of the room came a crash, as if a table had been upset. She had never been where people were having such a good time before—so carefree, natural and happy! And then, just as Helenka had managed to capture one of the oysters, the lady at the next table—the Countess Czvorska—leaned across, halfway between, and in a silver satiric voice said to Paul:

"And how is my *cher prince* this evening?"

"*Cher prince!*" That meant "dear prince"—the ordinary form of salutation for a person of that rank, as Helenka well knew. The hand holding the oyster fork stopped midway in its journey to her mouth. The lights seemed to grow dim. The blood rushed to her throat. *Prince!* The countess had used the word quite naturally.

But of course it was a joke—why, Paul was a prince—a prince among men! That was it! With a little gasp of relief Helenka turned to Paul. He would introduce her now. The countess was an old friend. Helenka would, if necessary, force the issue. But why was he scowling?

(Continued on Page 65)

# Oakland Sensible Six

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(Continued from Page 62)

"I want to present Captain Lagaroff!" the countess was saying.

"Oh, I beg you—not now!" stammered Paul, scowling and turning white round the lips.

"How absurd!" she returned. "Be a good boy! Can't you leave your little comrade for two seconds? Lagaroff!" she called over her shoulder. "I want to introduce you to Prince Zamarkroff!"

And Paul, turning in his chair, bowed stiffly to Captain Lagaroff and raised his glass.

Then it was so! He was a prince! Why did he not look at her? Why did the fingers of his left hand twitch that way? Oh, why had she met him? No Russian noble would ever marry the daughter of a Polish musician. She knew that!

He was a prince—a member, perhaps, of that dissolute—if aristocratic—circle notorious throughout Poland for its profligacy and dissipations. Why, she had never been anything to him at all except a possible victim that the fortunes of war had thrown in his path. One of many—doubtless—at Lowicz, perchance, or even in Warsaw! Every word he had ever spoken to her had been false—an infamous, calculating, sordid lie. And he had taught her to lie like himself! She should have known that true love would not countenance anything but the unsullied truth. But he had made her lie to her father and mother. Her dear father! Her dear mother! Oh, where were they? Where was Ignacio? She must fly to them at once! But how could she get away? She was a prisoner in a horrible trap—a trap where the cats gave the mice food and wine and played music for them to dance to!

The trinkets he had bought for her, the letters he had written to her, were all a part of a hideous lure; his kisses—ugh! Involuntarily she lifted her napkin to her mouth. Why, the very dress she had on was part of the price he was willing to pay for her! She felt suddenly ill—with an actual, overpowering nausea! She wanted to tear the dress from her body, to cast it away from her, to burn it! How was she to escape? Could she escape? These heartless Russian officers and these brazen women were his accomplices. They were all engaged in the same sort of conspiracy. It was all part of their own lives—this sort of thing—an everyday affair—a joke no doubt. The very servants here in this gilded place were in his pay! He could snap his fingers and they would drag her away, screaming, to anywhere he might direct. Every story she had ever heard of the cruel bestiality of the Russians crowded seething into her aching brain.

What an incarnate devil he must be! "Major Zamarkroff!" The hard-working farmer-officer, the only support of his elderly agricultural parents. What a fine story it would make to tell to his brother officers round the mess table! Oh, Ignacio! Why had she ever looked down at his faithful, unswerving loyalty? If he were only there to take her away from this wretch who had brought her into this terrible place! They would fight their way out together. She clenched her teeth, stiff with fear. The wretch was turning to her now with a forced smile on his red lips. How could he dare to speak to her? But she was fighting for her life. She must keep her head. He must not suspect that she knew. She must meet guile with guile, fight fire with fire. How she loathed him! There surged through her all the hatred engendered of love betrayed, of confidence violated, of truth outraged. Yet she bit her lips and smiled.

"We must learn that dance," she heard him saying. "La Turkee Trot!"

"Yes," she answered, "but not now! Give me some more champagne!"

"What a thirsty little sparrow it is!" he laughed.

They clinked glasses, but Helenka only touched her lips to hers, while Paul drained his to the bottom.

The noise was now deafening, the air suffocating. More tables had been removed and many couples were dancing, or trying to do so. The efforts of the musicians could not compete with the increased laughter, the almost continuous crash of china, and the popping of corks on every side.

What would he do next? What was the next step in this kind of tragedy? She looked frantically round her—at the supercilious waiters, at the flushed, bleary-eyed officers, at the powdered, heartless-looking women. Her eyes sought wildly for doors and windows, but there were none that offered any means of inconspicuous exit. Oh that Ignacio might come like a Sir Galahad to save her! But she knew that he would not come. No one would come! She would have to stay there alone with Zamarkroff!

"O God!" she prayed—Zamarkroff's words hovering somehow in her mind—"Dear God, who knowest the sparrow's fall, watch over Thy little Helenka—Thy little sparrow, Helenka! Have mercy upon her and save her; send Thy ministering angels to guard her; for the sake of the Blessed Virgin send Thine angels—Thine angels!"

With the effect of a thunderclap the noise in the room suddenly ceased. In place of it there fell an utter and ghastly silence, as if a lid had been clapped suddenly over a music box. The waiters stopped in their tracks—dishes raised in hand—the musicians ceased playing, as if turned to stone. Not a sound of any kind broke the stillness. And then everybody—officers, civilians and women alike—rose with white faces and turned toward the door. For on the threshold stood—the Grand Duke!

Alone he stood there in mud-bespattered field uniform, a silent colossal figure, six feet eight inches in height, with folded arms, his eyes fixed sternly upon the scene before him. Every officer in the room was rigid—at the salute. Every woman was erect beside her chair. There was no movement save the slow upward curling of the smoke from five hundred discarded cigarettes. It was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty—with everybody in it turned to stone in an instant.

Slowly the Grand Duke's eyes traveled from table to table, taking in and identifying every officer present. A minute passed, two minutes, three. Helenka saw that Zamarkroff's lower lip was quivering. Then the Grand Duke crossed the threshold and walked slowly to the first table at his right, and as he did so two Cossacks appeared in the doorway and stood there, facing each other, at present arms. The table to which he gave his first attention was that occupied by the heavily decorated general and the stout man in evening dress.

The Grand Duke, his arms still folded, approached within two feet of the general and gazed down upon him from his great height, as Wodan might have looked down at Alberich. The man in civilian dress he ignored.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded in a deep voice that could be heard through the room.

"Your Royal Highness," gasped the general, "I—Your Royal Highness—I am dining with the Civil Governor!"

"The Civil Governor should dine in his own house!" said the Grand Duke shortly and turned to the next table.

"What are you doing here?"

The officer addressed—the member of the general staff—turned livid.

"Your Royal Highness, I beg to explain. I had dispatches for Your Royal Highness from Petrograd, and—supposing you were at the front—I—I—paused in Warsaw to dine. I have the dispatches here!"

"Give them to me!"

The officer fumbled in his breast and produced a sealed packet.

The Grand Duke snatched them from his hand.

"I should have had these three hours ago!"

Still in silence, the Grand Duke passed on. At the next table was a handsome young officer in full dress, a row of decorations on his breast, and beside him two girls, fashionably attired.

"What are you doing here?"

The officer clutched the back of his chair with one hand while keeping the other at salute, and hung his head.

"Your—Your Royal Highness," he choked out, "I—I—am—dining with friends."

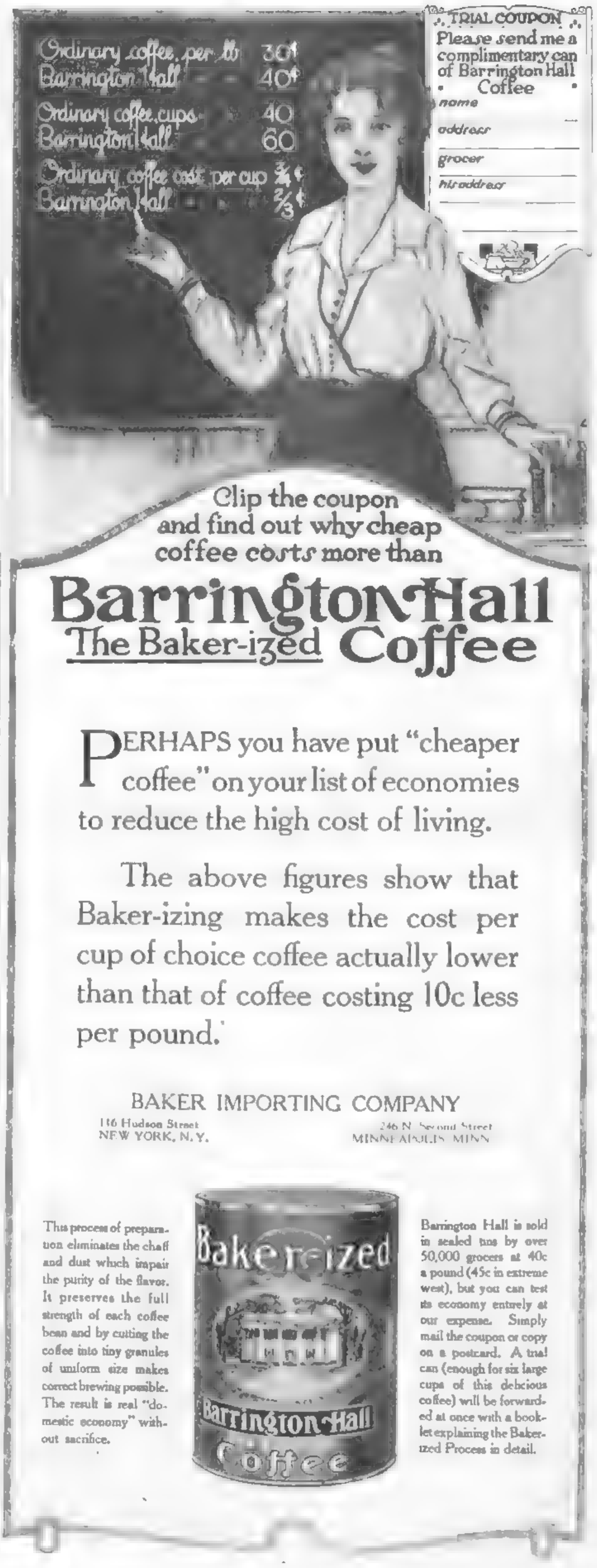
His voice sank to a whisper.

"Have you leave?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

The face of the Grand Duke grew hard.

With one sweep of his right arm he tore the decorations from the young officer's breast and threw them upon the floor, as with his left he pointed to the door. The officer, without another word or a look at his companions, walked to the threshold, the two Cossacks closed in behind him, and he passed out. Two others appeared and took the vacant places of the sentinels.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Down the aisle walked the Grand Duke, pausing at each table and interrogating every officer. Soon four had been degraded and sent out of the room. Zamarkroff had gone quite gray, and his knees were shaking as the royal personage stepped beside him. Poor Helenka, almost too terrified to breathe, was only conscious of a huge, overpowering presence, a greenish gray immensity, a vast expanse of beard, a giant arm and a hairy giant hand.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice roared in her ears like the thunder of surf. The presence of the Grand Duke seemed to be suffocating her. But Zamarkroff did not reply. His head fell upon his chest and he made a deprecating gesture with his left hand. Helenka saw the hairy hand of the Grand Duke close over the decorations on Paul's coat and heard the ripping sound as he tore them off and dropped them on the floor. And then she was alone—all alone—by herself beside the Grand Duke—and Paul was walking slowly to the door. The two Cossacks turned and followed him out. Two others appeared from nowhere.

The Grand Duke moved on. And still there was no sound throughout the restaurant save his ever repeated inquiries of "What are you doing here?" the stammering replies, and the footsteps of those who went forth in obedience to that terrible pointed finger. From table to table he went, until there was no officer left who had not given an account of his presence. Eleven in all were ordered forth. And then, as suddenly and as silently as he had appeared, the Grand Duke turned on his heel and strode out of the room.

Still no one moved. It was as if those standing so motionlessly beside the tables were waiting for the next scene in the drama, for the *dénouement* that must follow. Then without warning a woman whimpered and collapsed upon the floor. The Civil Governor and his decorated companion hastily left their places and hurried out. Like a flock of sheep, when they had at last decided to move, the orchestra fled with their instruments down the balcony. And one by one, or by twos and threes, the waiters and the guests slipped away, leaving the dishes as they were upon the tables.

Helenka was dazed. How long she stood there she did not know. It must have been some time, for when she came to herself she was in a cold sweat and the great room was empty. She could hear herself sobbing, but there was no other sound. She felt weak and sick and her legs could hardly support her as she stumbled toward the door. She must get home! Home! Would she ever manage to get there? The lobby was empty. There was no one to be seen anywhere—not even the *concierge* or a servant of any sort. The big glass doors leading out into the avenue were wide open and, gathering her skirts into her hands, she ran forth into the snowy night, still sobbing as she ran. She felt neither the cold upon her uncovered neck and back nor the icy slush as it poured over the edges of her golden slippers. Her skirt fell from her hand and dragged along the pavement, and once she slipped and fell to her knees. But breathlessly she kept on—her only thought to get home, to her father and her mother and Ignacio.

It was curious how she kept thinking of Ignacio. Along the Ujazdowska she ran, and on through the Nowy Swiat, past the Bernardine Convent, the Carmelite Church and the Radziwill Palace, past the very spot where she had first met Zamarkroff on that eventful afternoon, through Sigismund Square and out across the Alexandrovsk Bridge. The night was quiet, and her footsteps seemed to make a loud clatter as she ran. And suddenly, as she neared the center of the bridge, from out of the night in the direction of the citadel came the muffled crash of distant musketry. What did it portend?

Somehow it terrified her more than anything that had happened. Again that irregular discharge—and presently again! Eleven times in all!

She paused, feeling unexpectedly faint, and clutched at the iron handrail of the bridge for support. Down below she could see great pieces of ice whirling and twisting in the black current. If she could ! But she had not the strength to climb over the rail—not even the strength to stand upright. There was a thundering in her ears like artillery being driven headlong across the bridge—and footsteps running. Could it be Zamarkroff? A figure loomed behind and stretched out its arms as if to embrace her. She made a futile attempt to climb over the handrail.

"Helenka! It is Ignacio!"

His arms were about her, his hands tearing hers from the rail. Another moment and his coat was buttoned about her shoulders and he was half carrying her along the bridge.

"It is all right, sweetheart!" whispered a new and extraordinarily bold Ignacio. "I followed you to the hotel. I waited outside. I should have killed him. Oh, yes, quite certainly. Only I did not have to. But I walked a little way when they marched him off toward the citadel; and so I missed you! But I've found you now! Oh, I love you, Helenka! Say you love me!"

And Helenka, perhaps from general weakness of character, perhaps from utter exhaustion, perhaps from horror at what she guessed to be the fate of Zamarkroff, or perhaps because it was really true, dropped her head on Ignacio's snow-covered shoulder and told him so.

Twenty minutes later they bade each other good night on the steps outside Sophie Yaska's apartment. Then Helenka turned and feebly climbed up the stairs to the landing. The key of the flat was in her pocket and, as she fumbled with it, she discovered that she was clutching something in her other hand—an oyster fork!

Helenka, accompanied by Ignacio, returned home the next afternoon looking rather pale and—a quite unusual thing for her—with black circles round her eyes. Madam Lavorska was still enshawled and reading Clara Militch in front of the fire. Helenka's father was putting a new string on his practice violin. He looked up inquiringly as they entered.

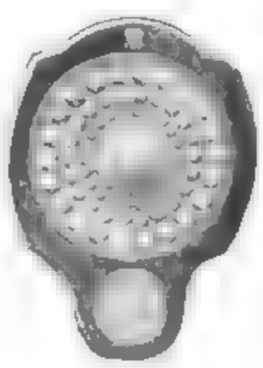
"Hello!" he remarked. "So you're friends again, eh? Did you hear what happened last night? They're telling the story everywhere in Warsaw—and it must be true. The Grand Duke found eleven officers without leave at the Hotel Potocki last night and had them shot without court-martial within an hour. I hate a Russian! But that's carrying discipline a little too far! Don't you think so, Ignacio?"

Helenka had turned paler than ever. Ignacio shook his head.

"No," he answered, "I am for the Grand Duke."

Madame Lavorska seemed rather annoyed at having her reading interrupted.

"Well, what difference does it make anyway?" she asked.



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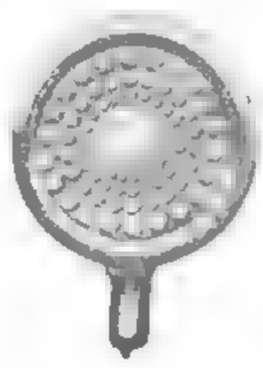

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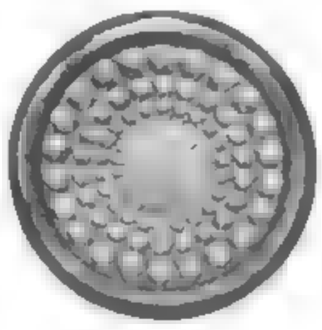

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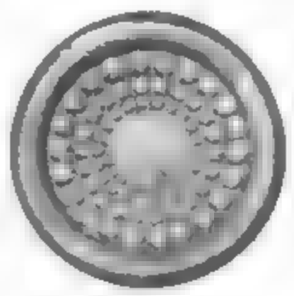

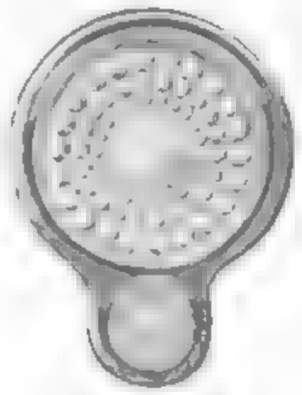

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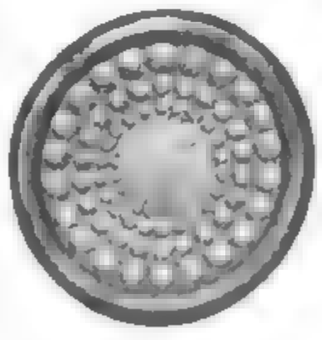

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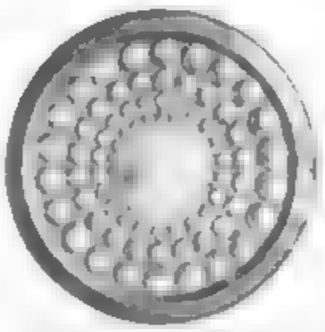

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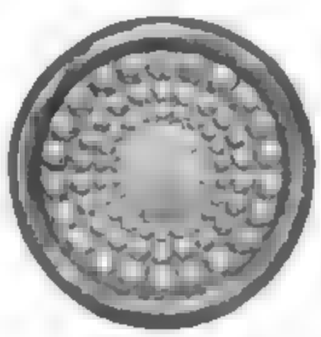
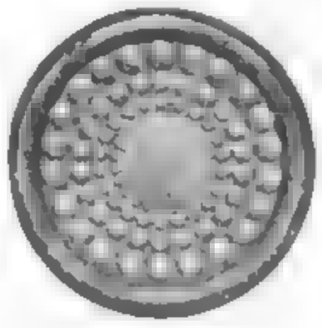
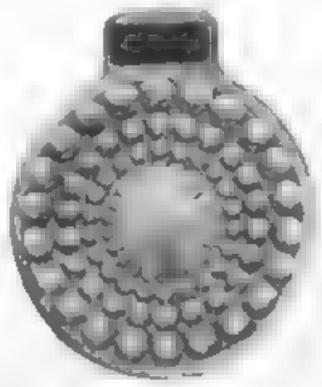


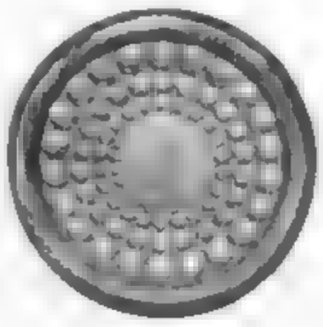
Pathfinder



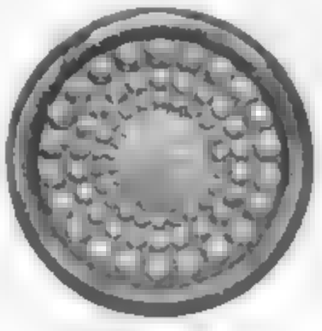
White



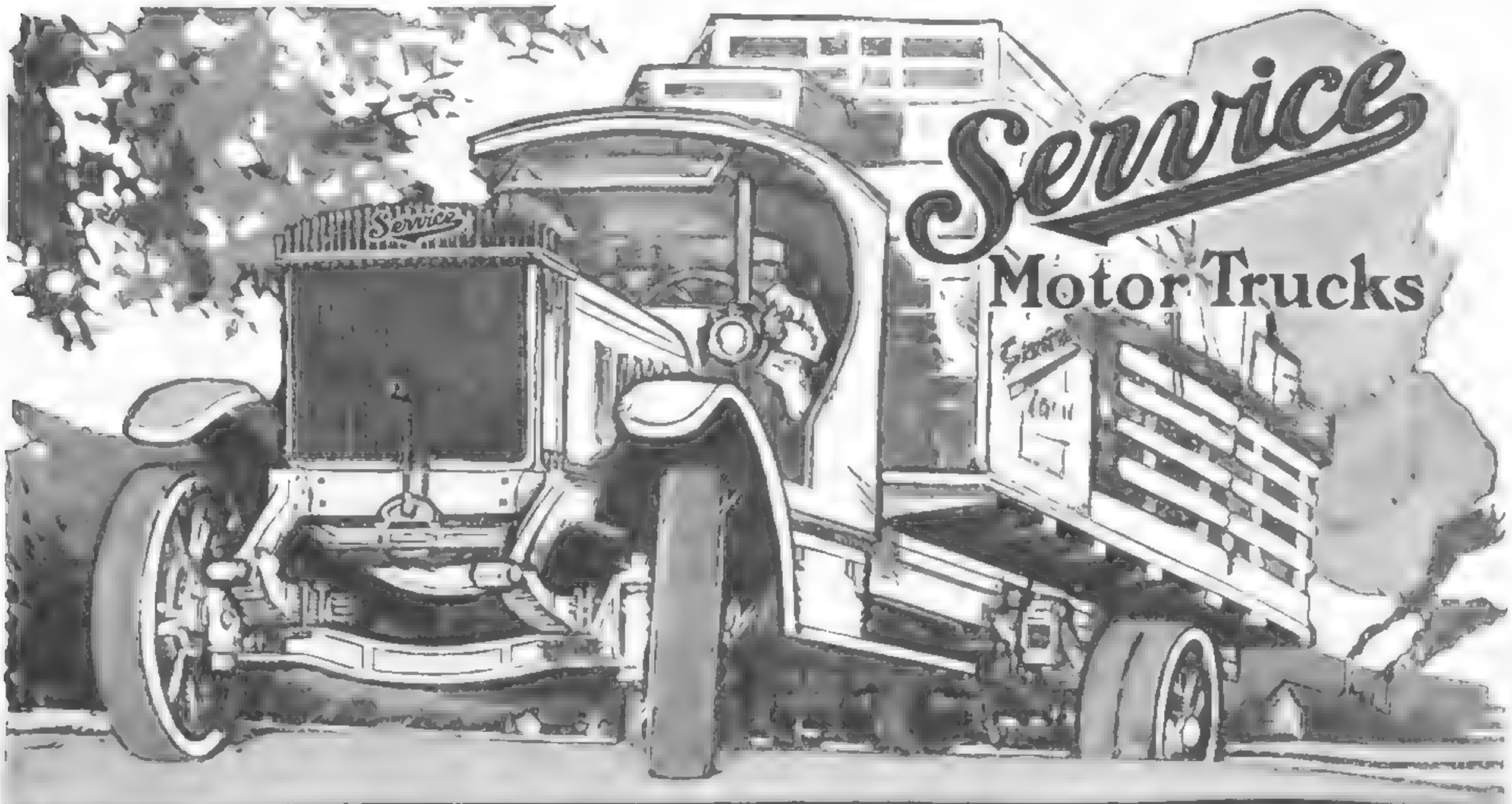
DOBLE STEAM CAR



DANIELS EIGHT



Peerless




# 10 Dominant Manufacturers Build Extra Well

Ten big motor truck manufacturers stand out prominently as those whose products find biggest use among the large concerns who buy carefully. The stability of these ten manufacturers is assured—their combined capitalization is $250,000,000; the value of their yearly output runs high into the millions.

Each builds the best truck he can.

Each offers guarantees backed by tremendous resources, tremendous manufacturing facilities; big, strong organizations, established business reputation.

In essential specifications, established practice is closely adhered to.

Eight build trucks in excess of four ton capacity. All build from one to four ton.

Yet with all the tremendous competition, with the tremendous manufacturing efforts to build the best, SERVICE motor trucks stand out among the ten with certain definite marked advantages of big value to purchasers.

Only one of the ten furnishes tires on all types that equal SERVICE in size.

Only one other is built to operate with perfect safety at the same high speed

SERVICE is the only one of the big ten using the vacuum feed system, assuring maximum fuel economy, steady uniform fuel supply.

Eight use the worm drive: but SERVICE worm drive construction is the strongest that manufacturing ingenuity can devise.

Nine use pressed steel frames, but in the SERVICE no other truck pressed steel frame, greater width of flange, depth of frame, more uniform distribution of load assures maximum resistance to driving stress and strain and clinches SERVICE superiority.

Five use motors of same power as SERVICE, yet SERVICE shows an 11% higher rating than the other four trucks of equal capacity

In chassis size SERVICE gives greater loading length than any other of ten. This means a larger loading platform—greater carrying capacity—greater even distribution of load. Despite the over-size in construction SERVICE motor trucks, in each model, are notably light in weight. With these points of leadership and with every other feature of construction duplicating even the most expensive of the trucks manufactured by these ten big manufacturers, SERVICE presents a remarkably low initial cost.

# 67% of Service Motor Trucks Were Re-orders in 1916

## 60% of Service Motor Trucks Were Re-orders in 1915

Wherever big purchasers, basing their orders on proved mechanical superiority or demonstrated superior service features, are installing motor truck equipment, SERVICE motor trucks are found.

And the big feature that stands out prominently in the history of SERVICE trucks is the fact that in each year's business 60% of the sales are re-sales to satisfied customers. They are in use by the biggest corporations all over the country, in every line of work, achieving economy results and standards of operating service that make the use of the first SERVICE truck the basis for fleet orders.

# 6 Sizes of Service Trucks Wait to Do Your Work

SERVICE motor trucks are [illegible] to meet the hardest working conditions [illegible] with maximum mechanical attention, with [illegible] necessary for replacement. They are an engineering achievement, particularly built for big practical service.

Each model is built for the exact work that [illegible] model for fast, economical moving of light loads up to the big 5-ton truck for [illegible]

individual in design as though it were the sole product of the factory. This is the only way in which proper construction can be achieved. SERVICE trucks are the product of specialists.

**Buy now while these startling prices prevail—before the advance in price takes place:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ton truck | $1,375 | 3½-ton truck | $3,000 |
| 1½-ton truck | 1,950 | 3½-ton truck (Special contractor's) | 3,250 |
| 2-ton truck | 2,250 | 5-ton truck | 4,000 |

# 13 Point Booklet

[illegible] Motor Trucks

## Service Motor Truck Company

Main Office and Factory

Wabash, Indiana

Dept. T1

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago Ill. | St. Louis, Mo. | Boston, Mass. | Indianapolis, Ind. | Milwaukee, Wis. | Baltimore, Md. | Canton, Ohio | Washington, D. C. | Hoboken, N. J. | Tulsa, Okla. |
| New York, N. Y. | Louisville, Ky. | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Buffalo, N. Y. | Bridgeport, Conn. | Columbus, Ohio | Pittsburgh, Pa. | Savannah, Ga. | Philadelphia, Pa. | Detroit, Mich. |
| Norfolk, Va. | Omaha, Neb. | Newark, N. J. | Salt Lake City, Utah | Des Moines, Iowa | Cincinnati, Ohio | Denver, Colo. | New Orleans, La. | Rochester, N. Y. | Youngstown, O. |

# ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 21)

feel altogether at home in the broker's office. On the other hand, he was unable to see in himself anything suggestive of the Wall Street lamb. He did not suffer from ticker fever. He had noticed in Woodcock's office men who clustered about the tickers—curious groups that breathlessly read what the wonder-working little machine printed on the tape. As he walked past other brokers' offices in Wall Street or Broad he noticed similar groups. And uptown, in the branch offices, he saw ticker-fiends and tape-worms also reading with their very souls the figures that raised hopes or killed them—inveterate gamblers that gasped and clenched their fists and grimaced nervously, unaware that men who were not inveterate gamblers were watching them.

Not for Wilberforce Shadd such madness! The worst he did was to turn to the financial page the moment he bought a newspaper, which was altogether natural. In fact, it was a conservative business man asking at the bank what his balance was.

On his way home that night, in order to prove that he was not suffering from the acute tickeritis of the others, he did not read the Wall Street page. Also, the street car was so crowded that he could not half open his paper. He did not read the paper immediately on arrival at his home, because his wife and his supper were waiting for him. He ate a newsless meal and then went to the movies.

THE next morning as soon as he awoke he began to think that it would have been wise to put a stop-order on his two hundred shares. If the stock started to go down for keeps it was better to lose a small proportion of the untaken profit than to lose everything, including his original investment of $1832 in cash, the savings of a lifetime.

He wondered how he ever could have doubted the wisdom of not losing all his profit! Doubt so tortured him that by the time he turned to the financial page of his morning paper and looked for the "outside market" he was sure that Undersea Craft, in the language of the Street, had "broken par"—that is, sold below 100; a clean loss to him of $15,000 or more.

He felt ill. His head was hot and his feet cold. He felt a tremor within him.

He certainly had been rash not to sell at 160; and even more certainly a plain fool not to have "let them have it" at 172!

It was about that time that he discovered accidentally that Undersea Craft for the second time had earned the honor of a special news story. There it was in big type:

FORTUNES WON IN UNDERSEA!

It was the sensation of the day. It seemed that the movement really started in the last hour, and the stock had risen by leaps and bounds to 210. The last sale was at 210 and the closing prices were "210 bid; 220 asked." At 200 there had been sales of 3100 shares. The market had absorbed them easily, and the upward movement had proceeded as if there were no top.

"Great Scott! If I'd been in the office I surely would have sold at 200!" he muttered, so awe-strickenly, thinking of his escape, that the reaction left him weak and short of breath.

He had saved untold wealth by leaving Woodcock's office when he did! He did not go so far as to call it brains. He acknowledged humbly that it was great luck, and he was duly grateful.

He was still making money. As long as he held that stock he seemed to get richer and richer. He could not have told how he managed to live until noon. He made mighty efforts to concentrate on his work without succeeding. Lipps, the manager, frightened him by asking:

"How is she?"

Shadd, who did not understand, merely stared fearfully.

Lipps proceeded sympathetically:

"No better?"

Ah, Lipps evidently meant Mrs. Shadd and not Undersea Craft; whereupon Wilberforce said dolefully:

"About the same. I'm going home in the lunch hour." But he could not help looking guilty as he finished: "I'll be back in time, Mr. Lipps."

"Oh, the deuce, man! Stay as long as it's necessary. I understand how you feel about it. I'm a married man myself."

Lipps was a nice man. He also was married. Shadd felt sorry for him.

At 12:01 Wilberforce Shadd, who believed he was immune from tickeritis, was in a Subway express bound Wall Street-ward. His broker's offices were in Exchange Place. As Shadd approached Broad Street he heard a stupendous racket. Looking southward he saw the Curb in a state of active eruption.

Two hundred lunatics were watched by half a thousand awed spectators. The outside market for War Brides was on!

He thought he would see at close range what was going on. This Curb market was where people bought and sold Undersea Craft shares, although at what price he could not tell just then. There was a sort of storm center, about which the human waves eddied and whirled and broke. On closer inspection he perceived that about 90 energumens were past praying for. He shook his head in genuine sorrow.

"That," volunteered a bystander, who seemed proud of feeling no compassion, "is the Undersea crowd."

Shadd stood up straight as a soldier and smiled proudly:

"Yes, I know," he said. "I've got a jag of it that cost me nine. Plain nine!"

The bystander smiled knowingly: "Yes, I heard about you." Shadd looked modest. The man went on, "I myself paid $3 a share for a small lot of 50,000 shares," and laughed loudly.

Shadd, made angry by the rude incredulity of the vulgar beast, was about to say something apposite, when he heard someone yell:

"Thirty-five for 20!"

Wilberforce Shadd nearly fainted. His legs bent under him. From 210 to 35 meant a drop that was more than catastrophic. It was lethal. Then he heard the same voice shout:

"Two-thirty-five for 20!"

Shadd rushed madly toward the office of Francis T. Woodcock to be near his 200 shares which at 235 a share now represented $47,000.

Rich! Rich! Rich! That's what he was!

Woodcock was in the board room when Shadd asked for him. It seemed there was a big day on the Exchange, and the broker was very busy. The customers gave Shadd an ovation such as is vouchsafed to few men under a proven $50,000,000. Henry Rumney was calling him "Willie" and gazing adoringly the while. Henry had bought 60 shares of U. C. at 95, which by the usual Wall Street process had grown, in the telling of it, to 600. He had 140 points profit. It was no trouble for him to be grateful.

"Willie, as I was saying to Ben Meiggs here," said Rumney, "it looks to me as if the movement in U. C. is only beginning to get a fair start. When they see it somewhere round five or six hundred they will begin to realize that somebody is picking up investment bargains. Hey?"

Wilberforce Shadd was thrilled by the thought of U. C. selling at 500 or 600—preferably 600. He smiled gratefully at Henry Rumney and nodded, whereupon Henry exclaimed triumphantly:

"There! What did I tell you fellows? He says I'm right!"

The customers looked as if they believed it. But Ben Meiggs approached and said:

"Mr. Shadd, of course, I—er—we don't want to ask indiscreet questions, but, you know, we've all got some U. C. and we'd like to know if there's any reason why we should sell. Every one of us has got over 100 points profit——"

"Say, Willie," broke in Rumney, who wished to get an answer to the same question but couldn't wait for Benjamin Meiggs, Esq., to finish his circumlocutions—"say, Willie, are you selling yours?"

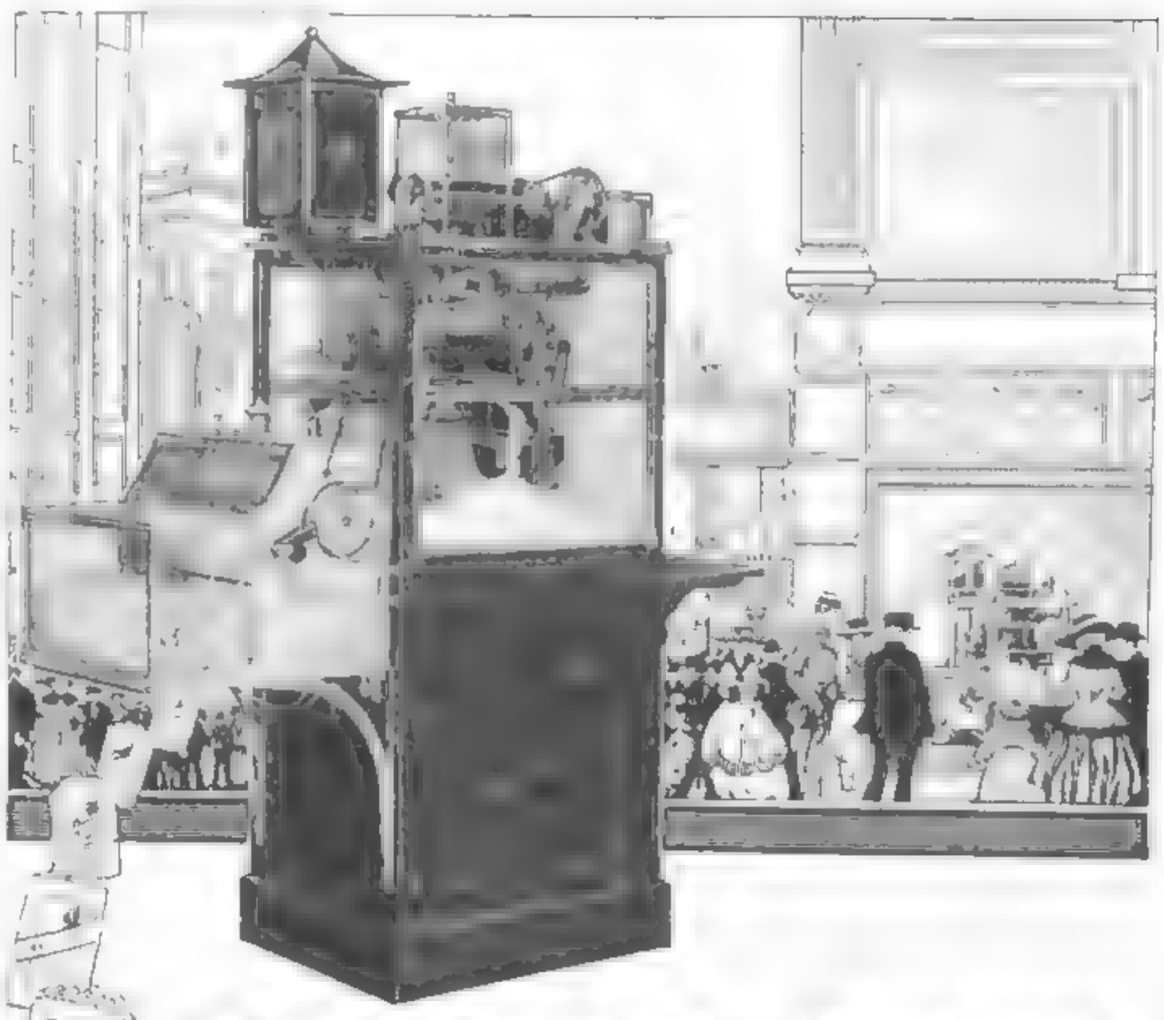
"No!" answered Shadd before he could think of any reason why he should not tell the truth.

"Good enough for me! Good enough for me!" chanted Henry Rumney. The office boy whom he had dispatched to get a quotation on U. C. from the firm's Curb man returned and reported in a whisper—Henry paid him for whispering:

"Last sale, 242."

"Good enough for me!" chanted Henry Rumney, accompanying himself with his feet, Indian fashion. "Last sale, 242. Good enough for me! Good enough for me!"

Everybody in the room beamed gratefully on Wilberforce Shadd, as though that

BUTTER-KIST

POP CORN—TOASTY FLAVOR

Buy It at the Butter-Kist Store From This Famous Machine

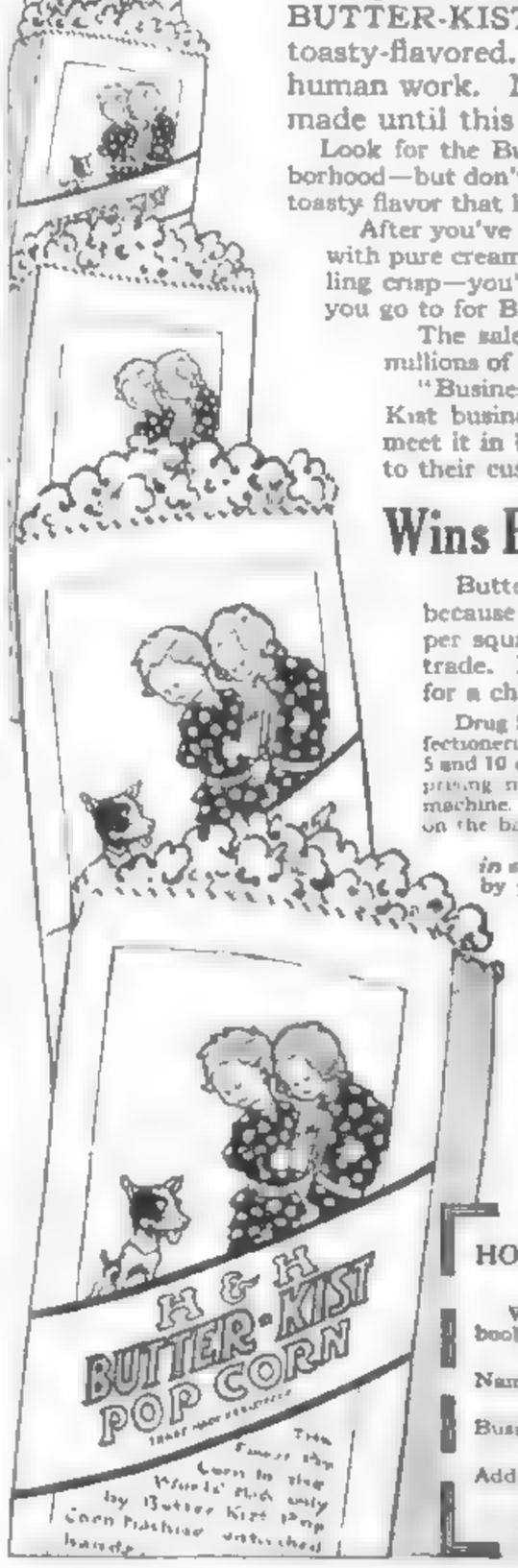
Only the celebrated Butter-Kist Machine can make BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn—crackling white and toasty-flavored. No man on earth can do its superhuman work. No pop corn like Butter-Kist was ever made until this machine was invented.

Look for the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine in your neighborhood—but don't be satisfied with less. No other imparts that toasty flavor that has put Butter-Kist on the national map.

After you've tasted this new-day pop corn, evenly buttered with pure creamery butter, piping hot and toasted to a crackling crisp—you'll be glad to give all your trade to the store you go to for Butter-Kist.

The sale of pop corn has increased by millions and millions of bags and cartons since Butter-Kist came.

"Business is simply great," write the live-wire Butter-Kist business men who know a good thing when they meet it in broad daylight and are always first in service to their customers.




Wins Big Rewards for Merchants

Butter-Kist stores are prospering as never before because this machine earns five times as much profit per square foot of floor space as anything known to trade. It stands anywhere that a merchant has room for a chair. Capacity 70 cents to $4.00 per hour.

Drug Stores, Bakeries, Groceries, Department Stores, Confectioneries, Cigar Stores, News Stands, Hotels, Restaurants, 5 and 10 cent Stores, Theatres—anywhere that there is an enterprising manager there is likely to be a genuine Butter-Kist machine. Look for the name on top—look for the trademark on the bags and cartons.

Hundreds of Storekeepers and Theatre Managers *even in small towns* are making up to $3000 yearly *and more* by popping and selling Butter-Kist.

Dealers! Mail the Coupon

Our valuable book—"The Little Gold Mine"—gives full details and *proof of profits*—is the livest proposition that we have ever seen in print and pictures. Sent free to any man already in business.

Just send us your address today. No obligation—send today and see how Butter-Kist will multiply your trade.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
537-553 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Largest Makers of Pop Corn and Peanut Machines in the World

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Without obligation to me send your profit-making book, postpaid, "THE LITTLE GOLD MINE."

Name

Business

Address

# Flour Facts

It is not generally known by the public that many different grades of flour are made in the same mill, at the same time, and from the same wheat.

The quality of each manufacturer's best-finished flour depends very largely upon how skillfully and carefully he separates it from the undesirable lower grades. The greater the proportion of the lower grades he puts in, the less it costs him to manufacture.

The making of the best quality flour can be likened to the skimming of milk; some skimmers are careful to take off only pure cream; others carelessly or purposely include a percentage of milk.

Therefore, grinding the best wheat does not alone insure the highest quality flour because the quality and richness of the flour are determined largely by the care, pride and equipment of the man who makes the separation.

The purity of both flour and cream depends upon how closely they are skimmed, and this is entirely up to the skimmer (the miller).

Pillsbury's Best is absolutely pure. It contains none of the cheaper grades; so we say,

## The Flour Question Settled
## "Because Pillsbury's Best"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

superman had with his own hands put the money, in cash, in each man's pocket.

At 242 Wilberforce Shadd had paper profits of $46,200. This was so close to $50,000 that Wilberforce Shadd thought he might as well call it that.

Something about the sound of $50,000 subtly invited cashing in. Fifty—thousand dollars!

There was indeed a most remarkable "enoughness" about that sum that made Shadd ponder. Should he or should he not sell? His painful indecision did not end until the spoken admiration from Rumney and Meiggs and a dozen other regular fellows had brought about a change within Shadd. They thought he knew everything. By agreeing with them he changed the courage of desperation into the confidence of knowledge.

He was making money. He would not sell.

"I'll go back to my work," he announced presently. Into his heart of hearts there suddenly popped the hope that he might meet Woodcock on the way. He knew that Woodcock would tell him to sell out at $50,000 and Shadd would obey. But he couldn't sell in front of these worshipers.

"Look at him!" said Henry Rumney, pointing. "If a million dollars stared me in the face you bet your life I'd be sweating blood wondering whether to hold on or realize. Look at him! The coolest man in the room!"

"So long, boys!" said the imperturbable Shadd nonchalantly, and left, still half hoping to meet Woodcock out of sight and hearing of these men. But he didn't. It was a sign Fortune intended to bestow more favors on him.

That night, alas, the stock closed at 240 bid, offered at 245. The last sale was 238. That was 12 points away from his $50,000.

He had never before known how far 12 points could be!

x

HE SLEPT ill. The next morning on rising he felt so nervous, so convinced that he had been guilty of criminal neglect in not selling out, or at least giving a stop-order, that he did not go to the office, but waited until he thought that Lipps, the manager, was in the office. He telephoned, and said:

"Mr. Lipps, would it be convenient if I did not show up at the office until ——"

"That's all right, Shadd. Don't bother to come at all. Stay home all day with her. We'll manage. Don't mention it. Good-by."

Wilberforce Shadd was at Woodcock's office at 10:01 A. M. He would have been there earlier but for the fear of appearing to be afraid of anything. As it was he hoped his fear of one thing wouldn't show in his face. The customers clustered about the ticker, either reading the news or watching the tape. Beside the stock-ticker sat the self-appointed reader of the tape, William Burnett, who called out the prices. An office boy with a many-pocketed apron full of cardboard numbers stuck the fluctuating prices on the quotation board.

The operation did not interest Wilberforce Shadd. He had no sympathy for these men who watched the board breathlessly, as if what they were reading were the clinical chart of a dying son's temperature.

Undersea Craft was a Curb stock and, therefore, not quoted on the Stock Exchange. Such being the case, its quotations were not printed on the tape or posted on the board.

The customers greeted him cordially, but Henry Rumney, disturbed at seeing him in the office at an hour unusual for him, naturally thought of disaster.

"Say, Will, you haven't heard anything, have you?" he asked anxiously. By "anything" he meant official news of a world-wide catastrophe.

"No," said Shadd. Then feeling that he was not very cordial, he added with a smile: "Nothing at all!"

Henry Rumney looked at Shadd suspiciously. He wasn't satisfied. He therefore remarked casually:

"Don't you think, old man, that after all a couple of hundred points is enough profit for any Christian gent? If there's anything I hate it's a hog."

Shadd, looking at Rumney, saw that his friend desired an affirmative answer, so he gave it:

"I guess so."

Henry, trying to appear innocent, went on:

"Then a man who is satisfied with a couple of hundred points profit ought to sell even if he thinks the stock is going still higher, oughtn't he? Of course a man on the inside can't always tell his friends what to do, excepting somebody that he is sure won't pass it on to a million people."

Mr. Henry Rumney immediately proceeded to look as if the grave could not hope to equal him in the matter of speechlessness.

Wilberforce Shadd did not grasp the fact that Henry Rumney was really begging to be told to get out of Undersea Craft common and was solemnly promising not to pass the tip on to anybody else. Not having understood anything at all, and, moreover, himself having but one interest in life, Wilberforce Shadd looked at Henry Rumney quizzically and asked with a smile:

"Suppose, for a change, you tell me what you think about Undersea Craft common."

"I don't know anything save what you've told me, but I'll say this much:

"If I knew what you know about the company, I wouldn't hesitate to tell Henry Rumney about it. Say, Bill, can't you loosen up?"

Henry Rumney turned his best ear in the general direction of Shadd's lips and determinedly closed his own mouth in advance.

"My wi—— People," began Shadd slowly, "thought Hen Wil—my friend—was crazy when he began to talk to me about the business the company was going to do. He figured that with—that if the company sold the 65—what they had already for sale, the first dividend would be $650 per share ——"

This was so obviously inside dope of the insidest character that Henry Rumney muttered: "Great Scott! Such a thing only comes once in a lifetime! I must have been crazy to think of selling now. Say, Shadd, as a favor, if you begin to see me getting cold feet this side of $1000 a share, kindly knock me in the head, will you? For heaven's sake, don't let me be a piker, with the one chance I ever had in my life, will you, please?"

Henry Rumney looked entreatingly at his dear friend. As a matter of fact, the foxy Henry really wished to exact a promise from Shadd in order to learn exactly when to slide out. Shadd smiled, reassured at having learned from other people that this was an unusual stock and an unusual opportunity.

If U. C. had been merely a dividend paying railroad stock he naturally would have regarded the sensational rise with suspicion, not to say distrust. But the Undersea Craft Company held the fate of great nations in the hollow of its hand. It would decide who should be the victor in the world conflict. And what would not said victor gladly pay the company for said victory? And, moreover, hadn't he made money by holding on?

Henry Rumney, who had left him when he saw the whispering office boy appear in the offing, came back and announced:

"The first sale was 100 shares at 235; then 300 shares at 230. Pretty transparent, isn't it?"

Shadd thought it was pretty bad. A drop of 12 points from the previous day's high figure meant a reduction of $2400 in the profit. Nobody can lose $2400 without a qualm, especially Shadd. And yet he couldn't blame anybody. Moreover, Henry Rumney must not know that Wilberforce Shadd was ready to die then and there. So poor Shadd smiled and said huskily:

"That's nothing!"

"That's what I told 'em!" triumphantly shouted Henry Rumney. "They 'washed' it down to pick it up. Anybody could see it with half an eye."

The other customers listened to Henry Rumney, but were looking at Wilberforce Shadd. Shadd said nothing, but smiled. Rumney continued:

"Somebody's picking it up, somebody who knows. By George, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the man who was buying it was right in this office. Say, Shadd, why did you come down before the opening today of all days, hey?"

And as Shadd said nothing, but continued to smile, the other customers looked as if they thought that Henry had hit the bull's-eye plumb in the center.

Henry Rumney exclaimed:

"Oh, you, Shadd! If I only had your nerve! By heck, I'd have the nerve all right, if I had the information."

Wilberforce Shadd could see that Henry Rumney sincerely envied him. He saw the admiration in the eyes of the others. But he began to have his doubts as to the wisdom of keeping U. C. common, seeing on what grounds these others kept theirs.

(Continued on Page 73)

# PAIGE

## *The Most Beautiful Car in America*

For seven consecutive years, we of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company have demonstrated our ability to conceive and produce the type of automobiles that appeal *instantaneously* to the American people.

All of our models have been immediate successes. Our announcements and the endorsement of the public have been almost simultaneous. As a consequence, the history of Paige at the automobile shows has been one long, unbroken series of triumphs.

Such being the case, it must indeed be significant when we say the reception accorded to our new models has far surpassed anything of the kind that we have ever experienced.

At the earlier automobile shows it has amounted to a genuine ovation.

The Paige booths have been thronged with visitors from morning until night. Hundreds of disinterested men and women have personally sought out the officials of our company and congratulated them in the most glowing terms.

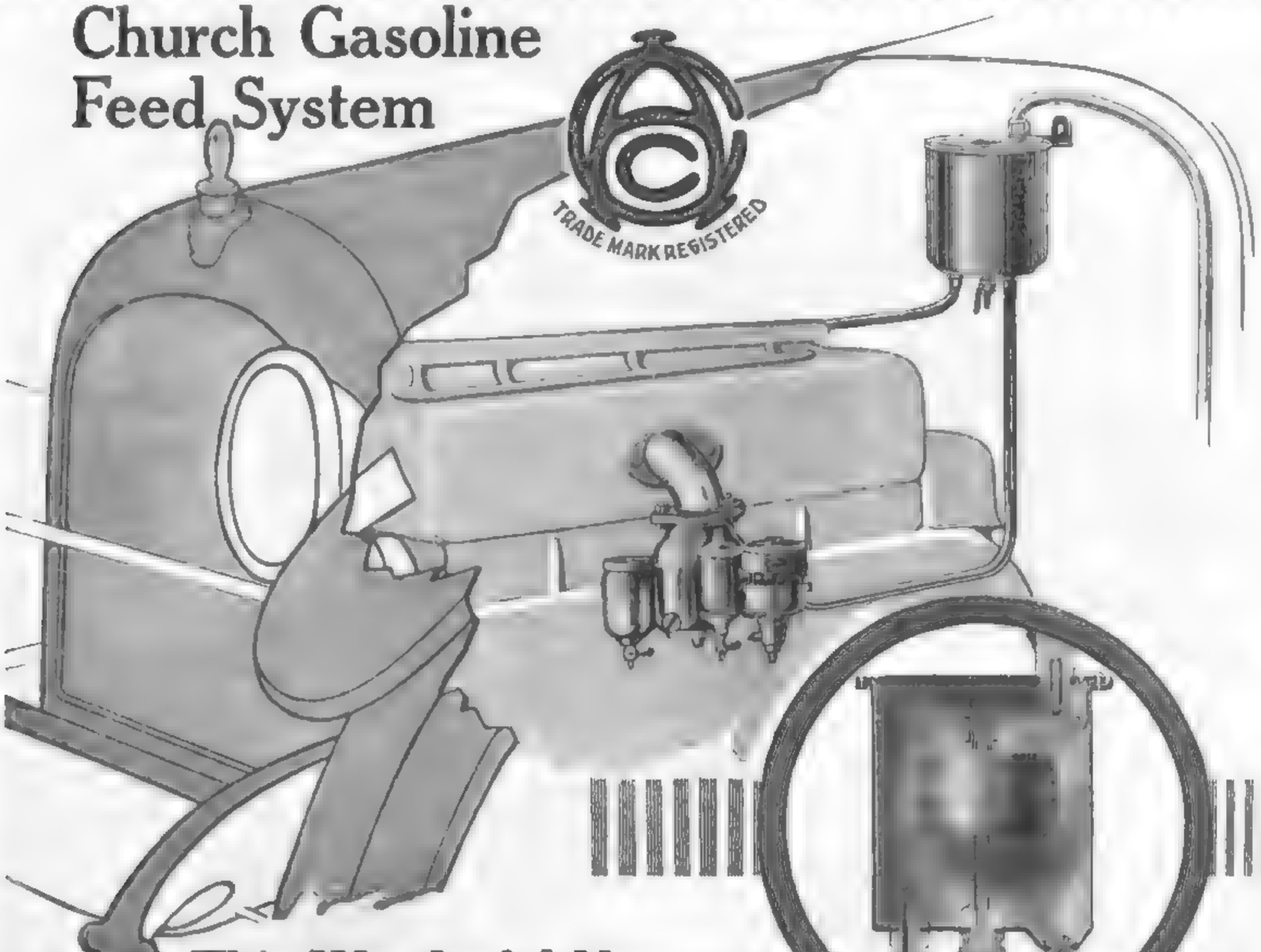
Seasoned motor car distributors from all sections of the nation have been equally lavish in their praise, and each day our mails are filled with communications expressing the same enthusiastic approval.

So you can see we have reason to feel proud—and *do* feel proud. We know, too, that every Paige owner will share this feeling with us when he first sees and rides in "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger $1495 f. o. b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger 1175 f. o. b. Detroit

**Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit**

# Church Gasoline Feed System




**$10**

F. O. B. CHICAGO

—Increases gasoline mileage.

—Eliminates draining of auxiliary tank in fuel supply system.

—Automatically regulates feed to carburetor—constant gravity pressure.

—Keeps dirt out of gasoline.

—Eliminates waste vapor—no disagreeable odor—great economy.

—Simple—trouble proof—efficient.

## Money Back in 30 Days

Try it thirty days. Return it if you are not satisfied; we will refund every penny of your purchase price.

## This Wonderful New Gasoline Feed For Your Car

Edmond S. Church, famous inventor of devices increasing efficiency and economy in the gasoline motor, has perfected his greatest achievement. It is the Church Gasoline Feed System, air lift to gravity tank—that has been pronounced by every engineer who has tried it, the most wonderful feed system ever devised.

### Saves 7% to 16% Vapor Loss

Engineers' estimates vary, but the consensus of opinion is that the fuel lost in an open system is from 7 to 16 per cent. The Church Feed saves this. It is absolutely closed: there are no vents. The vapor which accumulates in the auxiliary tank is carried to the carburetor and mixed with the fuel.

### A Universal Feed System

The Church Gasoline Feed System is universal in its utility. In this it is exceptional. In hilly country it maintains a constant level, constant gravity pressure feed regardless of throttle conditions—regardless of road conditions.

**Have you ever been driving up a long, steep hill, throttle wide open, and have the engine go dead? Don't blame it on the carburetor.**

In official tests it has been shown that the auxiliary tank of standard gasoline feeds can be drained in three to four miles under these conditions. This is what frequently causes your engine to "spit," "sputter" and go "dead." The trouble is seldom due to the carburetor.

But under no driving conditions—at no speed—on no roads, no matter how muddy, can the Church Gasoline Feed System be drained. Official tests have proved this.

### Keeps Out Dust and Dirt

With any open feed, road dust is drawn in by suction; sand is drawn into the reserve tank under the hood. Look at the dirt and dust that banks up on the dash under the hood.

The Church Gasoline Feed System keeps dirt and dust out of the fuel. Road dust or sand cannot be drawn into the reserve tank by suction.

For the Church Gasoline Feed System is the only closed feed system made.

No dirt can possibly get into the Church Gasoline Feed System. Clean, sparking, power developing gasoline is the only thing that reaches the carburetor.

### A Steady Uniform Feed

With pressure systems the pressure often comes up to three or four pounds—the jarring of the carburetor float over rough roads releases a great quantity of gasoline in the carburetor under this high pressure.

The Church Gasoline Feed System overcomes these difficulties.

The air lift on the main tank is equivalent to a steady pressure of 1-½ to 2 lbs.—never more—never less. And the gasoline is fed to the carburetor by gravity.

You get a steady uniform feed—gasoline saving; efficiency increasing.

### Big Official Tests—Sanction of A. A. A.

A stock roadster, equipped with Church Automatic Gasoline Feed in official tests at Speedway Park, Chicago, covered 10 miles in 7 minutes 58-⅘ seconds. Maximum speed 84 miles an hour.

At the end of 10 miles the pressure on the gasoline tank was 1-½ pounds and the Church Automatic Feed Tank was full.

The same car, equipped with a vacuum feed system under same conditions, emptied the tank, stopped at 3-¼ miles in the first trial, 3-⅝ miles in the second, and maximum speed was 82 miles an hour.

These results have been certified to by the A. A. A.

In another test a stock Six Cylinder car was used and the Church Gasoline Feed System was carried on a mast 10 feet 9 inches above the bottom of the main gasoline tank.

The Church tank at this extreme height filled in 14-⅘ seconds, and the car driven around the Speedway

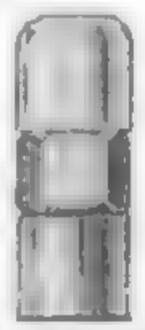
This was equivalent to putting the car on a 65% grade.

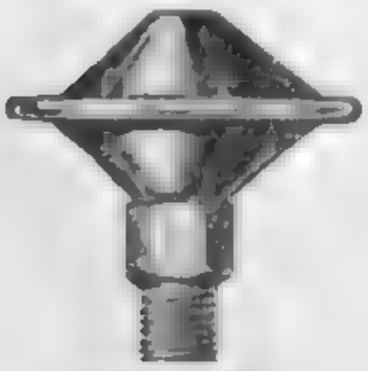
### F. E. Edwards Joins Automatic Carburetor Company

F. E. Edwards, formerly of the A. A. A., one of the biggest and best-known automobile authorities in the country, is now efficiency engineer for the Automatic Carburetor Company. No more sensational verification of the wonderful value of the Church Gasoline Feed could be obtained than this.

### Wonderfully Simple

The Church Gasoline Feed System is amazingly simple in construction. There are no complicated valves, no delicate mechanism to get clogged up—nothing to get out of order. It is a mechanical ornament to any car on which it is used.





**Compensating Vapor Plug $5**

Money back in 30 days if not satisfied. 30% more power—30% more speed—40% more mileage. In use by hundreds of thousands of motorists.

GET IT NOW—*Get this wonderful new gasoline feed system for your car today. We will supply you immediately.*

## Automatic Carburetor Company

**1414-22 Randolph St., 1422-38 Bryan Place, Chicago, Ill.**

*Makers of Famous Automatic Carburetors*

**Blitz Vapor Plug $1**

Money back in 30 days if not satisfied.

For small cars—a real gasoline economizer and a genuine power and efficiency developer

Ticker is the Square Point collar that will *not* wear out your shirt—on in a second—adjusts easily—fits perfectly. Like all

**SLIDEWELL COLLARS**

is made with the patented Tie-Protecting Shield and Graduated Uniform Tie-Space—exclusive features that save your Tie, Time and Temper.

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

15c Each
$1.75 per Dozen

# Bran

**For Joyous Living**

Learn how much this laxative food adds to the joy of living. Then you'll know why every doctor tells folks to eat bran.

In Pettijohn's we make the bran inviting. It is hidden in flavory flakes.

Try starting days with this delightful dish. Find out what bran will do. Folks who go without it don't know what they miss.

*Pettijohn's*

***Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes***

**Also Pettijohn's Flour**—75 per cent patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Chicago

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.


*(Continued from Page 70)*

"Mr. Shadd," said Ben Meiggs, "there must be a limit to these advances."

"There must be!" said Shadd gloomily.

Not to know when to sell took all the pleasure out of being long of a stock that goes up 200 points in a few weeks.

"Ha! ha!" shrieked Rumney, who himself being on the inside saw the humor of Shadd's reply. The other customers smiled happily, being beneficiaries, and Ben Meiggs, instead of taking offense, remembered that he also had 20 shares. Wherefore he extended his hand toward Shadd and said blithely:

"Mr. Shadd, I'm sorry I cannot let you have my stock at any such bargain price as this. But, speaking seriously, all I can say is that I am very much obliged to you."

Then Meiggs' face took on such a serious look that all the other customers instantly imitated it.

Shadd, thrilled by the obvious gratitude of these fellow beings, said:

"Don't mention it," and smiled—a modest, deprecating smile.

He ceased to smile when it occurred to him these men would not be so grateful if they knew what he knew.

"Nice fellow!" said Ben Meiggs in a stage whisper to his friend Paine. Paine acquiesced gloomily. He didn't have any stock.

"Undersea Craft, 255!" yelled Henry Rumney at the top of his voice.

A hush fell on the room. In the deep silence Wilberforce Shadd distinctly heard a wee small voice say, not so very softly: "$51,000'"

Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and Rome was free no more.

U. C. crossed 250 and Wilberforce Shadd no longer thought that $50,000 was enough.

It was a glorious, dazzling day. The market was in a state of magnificent excitement. A news agency published an analysis of the meaning of the war orders which there was reason for believing the Undersea Craft Company had secured. Presently the bulletins from the front began to arrive. The "I hears" and the "They says" were merely war correspondence. The reports of the actual sales were the official communiqués.

And the official communiqués were enough to satisfy even the general staff quartered in the offices of Francis T. Woodcock & Co., for in a few delirious hours they recorded a string of successful advances—sales of hundreds of shares at 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, then back again, five points between sales, to 247. Then up, up, up, in driblets of ten and twenty shares, until at one o'clock U. C. common sold at 260.

Vocal Generalissimo Henry Rumney shouted the wonderful figures, looked at the clock, and said:

"One o'clock, and all's well! Gents, we've made enough to afford a business man's lunch. Colonel Shadd, at your pleasure, sir!"

And General Rumney stood up, brought his heels together smartly, saluted and without waiting for a formal acceptance said:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The other customers looked angry at Rumney's robbing them of the privilege of inviting Wilberforce Shadd. Some of them said so to the monopolist. But Henry took Wilberforce by the arms, and said:

"Let's get away from these tip-seekers before they begin to ask d. f. questions," and led Shadd to the best restaurant in the financial district.

*XI*

WILBERFORCE SHADD did not know that any place existed where such wonderful food could be prepared—or such awful prices extorted. He couldn't help thinking of his wife. Henry Rumney paid the check of $6.75 without appearing to think it was out of the way, and tipped the waiter with a bill. The least the tip could be was $1.00, and that was beyond Shadd's experience.

It took money to be a gentleman, thought Shadd.

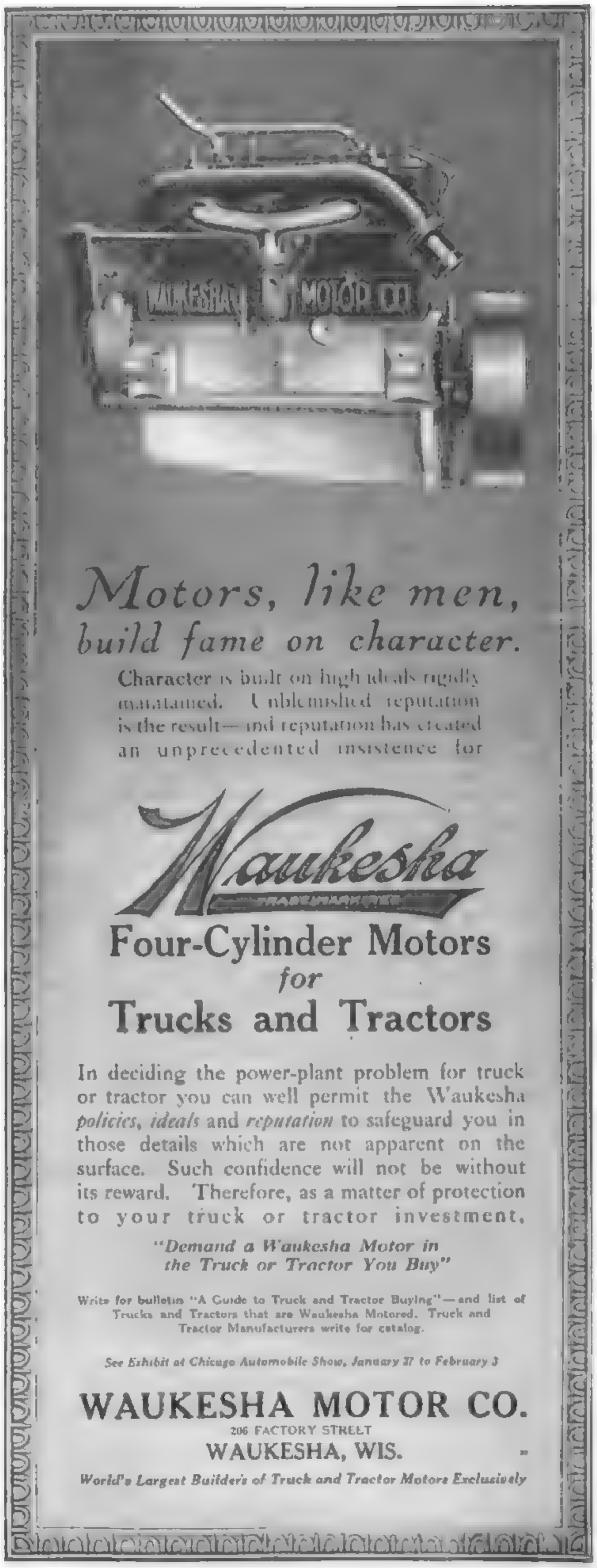
Of course at 260 he was worth $62,000. Invested at six per cent he would get $3120 a year. That income would not permit him to eat such lunches every day. A wonderful thing—riches—to have and to hold.

No wonder the poor were failures!

On the way back to the office, after the epochal feast, Rumney suggested that they look in on the Curb. They gazed on the excited throng.

"Bunch of lunatics!" commented Mr. Rumney to Mr. Shadd, and beckoned to a Curb broker he knew:

"What's U. C.?" he asked.


*Motors, like men, build fame on character.*

Character is built on high ideals rigidly maintained. Unblemished reputation is the result—and reputation has created an unprecedented insistence for

*Waukesha*

**Four-Cylinder Motors** *for* **Trucks and Tractors**

In deciding the power-plant problem for truck or tractor you can well permit the Waukesha *policies*, *ideals* and *reputation* to safeguard you in those details which are not apparent on the surface. Such confidence will not be without its reward. Therefore, as a matter of protection to your truck or tractor investment,

*"Demand a Waukesha Motor in the Truck or Tractor You Buy"*

Write for bulletin "A Guide to Truck and Tractor Buying"—and list of Trucks and Tractors that are Waukesha Motored. Truck and Tractor Manufacturers write for catalog.

*See Exhibit at Chicago Automobile Show, January 27 to February 3*

**WAUKESHA MOTOR CO.**

206 FACTORY STREET

WAUKESHA, WIS.

*World's Largest Builders of Truck and Tractor Motors Exclusively*

# HARMONY
## A PIPE BLEND

15¢ In the cream-colored pat. humidor
Harmony
A PIPE BLEND of five distinct kinds of imported and domestic tobaccos each kind alone having a delightful aroma and natural flavor without the slightest harshness

*Of course a Blend tastes better*

Each of the several tobaccos in this pipe blend plays its own part in giving Harmony its cool and characterful flavor. One is used for its exquisite aroma—one for its "fruity" richness—one for its delicate pungency—one because of its unusual sweetness—and one for its full mellow "body".

The result is a new, more delicious flavor—a flavor that pipe-smokers call "rich mildness". No one tobacco by itself could ever give you such flavor. It requires a *blend*.

If you think you have been enjoying a pipe-smoke made of only *one* tobacco, just try Harmony—a *blend* of five tobaccos.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, inclose 15 cents in stamps, for the full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York

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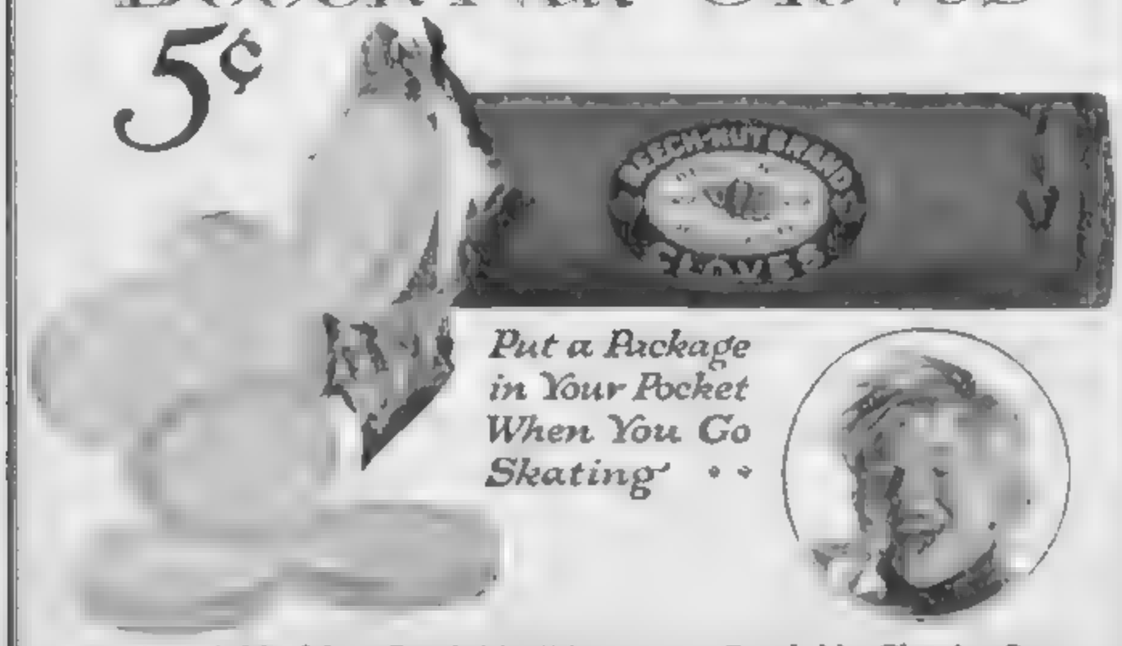
# Beech-Nut Cloves

5¢




*Put a Package in Your Pocket When You Go Skating*

Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.


"Twosixty-five bid!" answered the broker proudly, as though he had put it there.

"Gosh! Say, Shadd, you're all to the mustard!"

"I certainly am," silently agreed Shadd, thinking hard. The thought was $53,000!

Wilberforce Shadd, after ten years of toil and thrift, had accumulated $1800. Therefore, to him dollars had always been DOLLARS, especially when his wife heard him say he needed neckties or another umbrella. But now, after a few days in Wall Street, he no longer saw DOLLARS but DOLLARS, so that there had to be more of them to be seen at all. The old dollars, sticky with the sweat of years of toil, had a hundred cents. These new, bull-market dollars were only nine-cent dollars. He could not get the thrill out of ten thousand of the new dollars that he could out of one hundred of the old ones.

With the change in the weight of his dollars came the beginning of a change in his attitude, not only toward men and things, but toward the world that thinks in dollars and fights for dollars and envies dollars and begrudges dollars, and dies because of not enough dollars. Although he had not cashed in and therefore had not really changed his financial condition he already was thinking of what he began to consider his rights. When yesterday's luxuries become to-day's necessities the damage is done.

And then this was another world, in Francis T. Woodcock's office—inhabited by people who did not speak the same language as the men and women with whom he had associated all his life, but a language he was beginning not only to understand but to like. He saw investors and gamblers and tipsters and optimists and plain fools; men who were still honest, not having lost every cent, or still decent, not having won too much. And he did not know what they were because he did not know that he himself was walking toward what they were. He saw wild eyes, but perceived nothing to look wild about. He saw fists that clenched and unclenched, fingers that had a habit of clutching; and he did not know that the owners thereof were trying to hold on to their ticker fortunes or perhaps were seizing drowning hopes by the hair. He was not aware that in the obvious indecision on the face of Meiggs' fat friend, Paine, he was beholding the end of the battle between Paine's greed and Paine's fears.

Because he himself was not long of Stock Exchange securities he did not scrutinize the quotation board as the others did, with an attentiveness that they never gave to the perusal of the Decalogue. And the news-tickers were not feeding man's immemorial craving for knowledge or satisfying the divine curiosity that is the source of wisdom, but making human beings read what might move them to buy or sell stocks and make money—to get something for nothing; not to live in the sweat of the brow, but to cool said brow with an electric fan's breeze, sitting in an easy-chair while the greatest of all philanthropists, the ticker, crammed fortunes into their yawning pockets. And the reason he didn't know any of these things was that he also was much too busy getting something for nothing to pay any attention to unimportant trifles.

But one thing that Wilberforce Shadd clearly saw was that these men, whose judgment was the result of years of experience in Wall Street, thought he was greater than they, having bought a war bride which had risen 250 points. A man who did this was much wiser than a man who invested in a railroad stock that merely doubled. To be mathematically exact, he was thirty times wiser. Therefore, Shadd felt that he ought to help these humble admirers who no longer desired information as to the wisdom of selling but assurances as to further advances.

In one of the news-tickers Shadd read that Rochester Arms stock was so closely held that it was not considered necessary to mark up the price. The nominal quotation was $5000 a share. But, the statement said, it might just as well be $15,000.

So when Ben Meiggs approached him and announced respectfully "It's 268!" Wilberforce Shadd nodded calmly. He was thinking of Rochester Arms. "Pretty good price," ventured the experimental Meiggs.

Wilberforce Shadd almost snorted. His obvious disgust instantly drew to him by a sort of capillary attraction a dozen customers. He waited until the sugar bubbles in the coffee cup had drawn together, then he addressed them:

"Meiggs"—and Wilberforce Shadd spoke so slowly and coldly that they all realized with a thrill that at last the real man was revealed to them—"Meiggs, you call 268 a good price. So it is—when applied to a kitchen chair. But my stock ——"

They almost gasped at this admission that he owned the controlling interest.

"My stock at 268 makes me think of Rochester Arms. The nominal quotation for Rochester is $5000. The real value, when you consider what the profits on its war contracts will be, is $15,000 or more. That's what the war has done for Rochester Arms. Well, the war isn't over, and the Undersea Craft Company—I can't say any more."

And he couldn't. And, what was more, none of his hearers needed any more.

Woodcock had come in as Shadd was delivering his speech. At the conclusion he approached the orator.

"Well, Shadd," he said, "I've got to hand it to you. We are here to execute your orders—without comment."

Wilberforce Shadd smiled; and after a glance out of the corner of his eye at the admiring customers he looked steadily at Mr. Francis T. Woodcock and said firmly:

"Woodcock, the time for selling has not yet come!"

"U. C. 271!" yelled Henry Rumney.

"I guess not!" said Meiggs with conviction.

When Meiggs, who was known to the office as "Careful Mike," said such a thing it was plain that U. C. must be going to $10,000 a share.

Woodcock, who had lived through three bull markets, swept the customers' faces with a keen glance; then he said:

"On form, this ought to be a good time to sell. Everybody's bullish. Nobody sees anything but higher prices. There's no top to them. As a selling tip this has never failed ——"

"All signs fail in dry weather," observed Henry Rumney with much positiveness. "The trouble with you, Frank, is that you're asleep. Perhaps you don't happen to know that war has been declared by Germany against France and Russia!"

"That's all right," said Woodcock, keeping his temper because he knew the breed.

"Sure it is. Did you ever before see a stock go up like Undersea Craft, without manipulation? No laundry work in that rise—no phony work, but a legitimate advance due to buying by people who know what orders the company's getting. Did you?"

"No," admitted Woodcock; "but we know that what goes up must come down. It's a law of physics."

"Yes, but before it goes down," Henry Rumney acutely pointed out, "it must first have reached the top."

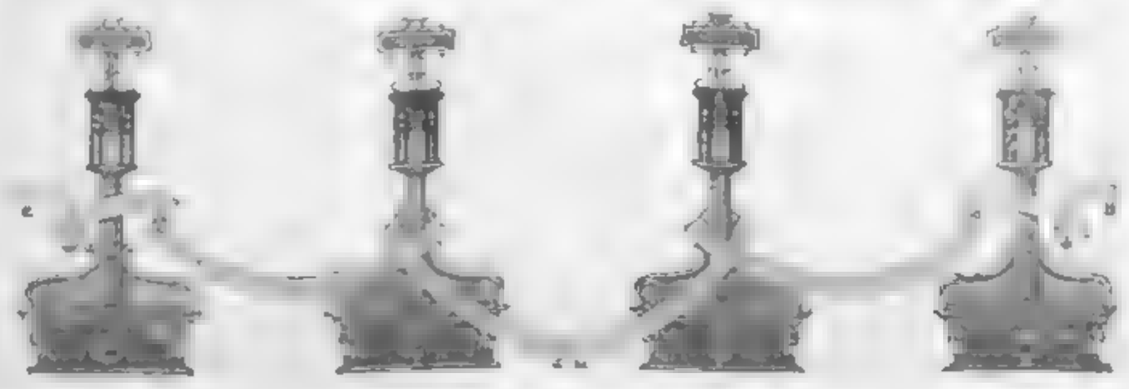
"That," observed Shadd judicially, "seems to me a reasonable assumption."

"Three o'clock," announced the tape-reader. "They are closing at the top, gentlemen. It is what might be called a satisfactory performance."

"You bet!" said Shadd happily, and accepted Ben Meiggs' invitation to go up to his club. There Shadd, Meiggs and four delightful strangers spent a wonderful afternoon drinking highballs and talking high records.

He was getting richer by holding on!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# Phone Call

Date 1-27-17

Mr. Foster

You were called at 1 16

By Mr. B. Turner

of Farber, Barbs & Co

Phone No. Main 920

His message was Call him above number before 2.30 after that Hotel Jefferson — Room 942

Operator M. E. W

## "Somebody Called You Up While You Were Out"

"Who was it?" "What time?" "Where can I get him?" You want to know these things; but without a standard form for recording the call you are lucky to know the simple fact that your 'phone bell rang.

Let a form like the one above tell you what you want to know about the somebody who called you up. An ordinary slip of paper won't do. You know what happens to a slip of paper. Even if you find it, it says, "Call Main 920."

Now you don't want to call "Main 920." You don't know who it is, whom to ask for there, nor what he (or is it she?) wants.

It's an even break you won't call that number.

But a 'phone call form is different. The operator filling it out automatically extracts the desired information from the party on the wire.

Show this form to your printer and settle once and for all the question of lost, missed and forgotten 'phone calls.

It's a good idea to have it printed on a conspicuously colored paper, so you can distinguish it. Since it is an office form it properly belongs on Hammermill Bond.

Hammermill Bond is the right paper for all your office forms, for a very logical series of reasons. Your printer knows the paper and can supply it in white and twelve colors. It is carried by our agents located in all important centers.

It is an economical, durable paper.

When you decide to use it for *all* your forms you eliminate difficulties about paper; you standardize just as the 'phone call form standardizes the record kept of telephone calls.

Competitive bidding by printers is a generally unsatisfactory way to buy printing. Specifying Hammermill Bond is a safer and better way.

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Printers may have the full set. Most printers already have full sets of the Hammermill Portfolios.

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THE theater crowd is homeward bound—your party is seated in the car, eagerly awaiting the first muffled tones of the engine. Whether the start is promptly made, or whether the battery is too feeble to do the work, depends not only on the kind of battery, but also on the *service behind it.*

A battery that is "supervised by Prest-O-Lite Service" is quite certain to be a lively, healthy source of power.

Cold weather, hot weather, roads, speed, traffic—all these things have one effect or another upon your battery.

But no matter what the conditions, and no matter where you may be, Prest-O-Lite Service is at your disposal to help you keep your battery in good condition and insure your satisfaction.

In addition to the Prest-O-Lite Factory Branches, insuring direct *factory service*, there are special service stations in cities and towns in all parts of the country. The service rendered to all car owners in avoiding battery troubles through expert inspection, is a valuable thing to you, but is rendered without cost.

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# THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

(Continued from Page 5)

Long before this war the governing upper class in Germany—most intelligent and most farseeing—at once placated the Socialists and improved their own system by appropriating a great deal of Socialist method. They did eliminate a great deal of waste; they did create an improved social machinery, whose operation was made possible by that unquestioning obedience which they made the root of German education. But the people in general got little of the product of that machine. It worked for the good of that mythical state with a soul, and for the greater wealth and grandeur of the governing class. Nevertheless, they made it work.

Before the war had gone on six months, the Entente Powers had discovered how well it was working; and in the stress of the times they were forced to imitate. More and more, matters that had been regarded as the business of the individual became the business of the state. A British or French merchant or manufacturer cannot import certain commodities any more—the state prevents.

He cannot use his factory for certain kinds of product—the state prevents. He cannot charter his ship to certain ports—the state prevents. He can make only so much profit out of war work—the state appropriates the surplus.

### *Socialistic Tendencies*

England is preparing to take over the railroads. Long ago she assumed such complete control over labor that a worker in a "controlled" munitions establishment cannot leave his job without special government permission. Now France and England talk of "mobilizing" all persons between sixteen and sixty, and—more important, perhaps—all industries. Part of their object is to eliminate the waste of competition—to start a Socialist machine.

Other experiences pointing toward socialism have come out of this war. The Commission for Relief in Belgium is only partly supported by charity. Mostly, it is a charitable convenience by which Belgians who still have money may get bread and other necessities. It sells its bread at cost—that is, though the farmer who raises the wheat, the broker who handles it and the shipmaster who hauls it all get their competitive profit, the competitive profit of the baker who sells it across the counter has been eliminated.

As a result, Belgium—even in her shut-off, desperate condition—is getting the cheapest bread, considering its quality, in Europe. And Belgians are asking themselves whether the distribution of bread, the first necessity to life, should be left in private hands—whether the employing retail bakers had not better be producing while the state exercises their function.

Now, unless every guess I have heard is wrong, this state of socialism or semisocialism will not end with the war. The nations that have danced must pay the piper. A whole generation must toil and live close in order to pay interest and sinking funds on the war debts. The better to meet them, the European nations will begin a period of the sharpest competition among themselves. In this situation private competition within the nations must more or less go by the board. Many of these socialistic laws, rules and methods must continue for a generation at least.

The "social question" and the economic question, then, resolve themselves into a curious situation—a struggle between oligarchy and democracy for the prize of controlling socialism! How those fathers of modern socialism, who conceived their system in the spirit of equality and pure democracy, would have shuddered at the possibility that it might some day become an instrument of the oligarchs! Yet so it may be—an unlikely outcome of the war, I think, but still a possibility.

The economies brought about by eliminating unnecessary competition, reducing unemployment, guiding and regulating output, applying scientific inquiry to the whole business of production and distribution, may be used not for the better feeding, the better education, the general improvement of those who do the work, but for extending the power and glory of an "upper class" and for furnishing armaments and all war machinery to glorify and extend a mythical state "with a soul."

I say again, it is possible, though not likely. It depends upon the issue of the new struggle. But the control of socialist machinery is the citadel for which the army of privilege and the army of equality will struggle in the next decade.

We cannot regard with superior complacence this new struggle in Europe; for the same division is widening among us also. We have not the candor of the French, whose aristocrats call themselves such; who admit a royalist wing to their legislative chamber. Our oligarchs publicly dodge the issue. We have, among our extreme standpat politicians, certain men exactly as distrustful of popular rule and popular right, exactly as certain of the sanctity in the "best people" idea, as any aristocrat of Europe. Do they express this? Not in public! On the platform they ratify the Constitution and affirm the right of the people to rule. Whereas in Europe the cards are usually played above the table, here they are passed under the table.

Yet in private conversation they often admit it; and I find that in the rich old centers of the East, where something like a hereditary upper class has intrenched itself, this oligarchical opinion has been crystallizing since the European war and the temporary success of Germany. I have heard the aristocratic view in its extreme set forth as simply and frankly in New York as in Paris or Rome or London. The trouble with this country, they say, is that we ignore our best people. We have no governing class; therefore we are raw and unformed. We cannot be a great people until we take our place with the nations of the earth and arm—presumably for some kind of conquest.

Our vice, our besetting national vice, is disobedience. At present the "best people," the "representatives of solid interests" must, if they rule at all, rule secretly.

### *The Call of the Blood*

Those people who hold or express these views usually hate Germany and figure as hot sympathizers with the Allies. Nevertheless, by one of the paradoxes of the times, they have adopted the opinions that have made of Germany the danger of the world.

Yet in one thing the American aristocrat has dared be frank, because neither he nor the public in general quite understands what this item of his creed really means. He has gone mad over war—war for war's sake. In my glimpses of my own country since Armageddon began I have been amused to see how inevitably the men of "blood and breeding," or the members of the financial oligarchy, in my acquaintance have grown fascinated by the idea of arming the nation! It is but the call of the blood howling for the old favorite sport of a jaded aristocracy.

After nearly a year abroad I have been skimming the magazines published since I went away. I find in them—and always from members or admirers of our "upper class"—exactly such expressions as those of Bernhardi and Roberts: "Life is a struggle; war is the highest expression of life." "Pacifists are cringing cowards"—notwithstanding that incurable pacifists are wearing, by the bushel, medals won for valor on European battlefields. "War is a biological necessity"—a phrase which betrays a half-baked knowledge of the laws of breeding. "Nations grow soft with peace"—notwithstanding that the European peoples, grown soft with forty-four years of peace, are showing such hardihood as the world never knew before. "China has become a dead nation because she is unmilitary"—notwithstanding that China, in the Tai-ping Rebellion of 1850–64, killed more people than ever perished in a single war before Armageddon.

"Behold Broadway—we are reveling in flaunting extravagance"—notwithstanding that Broadway is the playground of only a small element in our population, the newly arrived of their class, scattering newly made riches; that flaunting luxury does not trouble the ninety-five per cent of our population which would bear most of the burden and suffering in war.

They have not yet begun to talk about the state with a soul, because we Americans are an unphilosophical people and do not run to abstractions; yet their thought is

# 2200 Housewives Told Us This:

WE wanted some facts about uses of peanut butter. We sent a special investigator into 2,200 homes. He found out that *only one in four* of these homes *used* or *knew* peanut butter. What is the reason?

We sincerely believe it is because the other homes *do not know the food value and the fine flavor of*

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

If they did, most of them would be placing Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the table for every meal; would be giving it to children in place of too much candy or sweets.

For a Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich contains the same amount of *Strength*, *Heat* and *Energy* that a glass of full cream milk does. And, besides—it contains all the *flavor* that comes from carefully selecting the choicest peanuts grown.

Because these peanuts are *blended*, as coffees are blended, to an exact degree of flavor. Because they are roasted *under even North light* to the precise color that determines *perfect* roasting. Because they pass through processes that carefully remove all skins, the bitter little hearts, grit and defective kernels. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains *absolutely no grit*.

Because they are crushed in an ingenious machine which mixes salt with the peanuts to an exact degree of uniformity. And sends the butter into glass jars to be quickly vacuum-sealed until ready to eat, insuring peanut butter that is always sweet—*never rancid*.

We want every hostess to know how good Beech-Nut Peanut Butter tastes in sandwiches—for luncheons, teas, any meals. How *different* it is from any other peanut butter.

We want every mother to know how fond the children are of it—in the school lunch-box, spread on crackers between meals, etc.

Therefore, we say: Order a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter today. Have it on the table at your next meal.

*Ask Your Grocer About the Superior Quality of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

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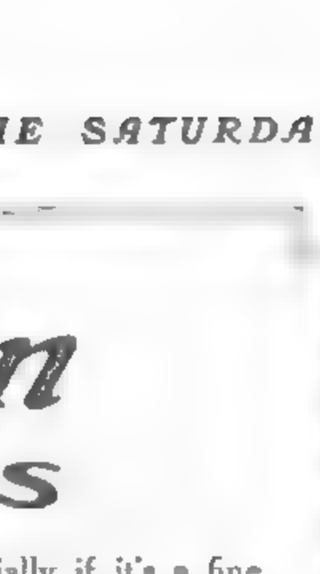
FREE TO MEN

More time to make money—or even better, to loaf around home—or "loaf." A Dayton gives you *more* time. This booklet tells how. Sent free with attractive new catalog. Write today, ask for Booklet 22.



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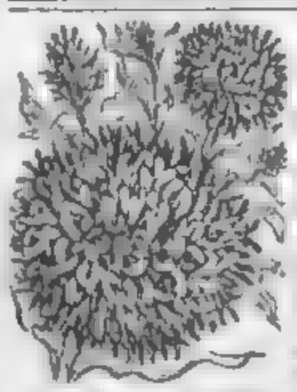

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[illegible] by the [illegible] you [illegible] and [illegible] Seed per pkt. 10 cts. 3 for 25 cts.

New Mastodon Pansies [illegible] Seed 10 cts per pkt. 3 for 25 cts.

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NO MATTER how far you live from Cleveland you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest Trust Company in Ohio. Send today for our booklet "M" explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

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based on this philosophy, just as all old-fashioned patriotism was based upon it before Kant formulated the principle.

Among our American militarists, as among the Europeans, self-interest, expressed or unexpressed, plays its part. When they talk of inculcating obedience they mean obedience to their class. They express it now and then with astonishing frankness. "When we have a real conscript army," said one of them, "we shan't be troubled with strikes." Again, an aristocrat of high place and position was discussing the Swiss system, under which every man keeps his gun at home and brings it to drill. "We can't do that here," he said; "we can't give a rifle to every man in a country which has such a large discontented class."

With perhaps unconscious insincerity, certain gentlemen, distrustful in their bones of popular rule, are saying that universal conscription is democratic. As a matter of fact, conscription normally works toward the oligarchic spirit. During two or three impressionable young years the conscript lives under a system that inculcates blind obedience to superiors. Those superiors, in the nature of things, are drawn characteristically from the upper classes; for war is the true interest of an aristocracy, and the profession of arms is to them the only strictly honorable form of real work.

In all the great nations of Europe, which had this system before the war—save France alone—conscription made for oligarchical government. In Germany and Austria it constituted the dike against the rising tides of democracy. France saw this with the clarity of thought that distinguishes the French; and she made her army democratic not because of conscription, but in spite of it. The Dreyfus upheaval was by no means the hardest battle in her hidden war against oligarchical influence through the army.

### *The Issue in America*

Now this is not an essay against preparedness. In the New World, which was born on August 1, 1914, we represent the democratic principle; we may have to fight externally, not only for national existence but also for the principle of popular rule, as France and England are fighting now.

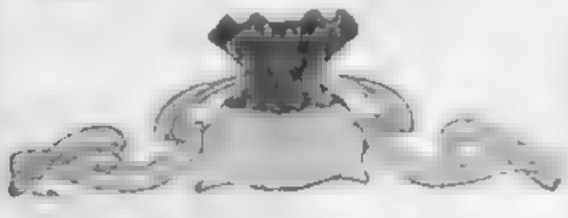
One who has watched the European game cannot overlook some pretty sinister signs of trouble ahead for us. One who has followed the new warfare knows what tissue paper our present defenses are—yes, and even our present plans for defense. But we may so defend ourselves that, while preparing to fight the battle of democracy with powers outside our borders, we shall lose the fight within our borders.

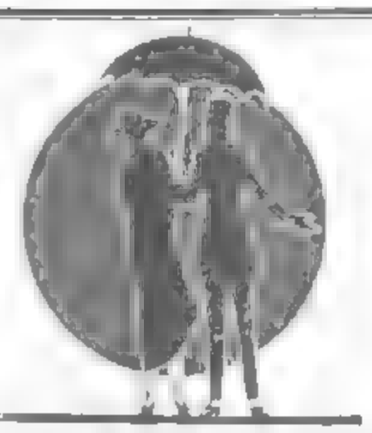
We may accept complacently from our American Bernhardis the medieval notion that war in itself is good, a cleanser of nations; that we owe to the glory of the state—or to the "old flag," as we put it in our concrete American way—a duty higher than the welfare of every person in the state. We may seek our own "place in the sun," and use our army as an instrument not of defense but of conquest, so doing our part in maintaining the "glorious" old institution of war.

We may strengthen thereby the grip of our aristocracy and come finally to a state of society wherein the "best people" assume the right of judging what is best for the mass. Or, keeping up the traditions of this new state, whose success has given such encouragement to all the liberal elements of Europe, we may remember that war is an evil in itself; that it is the destroyer, not the renewer, of nations; that it is excusable to-day only as a defense against a system whose end is the perpetuation of war; and that the true ideal of a state is not glory or mythical honor, but merely the highest average happiness of its individuals.

We may, by such constant vigilance as the French have exercised, keep our army of defense democratic, prevent it from becoming an instrument to inculcate that obedience which is merely machinelike docility.

In short, we may prepare as free men; for if we do not we may have to prepare as serfs. The issue between oligarchy and democracy is joined here as in Europe; and the choice is ours.



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Stylish, fine-fitting [illegible] rubbers and arctics [illegible] combined with long service—that's what you get in the Top Notch line. Leader of the rubber [illegible]

Top Notch rubbers are distinctive. They [illegible] themselves for wear [illegible] They fit the very last style [illegible] and are made in a wide variety of styles and sizes, for all members of the family.

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Most rubbers wear through at the heel all too soon and become useless. But Top Notch rubbers and arctics are made with the famous [illegible] Cincher Cushion heel construction [illegible] is last as long as the soles. That's why [illegible] are [illegible] rubbers.

These money-saving rubbers and arctics are sold at thousands of the best shoe stores. Write for the booklet "M" and the name of the Top Notch dealer in your town.

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Men's Apollo

# What 15c WILL BRING You FROM THE Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder [illegible] The [illegible] an illustrated weekly [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# The Great American Substitute

Like most things, a substitute may have a bad or a good meaning. It may stand for something poorer, cheaper and shoddier; or something better, less harmful, of more worth.

The secret of all improvement is in finding good substitutes.

The best way to quit a bad habit is to substitute a good one. To escape the evil effects of impure drinking water, substitute pure water. To heal a bad passion, substitute a wholesome one.

No man would swear if he had a good word handy that was just as expressive. A good vocabulary is the best substitute for profanity.

Chewing gum is one of the best substitutes in the world.

IT HAS DONE AN INCALCULABLE AMOUNT OF GOOD BECAUSE OF THE BAD HABITS IT HAS CROWDED OUT.

For the man who feels that he has smoked too much there is no better substitute than chewing gum.

Let him have a box of the pure chewing gum, made by THE HOUSE OF ADAMS, dainty, appealingly flavored and clean—to the last word in purity—let him have a box of gum on his office desk, and go to it.

There are many ways to limit tobacco using. The chewing gum way is THE EASIEST WAY.

Most people eat too much. They keep on eating after they are done. They eat to satiety. Hence they overload the stomach with unneeded substance.

And "the superfluous is never without danger."

Many diseases are directly caused by habitually taking food that we cannot assimilate. By and by that means indigestion, dyspepsia, liver trouble, diabetes, and other derangements.

Finish the meal with a piece of gum, and you not only get the pleasure of continued eating, but also an increased flow of saliva and the stimulation of the gastric juice.

Besides you are not overburdening the digestive apparatus.

Children eat candy because it tastes good, but in doing so they often take in unnecessary and harmful substance. Candy eating has its dangers.

But children chew gum as gladly as they eat sweets, and incur no harm. On the contrary, gum chewing is healthful.

Take a piece of gum instead of a piece of French pastry for dessert. You get the same pleasure, and none of the evil of too rich food.

Dr. Chalmers, the celebrated preacher, once delivered a sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

Chew gum, and cure hurtful tastes by "the expulsive power of a new affection."

Look for the name—Adams. It means pure chewing gum made with Chicle.

CHICLE

# Adams Chewing Gum

ADAMS PEPSIN ADAMS CHICLETS ADAMS BLACK JACK ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT ADAMS SPEARMINT

These leading Adams Gums, and fifty other brands, are made by American Chicle Company, Founded on the House of Adams.

# The New Hupmobile

# The Year-Ahead Beauty-Car

**Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery.**

**Luxuriously improved seat cushions and backs.**

**Moulding finish conceals all upholstery fastenings.**

**Neverleek fast-color top, black outside, tan inside.**

**Tonneau quarter curtains, cut integral with the top.**

**Front and rear edges of top finished with moulding.**

**Bow spreaders to carry top when folded.**

**New "Lift-the-Dot" fasteners for side curtains.**

**Door-curtain carriers fold with curtains, and drop into place instantly.**

**Tonneau carpet fastened with snap fasteners. Tonneau sills carpeted. Entire tonneau finish improved.**

**Satin-finish instrument plate. Ammeter supplied to show rate of battery charge and discharge.**

**Hand grip-pads on doors. Improved door handles.**

**Larger door pockets, with weighted flaps.**

**Bodies, Hupmobile blue; hood and fenders black. More paint and varnish, handsomer finish.**

**New type demountable rims. New type rim carrier.**

**Adjustable foot pedals. Clutch action very light.**

**New carburetor air control. One switch for ignition and lighting.**

**New dimming device graduates brilliance of head lights.**

**Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps.**

Look for no car equaling this new Hupmobile, even in externals, for twelve months to come. Its intensified refinement is a year ahead. It was the world's finest Four before. Now it is the year-ahead beauty-car as well.

More than $750,000 spent for factory improvements in 1916 paved the way.

It took a year to get ready to give you this added goodness.

Hupmobiles, back to the beginning, have been one long line of successes. But this beauty-car goes far beyond Hupmobile best.

### Why You Get a Car A Year Ahead

It goes further, because we are equipped to give more. In truth, we cannot afford to give less.

Hupmobiles, so other makers say, have always been too good. Our shop standards, they think, are too high; our materials too fine.

It was true that we needed larger production to spread the cost of excess goodness. And new factories to get the production. Now we have them both. And you get the beauty-car a year ahead.

### Engine Fit For A $3000 Car

We have held fast to Hupmobile standards and pulled down the overhead. Critics (among them a leading car builder) called the Hupmobile motor "a power plant fit for a $3,000 car." And so it is.

They said we could cheapen the rear axle, that we could use a clutch less costly, and so on.

But we refused to take the obvious course. Nearly a million dollars spent in factory-saving and efficiency looked better to us than lowering Hupmobile ideals.

So we sought and won this extra margin, and have put it all back into added beauty.

### A Wonder-Car In Performance

The Hupmobile has always been a wonder-car in point of performance. Its supremacy has not stopped short with supremacy over all other Fours.

It wins every day against Sixes, Eights and Twelves—as any Hupmobile dealer will gladly show you.

Now it wears a sheath worthy of its steel. The high-duty-car has also become the rare-beauty-car.

In sand, and on the hills, it will continue to outdo the multi-cylinder. On dress-parade, it will shine by comparison.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Five-Pass. Touring Car, | $1185 | Roadster, . . . . | $1185 |
| Four 'Round Touring Car, | $1385 | Four 'Round Coupé | $1370 |
| Seven-Pass. Touring Car, | $1340 | Sedan . . . . . | $1735 |

f. o. b. Detroit

### The Glory of Good Looks

The Hupmobile will always be sold on performance. From New York to San Francisco, and back, dealers will continue to court competitive tests. Owners will continue to boast of the superiority of "their" car.

But a new glory is added—the glory of extraordinary good looks and social distinction.

Looking a year ahead, nothing equal is in sight. You cannot buy wisely unless you see The New Hupmobile.

**Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan**

# A TOWN COMPANY

## By WILL PAYNE

RECENTLY eleven towns in Northern Illinois formed a corporation for the purpose of introducing coöperation in municipal government, and thereby launched an idea that seems likely to spread—in which case it may affect the well-being of more than half the inhabitants of the United States and get better results in the expenditure of somewhere from one and a half to two billion dollars a year.

One of these towns is Highland Park. Like the other ten, it is a suburban community on the shore of Lake Michigan, north of Chicago. Its population is about seven thousand, and it used to have the same sort of government which every other "good" town of that sort and size had.

Many of the inhabitants are commuters, who make a livelihood in Chicago and go out to Highland Park to enjoy it. There are no slums, no saloons, no particularly disorderly elements or especially difficult civic problems; so there were no scandals of a dramatic nature in the municipal government—such as Highland Park's big neighbor to the south is always enjoying. There was just the everstanding humdrum scandal of considerable waste and inefficiency.

This good town had divided itself into four wards, each of which elected two aldermen, while the community at large elected a mayor. Naturally the job of half representing a ward in Highland Park was not an important or attractive one. In a general sort of way a man who put a high valuation on his time wouldn't care to devote much of it to so unimportant an office. Generally speaking, aldermen were more interested in their particular wards than in the town as a whole.

So a year and a half ago Highland Park adopted the commission form of government. Samuel M. Hastings, a manufacturer, and president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, was drafted in as mayor, despite that ingrained reluctance to "mix up in politics" which characterizes most successful business men.

The commissioners, also, were men of extensive business experience, and they proposed simply to apply to the town's affairs sound business intelligence, looking at those affairs very much as though they were the affairs of a commercial corporation of which they were directors.

### Business Methods Applied

They found that the city's books were not kept in a way which any of them would accept in his own business—not that there was graft, but there was ineptness, inexactness, confusion. Now good bookkeeping is the first step in the application of business intelligence to any affair. The first consideration is to know all the time exactly where you stand. So they called in a competent accountant and got the town's books in the same condition as those of any well-managed bank or factory—that is, so as to show clearly and accurately at a glance how the concern's finances stand.

There were haphazard, wasteful ways of buying municipal supplies and various other unthrifty conditions that the members of the new government would not have accepted in their own businesses. They saw no reason to accept them in the town's business.

But this notion of applying good business intelligence to the town's affairs presently took a new angle. Looking at Highland Park much as they would have looked at a private business they were directing, the mayor and commissioners found that its affairs were always running into those of Highwood and Lake Forest, to the north, and of Glencoe and Winnetka, to the south. It occurred to Mr. Hastings that, beginning with Deerfield just north of Evanston, and ending with Waukegan, near the Wisconsin line, there were eleven concerns in a row, touching one another, all with the same general interests and problems, but each one struggling with those problems quite independently of the others.

It struck him, as a business man, that this was an unthrifty situation. These suburban towns didn't want to be incorporated in Chicago—because, for one very obvious reason, Chicago's government was notoriously much worse than that of any of them. They didn't want to consolidate in a single municipality. Each one of them had its proper local pride. It is true that to the uninstructed stranger who rides through them in an automobile, without knowing when he passes the boundary which separates one town from the next, they look pretty much alike. Yet the duly initiated and habituated resident of Glencoe, for example, will tell you rather confidentially of many advantages that town enjoys over Winnetka, while the true Winnetkan, admitting that Glencoe is a rather nice place, will point out many reasons why it is better to live a couple of miles farther south.

Aside from this local pride there were various objections to an outright consolidation. The string of towns measures some thirty miles from tip to tip; so a consolidated government would entail a good many little inconveniences. It would entail, also, a rather formidable legal process, with a lot of voting to consolidate, voting to elect a new government—in which, no doubt, jealousies and rivalries between the towns would develop—and there would be a large expense bill.

### Sanitation Problems

Formal consolidation was not advisable; yet it was clear enough that all the towns, working unitedly, could deal with the problems which were common to all of them more efficiently than each town acting alone.

As one illustration of a common problem, there was the water supply. In Lake Michigan all these towns had an unlimited supply of fresh water. Of course they had resorted to that supply, simply pumping the lake water into the town mains. Unfortunately there was also, from the beginning, the problem of sewage disposal. The cheapest, most obvious method was to turn it into the lake. That presently threatened to contaminate the water supply; so the waterworks' intake was moved farther out.

But, as the towns grew, the volume of sewage increased and reached farther out too; so the waterworks' intake must be moved still farther.

All round the southern end of Lake Michigan, with rapidly growing population, that sort of race between sewage and water supply has been going on for years. Nearly a generation ago Chicago reached the point in population where the race had to be given up definitely and a great scheme of inland sewage disposal, with water intakes far out in the lake, resorted to. It cost many million dollars.

Now the North Shore towns have reached a point where it is plainly advisable for them, also, to abandon temporizing, and take up a comprehensive, lasting solution of the water problem. Their water intakes now are fourteen or fifteen hundred feet out in the lake—not far enough to be absolutely secure against contamination in the not distant future, experts say. They ought to dispose of their sewage inland, as Chicago does, and then go five or six miles out in the lake for their drinking water.

The largest of these towns, Waukegan, has about eighteen thousand inhabitants; the smallest has one thousand. For any of them alone the cost of such a permanent solution of the water problem as that mentioned above would be staggering; but all of them together could do it easily. And one big pumping station, with an intake five miles out, could be operated more cheaply than eleven little stations with intakes fourteen hundred feet out.

All the towns in common have a public-utility-franchise problem. Their local transportation, gas and electric current are supplied by corporations with which they make bargains covering cost and quality of service. All over the United States these public-utility corporations have been getting together through various forms of merger and consolidation. It is the usual thing now for a dozen or a score of towns to get their street-car service, gas and electric light from the same company, and that company is often but one of many subsidiary concerns in a great consolidation which is controlled from a single office. A dozen or so such head offices control a great part of the public-utility business of the country outside the larger cities.

The advantages of this consolidation—from the corporation's point of view at least—are evident from the great profits that have resulted from the process. But though the corporations have been getting together the towns have not.

Each of these North Shore towns, for example, has its separate contract with a public-utility corporation for transportation and light. Each contract or franchise expires on a different date. Say Winnetka's street-car franchise is about to expire. It covers part of a continuous service along the North Shore. If Winnetka should not renew the franchise, service to all the other towns would be interrupted. Say, Highland Park's gas franchise is about to expire. It stands alone, and on its own hook must make the best terms it can with the company.

When a consolidated company is bargaining with an individual town it has something of the same advantage that a big employer of labor enjoys when he bargains with his workmen individually instead of collectively. If these towns would make their franchises expire on the same date, and then deal collectively with the company, they would get a better bargain. Probably the company could afford to give a better bargain if it dealt with somebody who was authorized to speak for all the towns together, and so settle the whole matter at a stroke. When dealing with the towns individually the company naturally suspects that if it gives North Chicago an inch, Lake Forest will hear of it and demand an ell. So a more satisfactory settlement for both towns and company may result from a collective bargain.

### Opportunities for Closer Buying

Each of these towns is continually buying certain supplies. One of them, for instance, will use five hundred water meters next year; another, seven hundred; another, three hundred. One of them, acting alone, might get a better meter than the next, or as good a meter at a less price. But no one of them acting alone could expect so good a bargain as a single purchaser of six thousand or seven thousand meters would get.

If each town sent to a single purchasing committee a memorandum of the number of meters required in the coming year, the single committee, going into the market with one order for several thousand meters, could save money for all of them. So with fire hose and all other supplies. The towns are buying water mains, fire apparatus, snowplows and street sweepers. Considerable expert investigation is necessary to know which of the many sorts of these articles are most suitable and most economical. One town, acting alone, could not canvass the field as thoroughly and be as sure that it was getting the best returns for its money as a single agency, acting for all the towns, could.

Any resident of any town who looks about him a bit will at once see various problems that are common to all the towns round him, so that all the towns, acting together, could solve them better than a single town, acting alone, could. These North Shore towns have their common automobile problem and they try to solve it in different ways. Some of them establish the lowest speed limit the state law permits; a limit which, in fact, hardly one driver out of twenty observes.

They don't really expect a driver to observe the speed limit, but they can arrest him for violating it at any time they feel like it. The next town takes a more liberal view; its ordinance permits a higher speed. One minute a driver is within the law. The next minute, without having changed his speed and with nothing to warn him that he has passed under a different jurisdiction, he is violating the law. Obviously a uniform code would be preferable.

Last summer pretty much the whole country was agitated by outbreaks of infantile paralysis. Generally state health authorities took the matter in hand; but it was a rather exigent local problem also. Along the North Shore eleven different health boards or health commissioners, each standing alone, were confronted with this problem. Obviously if there had been an organization through which those eleven different boards or commissioners could have got together promptly to consult, exchange experiences and opinions, and so formulate a common policy for all the towns, everybody would have felt a better assurance that the best possible method of dealing with the situation had been adopted.

### Advantages of Coöperation

The best towns everywhere are always liable to experiences of that sort. Cases of smallpox develop in the vicinity; there is an outbreak of yellow fever; one reads of typhus in the state or of bubonic plague in a seaport; half a dozen persons are down with typhoid over in the next township. The community shivers a bit, grows nervous, looks at its youngsters with new apprehension.

In all such cases the fact of a central organization, in which the health authorities and the best medical talent of a dozen towns were coöperating to take whatever steps their collective judgment deemed advisable for safeguarding health, would have a most reassuring effect, because, as a matter of course, such an organization is better fitted to cope with the situation than the organization of any single town would be.

There are other obvious advantages of coöperation. They will occur to anyone who has had any experience in the government of a town—or of a city, either. But these towns wanted to keep their corporate identity. They didn't want to merge. So Mr. Hastings simply took a leaf out of his business experience—one so suitable to the needs of the case that it is a wonder no one had resorted to it before.

He proposed that the eleven towns join in forming a corporation—not for profit—under the laws of Illinois, such a corporation as the laws of every state, I believe, already provide for.

The cost is trifling. Half a dozen or so men fill out an application to the secretary of state, setting forth that they wish to form a corporation under such and such an act of the state legislature, giving the name of the corporation, the general objects for which it is formed, a list of the persons who have been chosen for the first board of directors, and the address of its main office. To this application a notary public appends a certificate that the signers appeared before him and acknowledged their signatures. The secretary of state files the application in its proper pigeonhole and issues a charter. Substantially that is all there is to it, the total cost being a few dollars.

The name of this particular corporation is the Association of North Shore Municipalities. The object for which it is formed, says the application for charter, is "to secure the cooperation of North Shore municipalities, to acquire and disseminate commercial, scientific and economic information pertaining to the business of municipalities, and to secure uniform action, economy and efficiency in the administration of municipal affairs."

The board of directors consists of the eleven mayors or presidents of the eleven cities or villages in the association. These directors, having been named in the charter take office automatically as soon as the corporation is formed. Thenceforth the management of the corporation is in their hands. It is provided, however, that when any of them ceases to be mayor or president of one of the municipalities his successor as mayor or president shall also succeed him as a director of the corporation. Thus, the board of directors will always consist of the heads of the eleven municipal governments.

By this scheme, it will be observed, no voting by the inhabitants of the towns or by anyone else is required. No formal action of any sort by the town governments is required. Nothing is required except that the governments of the towns agree to coöperate.

Thus, the corporation has no legal power whatever over the governments of the towns. Those governments remain exactly as they were before, with the same powers in every respect. The individuality of the town is not diminished in the least, but something is added to it. As an illustration of how the corporation works, take the matter of local tax valuations for Waukegan, which, being farthest north, is the first town on the list.

It is considerably larger than any of the others, with about eighteen thousand inhabitants and quite a manufacturing interest. The present government of Waukegan has given a great deal of attention to the difficult matter of equitable tax valuations and naturally has acquired a good deal of valuable experience and information on that subject. So the corporation appointed a committee on tax valuation and made the mayor of Waukegan chairman of that committee. The idea is, of course, that Waukegan's special information and experience in the matter of tax valuations shall immediately be made available for all the other towns.

The corporation appointed a purchasing committee, and for chairman of it elected the purchasing agent of a big railroad system—a resident, of course, of the North Shore. The different towns will make up memoranda of the supplies required in a given period and turn the memoranda over to this committee, which will then go marketing for the total quantity of supplies required. Thus the towns will get the advantage not only of buying in bulk but of having their buying done by the best talent in that line to be found among them. The idea throughout is not only to get the advantage of a bigger unit, but to make available to all the towns whatever talent and experience any town has.

If one town has been particularly successful with its shrubbery and tree planting the persons who achieved that success will be called upon, through the corporation, to advise all the towns. Eleven standing committees have been appointed, and the head of each town government has the chairmanship of that committee when he seems likely to be most serviceable to the towns as a whole.

The committees—and, in fact, the corporation itself—act only in an advisory capacity. Any town government is free to ignore the advice if it so elects. But, having agreed to coöperation and having taken a due share in the deliberations, it is not at all likely that any town will so elect.

### *Cheapness and Simplicity*

In fact, this idea of municipal coöperation has been received with quite unanimous approval and enthusiasm in the North Shore towns. Anybody with any experience in municipal government, or with a business experience in the light of which he could appreciate municipal problems, quickly saw its advantages. It gives the benefit of unity, without cumbrous and expensive legal formalities. Each town joining in the association pays a membership fee of twenty-five dollars, which has, so far, covered all expenses of the association.

No new offices are created, for all the officers of the association are already town officers; its official committee members are already members of the town governments. In time there will be a library of municipal reports and like useful information; there will be some bills for stationery, printing, and a clerk or secretary. It is thought likely that the towns will have to pay in something like a hundred dollars a year each to cover such outlays. But, with that small exception, the association creates no additional cost.

When this idea of coöperation was taking shape the gas franchises of several towns were near expiration. All of them get gas from the same public-service corporation. Under the old plan each town would have taken up negotiations with the gas company separately. If it couldn't agree with the company—as often happens—it would have had to go into court or before the State Public Utilities Commission. It would have had to compile arguments and evidence in support of its stand, which would probably have involved hiring some experts, and in any event would have involved a good deal of trouble and expense. First and last, there might have been half a dozen separate hearings before the Utilities Commission or in court, each, from beginning to end, extending over several months.

Mr. Hastings, however, got the heads of the town governments together. They canvassed the situation and agreed on united action; then called the gas company representatives into conference. In a series of such informal meetings round an office table the matter was threshed out, with the result that both sides recently agreed upon a schedule of rates and conditions of service which are mutually acceptable and which are to apply to all the towns. In that simple, inexpensive, businesslike way the gas problem of eleven municipalities was satisfactorily disposed of. No doubt the fact that all the towns were acting as a unit had its effect upon the gas company.

I mentioned that Highland Park had adopted a good system of municipal bookkeeping, such as a competent business man would approve for his own office. It engaged a good expert accountant for that purpose, because working out the details of any accounting system so as to get maximum results at minimum cost is a job for an expert. This system of accounting is, of course, applicable to any town operating under substantially the same conditions. By coöperating all the towns will get the benefit of it.

### *Uniform Accounting Systems*

This brings up another advantage of coöperation. All the towns having a uniform system of accounts, it will always be possible to check one town against another. If Winnetka is paying more for snow removal than Wilmette the fact will appear in a comparison of town reports, and there should be no difficulty in tracing down the reason for it. This applies to every branch of town work. If one town is doing a given piece of work more economically than another the other towns will know it and know how the lower cost is attained. By this constant interchange of experience every town's expense items should get down to any town's minimum.

Each of these towns does something in the park and boulevard way. Each of them has made its own plans in that respect, practically without regard to another town's plans; yet the towns form a virtually continuous community. Obviously, by working together in this business of adorning themselves they could get many advantages. As a unit they could get better landscape-gardening talent, better road-making talent, better horticultural talent. Letting contracts on a large scale, they could get better prices. Greater harmony and a finer effect could be expected from one plan than from eleven independent plans. There are opportunities in the way of parks that no one town alone could undertake to develop, but which all together might well carry through.

So they are talking now of a union park system. To carry that out, having formulated the plans, they would go to the legislature and ask for an act creating a park district. This would not affect the individuality of the towns in the least, but simply put them into a partnership for the purpose of making a park, issuing bonds and levying taxes in that connection. The legislature has passed various acts of that nature, including the one which created the Chicago Drainage District, and would no doubt pass this act if asked to do so by all the towns.

In the same way an act of legislature could be asked for a union waterworks, with an intake far out in the lake and beyond danger of future contamination. Having once established a cooperative organization through the advisory corporation above mentioned, any special powers the municipalities require for extending the idea can be easily obtained.

Already, and irrespective of any future park system or pumping station, the corporation has taken up the matter of municipal bonds. As in nearly all other municipal affairs, each town has followed its own plan; and some plans were better than others. It is proposed now to adopt a uniform plan of issuing bonds, making them all serial. The common practice among American municipalities used to be as follows: The city issued, say, a hundred thousand dollars of bonds for street improvements. They were due in thirty years, but the city couldn't prudently wait until the end of thirty years before making provision to pay them. So each year it levied sufficient taxes to pay that year's interest and one-thirtieth of the principal—or such a sum as, being invested at compound interest, would produce one-thirtieth of the principal. This sum was put into a sinking fund. Theoretically, at the end of thirty years the sinking fund would contain enough to pay off the bonds. But in practice the theory doesn't work well. The city gets hard up and "borrows" its own sinking fund; the accounts become confused; the sinking fund doesn't produce the interest expected. In short, the sinking fund doesn't pay off the bonds.

But under the better serial plan one-thirtieth of the bonds fall due each year. The tax levy of that year pays them off and that is an end of them. There is no chance for borrowings and confusion of the accounts. So bond houses, in buying municipal issues, will usually give the serial bond a shade the better price. This is a small detail, of course; but it illustrates that, wherever it is possible to get a shade the better bargain, this municipal cooperation proposes to get it.

The association has eleven standing committees, composed of members of the several town governments. It has also an advisory committee, which is not to be overlooked. This consists of three unofficial citizens of each town—or thirty-three in all—its members being selected with a view to their probable usefulness as advisers upon the many phases of municipal affairs. This committee will be called into consultation when any especially important affair comes up. The corporation wants its advice. It also wants its sense of responsibility for the government of its towns.

No municipal government can be so good that good citizens will not, from time to time, discover defects in it. In a general way it is the intention of the North Shore coöperation that good citizens shall not only trot out their discoveries of that sort but personally lend a hand to see what can be done about them.

An excellent citizen of Highland Park complained to the mayor that railroad locomotives were making too much smoke. He thought it was the duty of the city government to do something about it. The mayor asked just what he thought the government ought to do. The good citizen was decidedly vague as to the precise measure that should be adopted, but he was sure the government ought to do something.

Next day he received notification that he had been appointed chairman of a citizens' committee to investigate the smoke and recommend remedial measures.

After a period of sheer astonishment, and after learning that the city government really expected him to do what its notice implied, he accepted the appointment in good faith.

Substantially the same plan has been applied in various like instances. Without having made personal complaints, other citizens have been drafted into the public service by being appointed on committees to investigate or deliberate. In the course of a year the city government has levied upon the services of some sixty private citizens for that sort of public work. It has been pleased to find that when it pressed the matter home nobody has refused to serve. Of course a busy man would rather not have a public office and rather not bother with public affairs; but he can be induced to do it. And when one does it the next one comes all the easier.

### *The Line of Natural Expansion*

The aim is to get all citizens into thinking that town business is their business—not thinking of it as a remote abstraction, but as an immediate, practical fact. Of course, wherever that can be accomplished the form of the government—whether it is the government of a village or of a nation—is comparatively unimportant. Highland Park adopted the commission form of government; but this coöperation involves no change in form. Being wholly voluntary and advisory, it could be carried out even without the formal organization of a corporation under state law. If the governments simply agreed to act together, that would answer; but the agreement would have to be put in some sort of form, and a state charter is as simple, easy and cheap as any other.

Not long ago a number of widely experienced men of affairs met at a dinner. One man at the table knew about this municipal cooperation and explained it to the others. The way they reacted to it was highly flattering to the author of the idea. They soon had the whole United States involved, first, with local associations each comprising a dozen or so towns in the same neighborhood and having the same general conditions—say, the towns in an agricultural county in Illinois or Iowa; then there would be a regional association, to act as a clearing house for the local associations, so that if one local association was especially successful in dealing with a certain problem the others would know about it and benefit by its experience—just as all the towns in a local association benefited by the experience of the other towns; finally, a national association.

They talked of associations of cities in the same class—say, those having from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand inhabitants, and from five hundred thousand to a million; then New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. By this sort of cooperation, they argued, the best methods of managing municipal government would be discovered and applied.

That is an object of considerable importance nowadays. Formerly it was not so important. At the first census less than one per cent of the population lived in cities of thirty thousand or more inhabitants. Now thirty-one per cent of the population lives in such cities. At the last census fifty-five per cent of the total population lived in cities, towns and villages—more than half; and the proportion is steadily growing. And the expenditures of cities, towns and villages are growing even faster than their population.

The net government cost of operating cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants in 1910, according to the census, was thirty dollars and thirty-three cents for each inhabitant, or a little over eight hundred million dollars, all told. Say we assume arbitrarily that government cost in cities, towns and villages having less than thirty thousand inhabitants—which are not included in the census report—was only two-thirds as great a head as in the larger cities. That assumption would put the total cost of municipal government in 1910 at one billion three hundred million dollars, in round figures.

### *An Idea That Should Spread*

But by 1915 the net government cost in cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants had risen to one billion fifty-seven million-and-odd dollars, or a little over thirty-four and a half dollars for each person. So we seem pretty safe in assuming that municipal government this year costs at least one and a half billions. For cities of thirty thousand and upward it was under twenty-five dollars a head in 1903, while in 1915 it was over thirty-four and a half dollars.

In short, not only are municipalities increasing rapidly in population but government cost is increasing even faster than population, which obviously makes the subject of municipal costs one of considerable importance.

There is another item that must not be overlooked: Out of two hundred and four cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants the census had complete and comparable fiscal data for one hundred and forty-six. From 1903 to 1915 the net indebtedness of these cities increased from under one billion dollars to nearly two and a quarter billions, or from less than forty-five dollars a head to more than seventy-seven.

It isn't only the money, by any means. To any man who isn't holding a state or Federal job, local government is far more important than state or Federal government. His police protection and his fire protection; his means of getting about; what he shall pay for such household necessities as water, gas, electric light, and what kind of service he shall get, depend upon the local government.

But, though municipal government has been growing more important—not only because it includes more people but because it touches their pocketbooks and their interests in more ways—there has never been any teamwork in it. Every municipality has struggled or muddled with its own affairs on its own hook. One might say without great exaggeration that no two cities have handled the same problem in the same way.

In any line of business an improvement introduced at any given point will spread, competition forcing others in that line to adopt it; but there is no competition in government. Coöperation among municipalities would have the effect of introducing it.

This North Shore Association gives a simple, inexpensive and practical method of coöperating. The idea ought to spread.

# ELECTRIFY YOUR FORD

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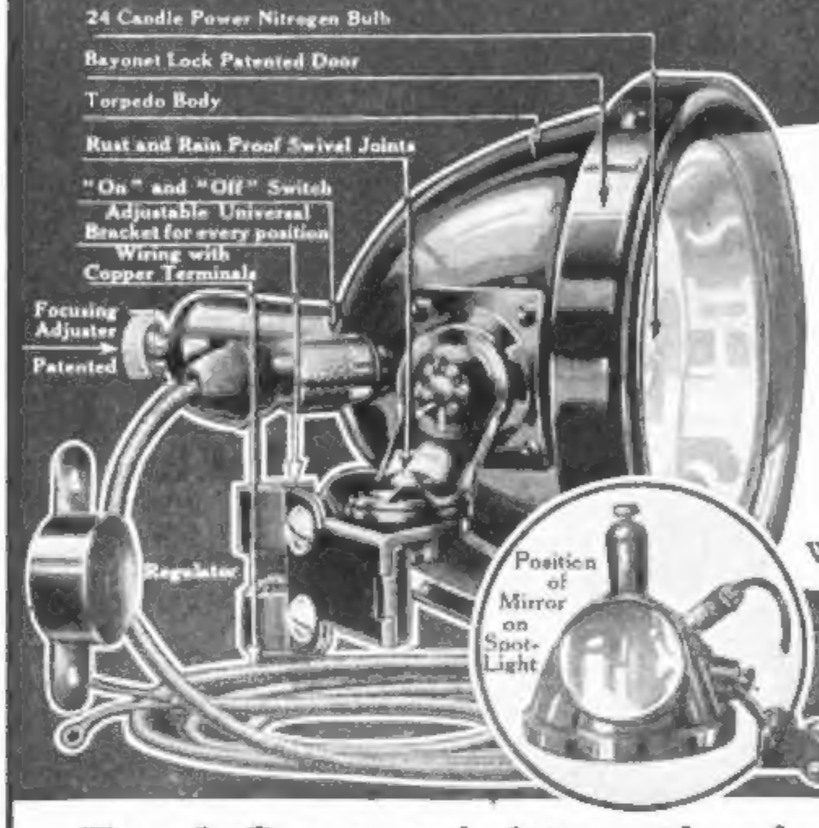


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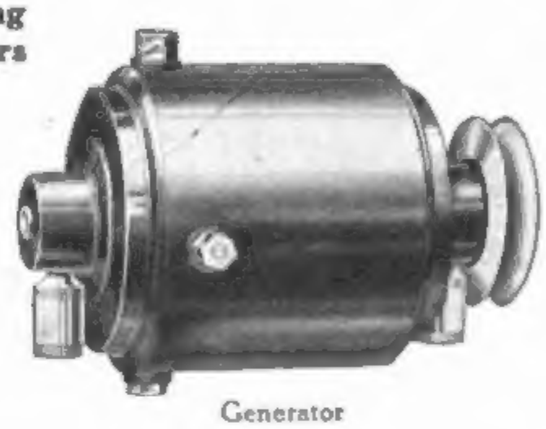
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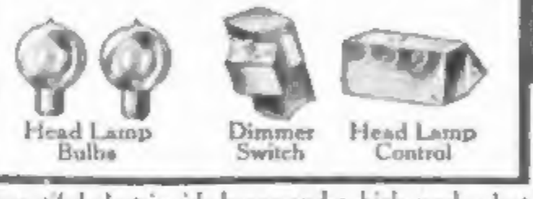
Tail Lamp

Side Lamps

Windshield Spotlight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Also two beautiful electric side lamps and a high grade electric tail lamp to switch on and off instantly. No cost but the low first cost. No machine work. No need of an expert mechanic. This necessary Electric Lighting System can be installed upon your great little car complete in two hours.

### Ford Owners! Attention!

No more Headlight worry—no more glare—no more uncontrollable run-away light—no more oil side lamps—no more oil tail lamp—no more fumbling in the dark, the wind and the rain with matches. But now—all annoyance and inconvenience swept away by the push of the button. Convenient headlight control from the switch mounted on the steering post. Headlights brightened or dimmed at will for pleasure and safety.

### Here's the Good News!

And there's beauty, good looks for you. Safety, pleasure and night-driving comfort as long as your car exists.

The improved Genolite is an achievement for Ford Owner satisfaction, comparable only to the service and the quality performance of the car Ford Owners are proud to own.

## Genolite Type "C" $29.85

An improved and complete Electric Lighting System that gives you a brilliant light from a storage battery in both side and tail lamps irrespective whether motor is running or idle.

**Genolite** also furnishes you with two powerful Nitrogen headlight bulbs (to replace your present ones), lighted through our patented regulating device which governs the flow of electric current from the magneto, resulting in a more constant light, which is sufficient for touring even at low speeds and a most satisfactory light at all speeds.

And this can be instantly accomplished at the will of the driver from a control switch conveniently located on the steering post.

**Genolite** [Type C] also includes a generator, and a storage battery which it charges without cost. With the beautiful electric side lamps and tail lamp, also bulbs, wiring and all attachments complete as described and ready for application (no extras needed) Genolite is an efficient and complete Lighting System for five electric lamps for Ford Cars.

## Genolite Type "D" $31.85

In the unique Genolite [Type D] equipment Ford Owners are given an exclusive combination Electric Lighting System that includes a powerful windshield Spotlight with many patented features.

This spotlight that throws a brilliant ray of light ten feet or a thousand ahead, behind, at left or right, which can be diffused or concentrated at the will of the driver, offers together with the Genolite Electric Side Lamps and Tail Lamp, generator, storage battery, bulbs, wiring and all necessary attachments, a complete Electric Lighting System that any Ford Owner may well be proud of.

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A brilliant and continuous light in side lamps and tail lamp without regard to the motor whether running or idle.

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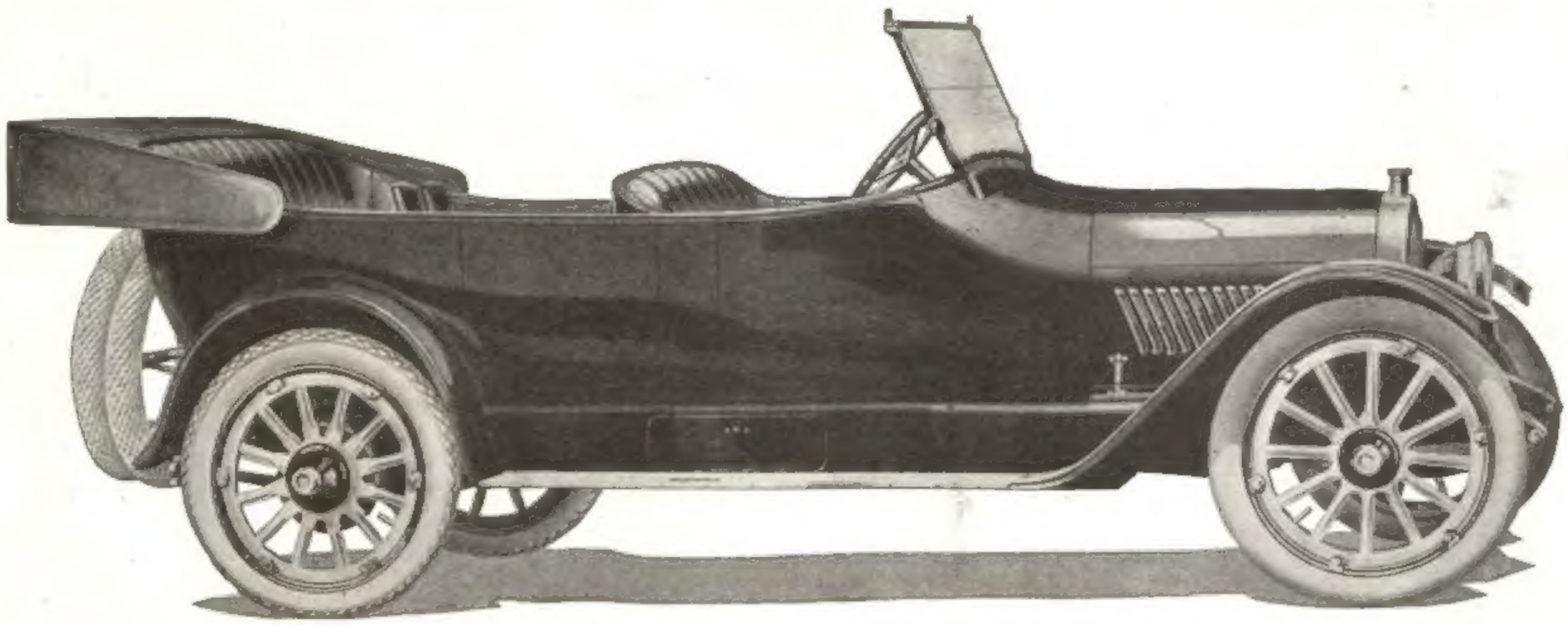

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THIS light weight, eight-cylinder car combines power, acceleration, speed, economy, comfort, beauty, and luxury in a measure hitherto undreamed of in a light car. The eight-cylinder motor, developing 58-horse power at 2,600 r. p. m., with the light weight of the car—3,000 pounds—presents a proportion of power to total car weight of approximately one horse power to every 51 pounds—an unusually favorable ratio.

This relation of weight to power, together with the high frequency of the power impulses—one to every five inches of car travel—is the reason for the wonderful hill climbing ability of the car—for its dependability on all sorts of roads—and for control so responsive that gear changing is seldom necessary.

Careful refinement of mechanism insures almost absolute quiet, while the counterbalanced crankshaft, light weight, balanced, connecting rods, and aluminum alloy pistons reduce internal resistance, bearing pressures and vibration to a minimum.

The comfort of the car is beyond description. Long, flat, flexible springs and perfect balance of chassis insure easy riding under any kind of going. The seats, upholstered with fine, long grain French leather, stuffed with pliant springs encased in linen sacks, increase comfort to the point of luxury.

Economy results from light weight and motor efficiency—economy both of fuel and tires. The new Oldsmobile is now on display by Distributors throughout the United States. Illustrated catalog on request.

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*Wheel Base*—120 inches.

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